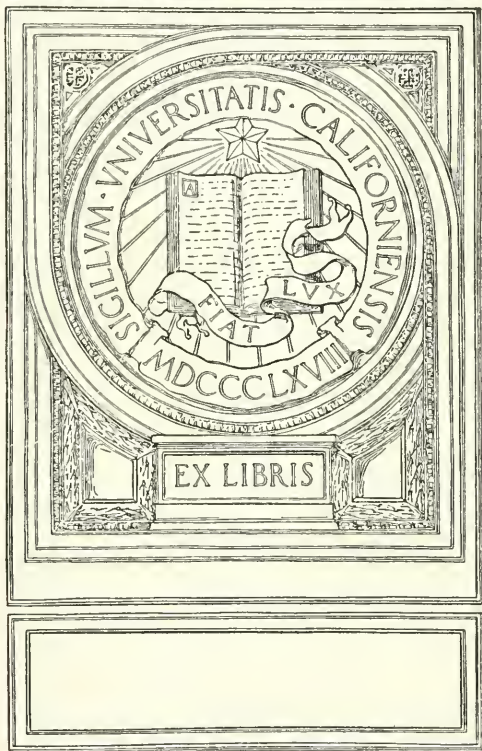





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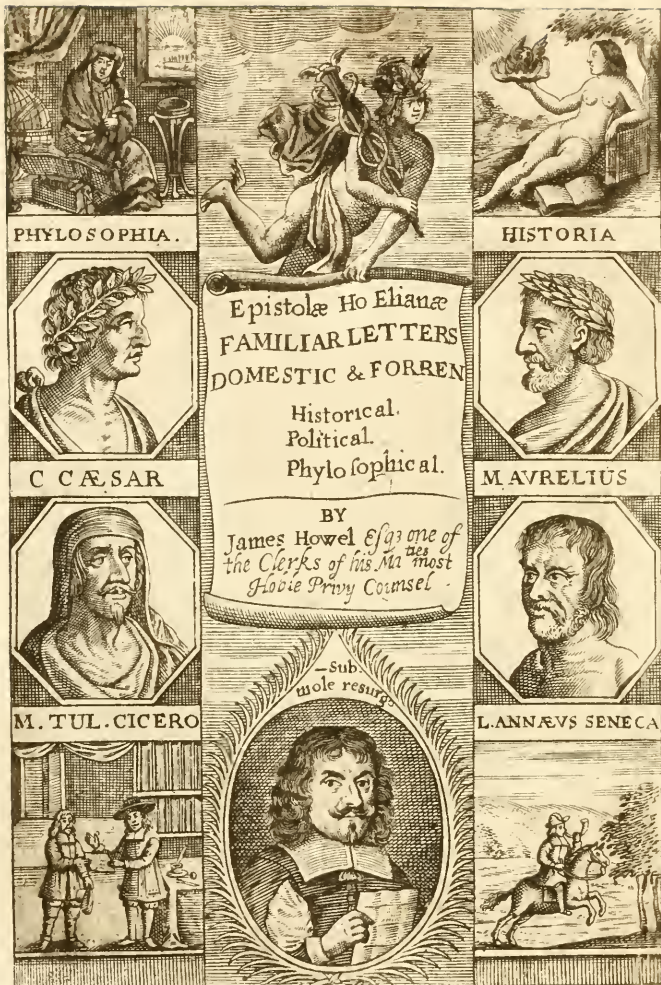
HOWELL'S LETTERS

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOLUME I







*Frontispiece to the original edition*



JAMES HOWELL

IN A FRONTISPIECE GROUP OF TEN SYMBOLICAL  
DRAWINGS MADE BY F. H. VAN HOVE FOR THE 1678  
EDITION OF THE "FAMILIAR LETTERS"



EPISTOLÆ HO-ELIANÆ OR  
THE FAMILIAR LETTERS OF  
JAMES HOWELL

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY AGNES REPPLIER

VOLUME I



BOSTON AND NEW YORK  
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN AND COMPANY

1908

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*G. W. M. ...*

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S. B. ...

## INTRODUCTION

IF the unresponsive gods, so often invoked, so seldom complaisant, would grant me one sweet boon, I should ask of them that I might join that little band of authors, who, unknown to the wide careless world, remain from generation to generation the friends of a few fortunate readers. Such authors have no conspicuous foothold among those opulent, symmetrical volumes that stand on drill in rich men's libraries, as well uniformed and as untried as a smart militia regiment. They have been seldom seen in the lists of the hundred best books. The committees who select reading matter for their native towns are often unacquainted with their titles. The great department stores of our great cities never offer them to the great public in twenty-five cent editions. Yet they live for centuries a tranquil life of dignified seclusion. When they are lifted down from their remote corners on the bookshelves, it is with a friendly touch. The hands that hold them, caress them. The eyes that glance over them, smile at the familiar pages. Their readers feel for them a personal sentiment, approaching them with mental ease, and with a sweet and certain intimacy of companionship. These authors grow very shabby as the years roll by, and sometimes — though rarely — a sympathetic publisher

1891  
Dupl.

turns his attention from the whirling vortex of new books, and gives them a fresh outfit; presents them — if he has a generous soul — with the clearest of type, the finest of paper, the richest and most appropriate of bindings. So embellished, they enjoy little dignified triumphs of their own, and become the cherished property of that ever diminishing minority who, by some happy turn of fate, are fitted to enjoy the pleasure which literary art can give.

Such a writer — half forgotten, yet wholly beloved — is James Howell, “Clerk of the Council in Extraordinary,” under Charles I, “Historiographer Royal,” under Charles II, author of three-score works now laid to rest, and of the “Familiar Letters” which can never be laid to rest until accurate observation, a lively narrative, and a genius for seizing the one right word have lost their power to please. A student of the world was James Howell, a man of wide experience and of fluctuating fortunes. The descendant of an old and honourable Welsh family, with titled relatives of whom he felt reasonably proud, he was yet poor in estate, as befitted one of a country clergyman’s fifteen children; so that while his elder brother was the august Bishop of Bristol, his younger ones were apprenticed to trade, like lads of ignoble birth. Being, happily, but the second son, his own tuition was of the best. Sent to a “choice methodical school” at Hereford, he was early beaten into a love of learning; and at Oxford he acquired — or so at least he says — “the patrimony of a liberal

education." Thus equipped, it behooved him to carve his own career, and the congenial fashion in which he set about accomplishing this difficult task was by travelling for three years as the agent of a London glass factory, the owners of which sought to obtain workmen, materials, and inspiration from the great artistic centres of Europe.

Never was a happier chance thrown in a young man's way. Never was there a more cheerful and observant voyager. Byron's sensible axiom, "Comfort must not be expected by folks that go a-pleasuring," expressed to perfection young Howell's point of view. "Rocked and shaken" at sea, beset by countless difficulties on land, he ever stoutly maintained "that though these frequent removes and tumblings under climes of differing temper were not without some danger, yet the delight which accompany'd them was far greater; and it is impossible for any man to conceive the true pleasure of peregrination, but he who actually enjoys, and puts it into practice." Before quitting England, he obtained a warrant from the Council, authorizing him to remain for three years on the Continent, and to visit any spot he chose, with the exception of Rome, and St Omer, where stood the great Jesuit college. Such was the parental care which Protestant England in King James' day took of her children's faith,—an astute precaution for the most part, but needless in this particular case. Howell possessed all his life that tolerance, almost amounting to sympathy, for other people's creeds

which can be trusted to leave a man serenely rooted in his own. He never offered friction enough to light a fresh fire. His admiration for the famous shrine at Monserrat was as untroubled by pious scruples as was his admiration for the Arsenal of Venice, or the wine of Valentia. When he found himself without funds in Turin, he philosophically joined a band of pilgrims, and "with gentle pace and easy journeys" proceeded on foot to Lyons. It is true that in a letter written years later to Sir Edward Knight, a letter in which he confesses ample tolerance for Turk and infidel, as bearing "the same stamp that I do, though the inscription differ," he adds somewhat unexpectedly that he "could be content to see an Anabaptist go to Hell on a Brownist's back;" but this was the expression of a civic rather than of a religious animosity. Turks stayed in Turkey, out of sight and hearing; and infidels went their regrettable way in silence. But for "those schismatics that puzzle the sweet peace of the church," as well as for all who were "pendulous and brangling in religion," he had a strong instinctive dislike. The passion for controversy which flamed high in his day left him wholly and happily unconcerned.

This mental calm permitted Howell to enjoy the ripe fruits of that great Latin civilization which was then ebbing slowly from its marvellous heights of fulfilment. The beauty and the glory of Italy held him spellbound. What generous epithets he lavishes upon those superb cities whose very names

set the world's heart a-beating. "Venice the rich, Padua the learned, Bologna the fat, Rome the holy, Naples the gentle, Genoa the proud, Florence the fair, and Milan the great." The first beautiful woman, he tells us, was made of Venice glass, lovely, and brittle withal; and "Eve spake Italian when Adam was seduced," for in what other tongue could she have been so irresistible? Notwithstanding the injunction of the Council, he made his way to Rome, and, with a swift and sure intuition,—rare in the island-born,—pronounces it "*Communis Patria*." "For every one that is within the compass of the Latin Church finds himself here, as it were, at home, and in his mother's house, in regard of interest in religion, which is the cause that for one native, there be five strangers that sojourn in this city."

For Spain, too, Howell has his meed of praise, extolling alike the manners of the great, who never gave an alms save with courtesy, and the self-respect of the poor, whom he found to be sturdy and rational, with none of the servility of the down-trodden French peasant. He warms into eloquence over the free Biscayan shore, virgin of Moors for seven hundred years, and tells us that the King of Spain always pulled off one shoe before treading on that honoured soil, which he is proud to compare to unconquered Wales. His characteristic closeness of observation is everywhere apparent, whether it be in a brief and careless statement, as "T is no new thing for the French to be always

a-doing; they have a stirring genius;" or, in the epitomized history of the Netherlands which he "huddled up" a few years later at Antwerp, and which is concise, graphic, tolerant, entertaining, everything,—save perhaps accurate,—that history ought to be.

On his return to England, Howell was engaged as a travelling tutor for the two young sons of Lord Savage; but unable or unwilling to fill so responsible a post for Roman Catholic pupils, he reluctantly abandoned this "dainty race of children," and accepted a somewhat similar position with Richard Altham, son of Baron Altham, and "one of the hopefulest young men of this kingdom." In 1622 he had the rare good fortune to be appointed a royal agent, and sent to Spain in the interests of the Turkey Company, which claimed compensation from the Spanish Government for the seizure of one of its ships by the Viceroy of Sardinia. Full of hope, and proud of the importance of his mission, Howell flung himself with ardour into a business which might have reasonably discouraged an older man. He read *all* the papers pertaining to the suit, "and I find they are higher than I in bulk, tho' closely press'd together;" he pushed his claim whenever and wherever he could find a hearing; he made perceptible progress, and was confident of success, when suddenly on the evening of March 7, there appeared in Madrid two English travellers, Mr John Smith, and Mr Thomas Smith, who



within a few hours were discovered to be Charles, Prince of Wales, and the Marquis of Buckingham.

A more disastrous episode for Howell, or a more fortunate one for his readers, it would be hard to imagine. Nothing can be livelier than his account of this strange adventure which set the world agape. How Mr Thomas Smith (Buckingham), "with a portmantle under his arm," knocked at Lord Bristol's gates, while Mr John Smith (the Prince) waited in the dark on the other side of the street. How Lord Bristol, "in a kind of astonishment," conducted his strange visitors into his bed-chamber, and sent off a post that night to England, to acquaint the King of their arrival. How the Spanish Court was thrown into confusion, and the Infanta — for whose sake the Prince had hazarded this voyage — began, like fair Katharine of France, the ardent study of English. How the Prince leaped the wall of the Casa de Campo to have speech with his lady, and she fled shrieking from so bold a wooer. How the common people of Spain were mightily pleased with the Englishman's gallantry, and swore that he and their Infanta should have been wedded the night he reached Madrid. How Lord Bristol, in anticipation of the marriage ceremony, caused thirty new liveries of watchet velvet and silver lace to be made for his household, "the best sort whereof were valued at eighty pounds a livery;" — and we prate now about the ruinous expenses which our ambassadors are forced to meet! How,

after months of excitement, the bubble collapsed, the great match came to naught, and the affronted Spaniards were left in no mood to conciliate England, or reimburse the Turkey Company;—all these things are described in the “Familiar Letters” with a wealth of picturesque detail which only an eye-witness can supply.

The failure of his negotiations left young Howell rich in nothing but experience, and we find him next acting as secretary to Lord Scroop, “a stable home employment,” with which he was marvelously well content. By this time King James was dead, the Scottish doctors had ceased muttering dark doubts concerning the plaister which the Countess of Buckingham had applied to His Majesty’s stomach, and Charles the First had begun, under melancholy auspices, — which the letters do not fail to note, — his unhappy and disastrous reign. In 1628 Howell was sent to Parliament, as member for Richmond; and in 1632 the Earl of Leicester, then quitting England as Ambassador Extraordinary to the Court of Denmark, offered him the post of secretary, an offer immediately accepted. The purpose of the embassy was to condole with the Danish King on the death of the Queen Dowager, grandmother of Charles the First, — a lady of great thrift and enterprise, who was reputed to have been the richest queen in Christendom. A merry condolence it was, as befitted the mourning of an heir. To Howell, as orator, was consigned the congenial task of making three long Latin ora-

tions;—one to the King of Denmark, one to his eldest son, Prince Christian, and a third to Prince Frederick, Archbishop of Bremen. After these preliminaries were over, the real business of mourning began, and Howell betrays a justifiable pride at the ability of an English nobleman to cope with the mighty drinkers of the North.

“The King feasted my Lord once, and it lasted from eleven of the clock till towards the evening, during which time the King began thirty-five healths;—the first to the Emperor, the second to his nephew of England, and so went over all the Kings and Queens of Christendom; but he never remembered the Prince Palsgrave’s health, nor his niece’s all the while. The King was taken away at last in his chair, but my Lord of Leicester bore up stoutly all the while; so that when there came two of the King’s Guard to take him by the arms, as he was going down the stairs, my Lord shook them off, and went alone.

“The next morning I went to Court for some despatches, but the King was gone a-hunting at break of day; but going to some other of his officers, their servants told me without any appearance of shame that their masters were drunk overnight, and so it would be late before they would rise.”

It was after his return from this diplomatic mission that Howell, disappointed in his hopes of office, settled in London, and “commenced author” with the publication of “Dodona’s Grove, or the

Vocall Concert," and of a poem, "The Vote," dedicated as a New Year's gift to the King. There is little doubt that he was at this time a royalist "intelligencer," and that his ingrained habit of collecting news made him a useful servant of the crown. It was a difficult and somewhat dangerous game to play, — rewards and penalties following in quick succession. In August, 1642, he was appointed Clerk of the Council in Extraordinary, and four months later he was arrested by order of the Long Parliament, and summarily committed to the Fleet, then used as a prison for political offenders as well as for less fortunate debtors.

In the Fleet Howell remained (I will not say languished, for he was not the type of captive to languish) for eight long years. He always stoutly maintained that he was imprisoned for loyalty to his king; but Anthony à Wood asserts with some churlishness that he was arrested for debt, "being prodigally inclined." The truth seems to be that his debts afforded a reasonable excuse for his imprisonment; and that Parliament had no mind to set him free while there was still a field for his activities. Perhaps the Fleet saved him from greater perils. It certainly afforded him both an opportunity and an incentive to write. We owe a great deal in letters to those long leisurely captivities which gave the prisoner solitude, quiet, time for meditation, an opening for philosophy, and — if he were nobly disposed — a chance to purge his soul, to refine it in the fires of affliction.

“Stone walls do not a prison make,  
Nor iron bars a cage ;  
Minds innocent and quiet take  
These for a hermitage.”

Howell, it is true, petitioned resolutely for his release,—how could a man do less?—but he wrote many more profitable things than petitions during the eight years that he remained in the Fleet. Among a score of books and pamphlets dating from this period are his “Perfect Description of the People and Country of Scotland,”—a work which Scotchmen were never known to love; and “Instructions for Forreine Travel” (the earliest forerunner of Murray), with a dedication in verse to the young Prince of Wales, in which that promising youth is likened—on the score of swarthinness, there being no other points of resemblance—to the Black Prince. In 1645 appeared the first volume of letters under the comprehensive title, “*Epistolae Ho-Elianae: Familiar Letters, Domestic and Foreign, divided into Sundry Sections, partly Historical, Political and Philosophical,*”—a title which conscientiously told all it had to tell. The book was dedicated to the King in a few simple and sensible words, its author venturing to remind His Majesty that many of its pages recalled his own royal deeds. “And ’t is well known that letters can treasure up and transmit matters of State to posterity with as much faith, and be as authentic registers, and safe repositories of truth as any story whatsoever.”

The success of the venture induced Howell, who sorely needed money, to publish a second volume of letters while he was still in the Fleet, and a third and fourth after his release in 1651. By this date, England, for the first time in all her glorious history, had no longer a king to accept panegyrics; and Howell, nothing daunted, turned his attention to the Lord Protector, to whom, in 1655, he dedicated a pamphlet entitled "Some Sober Inspections made into the Carriage and Consults of the late Long Parliament." Exulting, not unnaturally, in the overthrow of his old enemies, he compared Cromwell's drastic measures with those of that somewhat arbitrary ruler, Charles Martel, which commendation, though much censured by royalists, seems to have been tolerably sincere. Howell loved and revered the monarchy. It was his reasonable hope that Charles II would at some distant day succeed to his father's throne; but in the mean time Cromwell was a strong man, armed, keeping his court, and those things were in peace which he possessed. Like Carlyle, Howell had a natural taste for "one man power," and profoundly distrusted that "waver-ing, windy thing," that "humoursome and cross-grained animal," the common Englishman, or, indeed, the common citizen of any land. The tolerant King understood, and probably sympathized with this mental attitude, for, a year after the Restoration, he granted the author two hundred pounds from his privy purse; and subse-

quently appointed him to the office of Historiographer General, with a salary of one hundred pounds a year, which — like most salaries of the period — was seldom or never paid.

To the end of his life Howell wrote with the unabated industry of a needy man. That he felt himself ill-used is proved by his sarcastic "Cordial for Cavaliers," in which he essays to console his fellow sufferers for the supposed neglect of their monarch by proffering them a wealth of bitter and unsustaining philosophy. A fusillade of broadsheets followed its publication; for Howell had his enemies, and some of them were of the opinion that the man who had so enthusiastically compared Cromwell to Charles Martel should have been more modest in demanding rewards from Charles Stuart, who, indeed, would have needed a world as wide as Alexander's to have satisfied all petitioners. It is pleasant to know, however, that when Howell died at the ripe age of seventy-one, he was able to leave a number of small legacies, among them two to his sisters, Gwin and Roberta-ap-Rice, — names that thrill the ordinary reader with delight. He was buried, by his own desire, in the Temple Church, and his monument, for which he bequeathed the sum of thirty pounds, is still in excellent preservation, though few there are who pause to read its modest Latin inscription.

It is useless at this late date to ask captious questions anent the integrity of the "Familiar Letters." Of the threescore works, ranging from



broadsheets to folios, which Howell left behind him, they alone have survived the wear and tear of centuries. They have been read for nearly three hundred years, and are likely to be read with unshaken delight for at least three hundred more. That he wrote them all is certain. That some of them are the original texts, we have every reason to believe. People who received letters in those appreciative days treasured them sacredly, and our best friend, the waste-paper basket, seems to have been then unknown. Howell would have had no great difficulty in securing the return of part of his correspondence. Moreover, it is likely that so prudent and methodical a gentleman kept copies or rough draughts of his more important letters, — a reprehensible custom which it is not for us, who in this instance profit by it, to criticize. We know, too, that it was his habit, especially while abroad, to jot down the “notablest occurrences” of each day in a “fair alphabetique paper book;” and it was from such a valuable reserve that he drew his epistolary supplies. To pronounce the letters mere fabrications on the traducing evidence of Anthony à Wood would be to fly far of the mark. They are too full of intimate detail, of local colour, of little tell-tale accuracies for any such undermining theory. But if some of them were, indeed, fresh minted in the Fleet, composed in that dim solitude, when memories of the wide sunlit world he had traversed so merrily thronged through the prisoner’s mind, we, at



least, have no reason to complain. It would have been hard to turn captivity to better purpose.

In the "Familiar Letters," as in many another old and seldom acknowledged book, we find a store of curious anecdotes which have been retold ever since, to the enrichment of more modern authors. Howell listened with equal interest—and equal credulity—to the gossip of foreign courts, to the "severe jests" which passed from mouth to mouth, and to the marvellous stories of the common people. He tells us the tale of the Pied Piper of Hamelin, prefacing it with the grave assurance that he would not relate it, "were there not some ground of truth in it." He tells us of the bird with a white breast which presaged the death of all the Oxenham family; and the pleasant story of the Duke of Ossuna and the galley slaves; and about that devout Earl of Hapsburg who, by a single act of piety, laid the foundation of his family's greatness. He tells us the pitiful tale of the Sire de Coucy, who, dying in battle with the Turk, bade his servant carry back his heart to the Dame de Fayel, whom he had long and ardently loved. This gift the lady's husband intercepted, and had it made into a "well-relished dish," which he compelled his wife to eat, assuring her it was a cordial for her weakness. When she had eaten it all, he revealed to her the truth; whereupon, "in a sudden exaltation of joy, she with a far-fetch'd sigh said, 'This is a precious cordial indeed;' and so lick'd the dish, saying,

‘It is so precious that ’t is pity to put ever any meat upon ’t.’ So she went to bed, and in the morning she was found stone-dead.”

Howell’s style is eminently well adapted for the news-letter, for a form of composition which requires vividness and lucidity rather than grace and distinction. He writes in sentences of easy length and simple construction, discarding for the most part those sonorous and labyrinthine masses of words in which the scholarly writers of his day wrapped up their serious thoughts. A letter, he tells us, should be “short-coated and closely couch’d,” and he has scant patience with those who “preach when they should epistolize.” No one has ever surpassed him in the narrator’s art of snatching the right word, of remembering and recording those precise details which can be trusted to give value and vraisemblance, of telling a lively and unembarrassed tale. His account of the Duke of Buckingham’s murder, of the visit of the Prince of Wales to Madrid, of the hideous execution of Ravailac, are so vigorous and sympathetic, so full of intimate and significant touches, that it is hard to realize he was not always an eye-witness of the events so graphically described. He gathered his information from every available source, and often with astonishing speed. The postmaster of Stilton came to his bedside to tell him that the Duke of Buckingham had been killed; and the Earl of Rutland, riding in all haste to London, alighted from his horse to

confirm the news, and to add picturesque particulars, which Howell in his turn sent off without an hour's delay to the Countess of Sunderland. It sounds like the inspired methods of the reporter.

None of the impersonality of the modern news-vender, however, can be charged to Howell's account. His motto,

“As keys do open chests,  
So letters open breasts,”

but faintly indicates the exhaustive nature of his unreserve. At every period of his career we see him with extraordinary distinctness. A man full of the zest of life, of sanguine temperament, of catholic tastes, of restless and indomitable energy. A man who met misfortunes bravely, and who was touched to finer issues by the austere hand of adversity. An outspoken man withal, after the fashion of his day, whose occasional grossness of tongue — or of pen — seems due, less to the love of prurient things, than to the absence of that guiding principle of taste, which in every age can be trusted to keep finely-bred natures uncontaminate. “The priggish little clerk of King Charles' Council,” Thackeray calls Howell, — perhaps because he enjoyed making Latin orations, and quotes the classics oftener than seems imperative. But of the essence of priggishness, which is measuring big things by small standards, the author of the “Familiar Letters” is nowhere guilty. A devout

churchman who revered other men's creeds; a loyal English subject who loved other lands than his; a cheerful traveller who forgave France her Frenchmen, and Spain her Spaniards; a philosopher whose philosophy stood the strain of misfortune;—Howell exhibits some finer qualities than the soul of a prig can sustain. A hundred years before the publication of the "Letters," that revered scholar, Roger Ascham, wrote with pious self-content: "I was once in Italy myself; but I thank God my abode there was but nine days." A hundred years after Howell had been laid to rest, a respected English gentleman, Mr Edgeworth, prefaced his work on education with this complacency:

"To pretend to teach courage to Britons would be as ridiculous as it is unnecessary; and, except among those who are exposed to the contagion of foreign manners, we may boast of the superior delicacy of our fair countrywomen; a delicacy acquired from domestic example, and confirmed by public approbation."

Between these triumphant insularities let us read what the "little clerk of King Charles' Council" has to say. He is writing from Naples to one "Christopher Jones of Gray's Inn."

"Believe it, Sir, that a year well employed abroad by one of mature judgment (which you know I want very much) advantageth more in point of useful and solid knowledge than three in any of our universities. You know 'running waters are the

purest,' so they that traverse the world up and down have the clearest understanding ; being faithful eye-witnesses of those things which others receive but in trust, whereunto they must yield an intuitive consent, and a kind of implicit faith."

It is certainly not Howell's page that mirrors forth the prig.

The "Familiar Letters" stand in little need of erudite notes. The incidents they relate, the people they describe, are for the most part well known, or, at least, easy to know. The fantastic stories had best be taken as they stand. The dim quotations fade from our memories. The characteristic quality of the letters is their readability, and to the reader—as apart from the student—Howell is sufficient for himself. Many of his pages are dated from the Fleet, when the high hopes of youth lie dead, when the keenness of the observant traveller is dimmed, and his grossness purged by fire. He measures levelly his loss and gain, and accepts both with a half whimsical philosophy which is not too lofty to be loved. It is after three years of captivity that he writes thus to Philip Warwick:

"I have been so habituate to this prison, and accustomed to the walls thereof so long, that I might well be brought to think that there is no other world behind them. And in my extravagant imaginations, I often compare this Fleet to Noah's Ark, surrounded with a vast sea, and huge deluge of calamities which hath overwhelm'd this poor island. Nor, altho' I have been so long aboard

here, was I yet under hatches, for I have a cabin upon the upper deck, whence I breathe the best air the place affords; add hereunto that the society of Master Hopkins the Warden is an advantage to me, who is one of the knowingest and most civil gentlemen that I have convers'd withal. Moreover, there are here some choice gentlemen who are my co-martyrs; for a prisoner and a martyr are the same thing, save that the one is buried before his death, and the other after."

Perhaps a sweet reasonableness of character is the quality which, above all others, holds our hearts in keeping; and so the "Familiar Letters" are sure of their remote corner on the book-shelf, and the gods — not always unresponsive — have given to James Howell the coveted boon of being from generation to generation his reader's friend.

AGNES REPPLIER.

# THE VOTE, OR A POEM-ROYAL

PRESENTED TO

HIS MAJESTY FOR A NEW YEAR'S GIFT, BY WAY

OF DISCOURSE BETWIXT THE POET

AND HIS MUSE

*Calendis Januarii 1641*

## POEMA

*Στηγηνικόν*

**T**HE world's bright eye, Time's measurer, begun  
Through watery Capricorn his course to run,  
Old Janus hastened on, his temples bound  
With Ivy, his grey hairs with holly crowned;  
When in a serious quest my thoughts did muse  
What gift, as best becoming, I should choose  
To Britain's monarch (my dread sovereign) bring,  
Which might supply a New Year's offering.  
I rummaged all my stores, and searched my cells  
Where nought appeared, God wot, but bagatelles;  
No far-fetched Indian gem cut out of rock,  
Or fished in shells, were trusted under lock,  
No piece which Angelo's strong fancy hit,  
Or Titian's pencil, or rare Hillyard's wit,  
No ermines, or black sables, no such skins  
As the grim Tartar hunts or takes in gins;  
No medals, or rich stuff of Tyrian dye,  
No costly bowls of frosted argentry,

No curious landscape, or some marble piece  
 Digged up in Delphos, or elsewhere in Greece ;  
 No Roman perfumes, buffs, or cordovans  
 Made drunk with amber by Moreno's hands,  
 No arras or rich carpets freighted o'er  
 The surging seas from Asia's doubtful shore,  
 No lion's cub or beast of strange aspect,  
 Which in Numidia's fiery womb had slept,  
 No old Toledo blades, or Damaskins,  
 No pistols, or some rare-spring carabines,  
 No Spanish ginet or choice stallion sent  
 From Naples or hot Afric's continent.

In fine, I nothing found I could descry  
 Worthy the hands of Cæsar or his eye.

My wits were at a stand, when lo! my muse  
 (None of the choir, but such as they do use  
 For laundresses or handmaids of mean rank  
 I knew sometimes on Po and Isis' bank)  
 Did softly buz. —

## MUSE

— Then let me something bring,  
 May handsel the New Year to Charles, my king,  
 May usher in bifronted Janus —

## POET

Thou fond, foolhardy Muse, thou silly thing,  
 Which 'mongst the shrubs and reeds dost use to sing,  
 Dar'st thou perk up, and the tall cedar climb,  
 And venture on a king with jingling rhyme?  
 Though all thy words were pearls, thy letters gold,  
 And cut in rubies, or cast in a mould  
 Of diamonds, yet still thy lines would be  
 Too mean a gift for such a majesty.



## MUSE

I'll try, and hope to pass without disdain,  
 In New Year's gifts the mind stands for the main.  
 The Sophy, finding 't was well meant, did deign  
 Few drops of running water from a swain,  
 Then sure 't will please my liege if I him bring  
 Some gentle drops from the Castalian spring;  
 Though rareties I want of such account,  
 Yet have I something on the forked mount,  
 'T is not the first or third access I made  
 To Cæsar's feet, and thence departed glad.  
 For as the sun with his male heat doth render  
 Nile's muddy slime fruitful, and apt t' engender,  
 And daily to produce new kind of creatures  
 Of various shapes and thousand differing features,  
 So is my fancy quickened by the glance  
 Of his benign aspect and countenance,  
 It makes me pregnant, and to superfete  
 Such is the vigour of his beams and heat.  
 Once in a vocal forest I did sing,  
 And made the oak to stand for Charles my King:  
 The best of trees, whereof (it is no vaunt)  
 The greatest schools of Europe sing and chant:  
 There you shall also find Dame Arhetine,<sup>1</sup>  
 Great Henry's daughter, and Great Britain's queen,  
 Her name engraven in a laurel tree,  
 And so transmitted to eternity.  
 For now I hear that Grove speaks besides mine,  
 The language of the Loire, the Po, and Rhine  
 (And to my Prince (my sweet Black Prince) of late,  
 I did a youthful subject dedicate),  
 Nor do I doubt but that in time my trees  
 Will yield me fruit to pay Apollo's fees  
 To offer up whole hecatombs of praise

To Cæsar, if on them he cast his rays,  
 And if my lamp have oil, I may compile  
 The modern annals of great Albion's isle,  
 To vindicate the truth of Charles his reign,  
 From scribbling pamphleteers who story stain  
 With loose imperfect passages, and thrust  
 Lame things upon the world, ta'en up in trust.

I have had audience (in another strain)  
 Of Europe's greatest kings, when German main  
 And the Cantabrian waves I crossed, I drank  
 Of Tagus, Seine, and sat at Tiber's bank,  
 Through Scylla and Charybdis I have steered,  
 Where restless Ætna's belching flames appeared,  
 By Greece, once Pallas' garden, then I pass'd,  
 Now all o'er-spread with ignorance and waste,  
 Nor hath fair Europe her vast bounds throughout,  
 An academy of note I found not out.

But now I hope in a successful prore,  
 The Fates have fixed me on sweet England's shore,  
 And by these various wanderings true I found,  
 Earth is our common Mother, every ground  
 May be one's country, for by birth each man  
 Is in this world a cosmopolitan,  
 A free-born burgess, and receives thereby  
 His denization from nativity.

Nor is this lower world but a huge inn,  
 And men the rambling passengers, wherein  
 Some do warm lodgings find, and that as soon  
 As out of nature's closets they see noon,  
 And find the table ready laid; but some  
 Must for their commons trot and trudge for room.  
 With easy pace some climb Promotion's Hill,  
 Some in the dale, do what they can, stick still;  
 Some through false glasses Fortune smiling spy,

Who still keeps off, though she appears hard by :  
 Some like the ostrich with her wings do flutter,  
 But cannot fly or soar above the gutter.  
 Some quickly fetch, and double Good Hope's Cape,  
 Some ne'er can do 't though the same course they shape.  
 So that poor mortals are so many balls  
 Tossed some o'er line, some under fortune's walls.

And it is heaven's high pleasure man should lie  
 Obnoxious to his partiality,  
 That by industrious ways he should contend  
 Nature's short pittance to improve and mend ;  
 Now, industry never failed, at last to advance  
 Her patient sons above the reach of chance.

## POET

But whither rov'st thou thus —— ?  
 Well ; since I see thou art so strongly bent,  
 And of a gracious look so confident,  
 Go, and throw down thyself at Cæsar's feet,  
 And in thy best attire thy sovereign greet.  
 Go, an auspicious and most blessed year  
 Wish him, as e'er shined o'er this hemisphere.  
 Good may the entrance, better the middle be,  
 And the conclusion best of all the three ;  
 Of joy ungrudged may each day be a debtor,  
 And every morn still usher in a better,  
 May the soft gliding Nones and every Ide,  
 With all the Calends still some good betide,  
 May Cynthia with kind looks, and Phœbus' rays,  
 One clear his nights, the other gild his days.  
 Free limbs, unphysicked health, due appetite,  
 Which no sauce else but hunger may excite,  
 Sound sleeps, green dreams be his, which represent  
 Symptoms of health, and the next day's content ;

Cheerful and vacant thoughts, not always bound  
 To counsel, or in deep ideas drowned  
 (Though such late traverses, and tumults might  
 Turn to a lump of care, the airiest wight) :  
 And since while fragile flesh doth us array,  
 The humours still are combating for sway  
 (Which were they free from this reluctancy  
 And counterpoised, man would immortal be),  
 May sanguine o'er the rest predominate  
 In him, and their malignant flux abate.

May his great queen, in whose imperious eye  
 Reigns such a world of winning majesty,  
 Like the rich olive or Falernian vine  
 Swell with more gems of Scions masculine ;  
 And as her fruit sprung from the rose and luce  
 (The best of stems earth yet did e'er produce)  
 Is tied already by a sanguine lace  
 To all the kings of Europe's high-born race,  
 So may they shoot their youthful branches o'er  
 The surging seas ; and graff with every shore.

May home commerce and trade increase from far,  
 Till both the Indies meet within his bar,  
 And bring in mounts of coin his mints to feed,  
 And bankers (traffic's chief supporters) breed,  
 Which may enrich his kingdoms, court and town,  
 And ballast still the coffers of the crown,  
 For kingdoms are as ships, the prince his chests  
 The ballast, which if empty, when distress't  
 With storms, their holds are lightly trimmed the keel  
 Can run no steady course, but toss and reel ;  
 May his imperial Chamber always ply  
 To his desires her wealth to multiply,  
 That she may praise his royal favour more  
 Than all the wares fetched from the great Mogor.

May the Grand Senate,<sup>2</sup> with the subject's right,  
 Put in the counter-scale the regal might,  
 The flowers o' the crown, that they may prop each other,  
 And like the Grecian's twin, live, love together.  
 For the chief glory of a people is,  
 The power of their king, as their's is his;  
 May he be still within himself at home,  
 That no just passion make the reason roam.  
 Yet passions have their turns to rouse the soul,  
 And stir her slumbering spirits, not control;  
 For as the ocean besides ebb and flood  
 (Which Nature's greatest clerk<sup>3</sup> ne'er understood)  
 Is not for sail, if an impregning wind  
 Fill not the flagging canvas, so a mind  
 Too calm is not for action, if desire  
 Heats not itself at passion's quickening fire,  
 For Nature is allowed sometimes to muster  
 Her passions, so they only blow, not bluster.

May Justice still in her true scales appear,  
 And honour fixed in no unworthy sphere,  
 Unto whose palace all access should have  
 Through virtue's temple, not through Pluto's cave.

May his true subjects' hearts be his chief fort,  
 Their purse his treasure and their love his port,  
 Their prayers as sweet incense, to draw down  
 Myriads of blessings on his queen and crown.

And now that his glad presence did assuage  
 That fearful tempest in the north did rage,  
 May those frog vapours in the Irish sky  
 Be scattered by the beams of majesty,  
 That the Hibernian lyre give such a sound,  
 May on our coasts with joyful echoes bound.

And when this fatal planet leaves to lower  
 Which too, too long on monarchies doth pour

His direful influence, may peace once more  
 Descend from heaven on our tottering shore,  
 And ride in triumph both on land and main,  
 And with her milk-white steeds draw Charles his wain,  
 That so, for those Saturnian times of old,  
 An age of pearl may come in lieu of gold.

Virtue still guide his course, and if there be  
 A thing, as fortune, him accompany.  
 May no ill genius haunt him, but by 's side,  
 The best protecting angel ever bide.

May he go on to vindicate the right  
 Of holy things, and make the temple bright,  
 To keep that faith, that sacred truth entire,  
 Which he received from Solomon <sup>4</sup> his sire.

And since we all must hence, by th' iron decree  
 Stamped in the black records of destiny,  
 Late may his life, his glory ne'er wear out,  
 Till the great year of Plato wheel about.

So prayeth  
 The worst of poets  
 to  
 The best of princes,  
 yet  
 The most loyal of  
 his  
 Votaries and vassals,

JAMES HOWELL.

COMMENT.

<sup>1</sup> Arhentine, *id est virtuous*. Anagram of Henrietta.

<sup>2</sup> The Parliament.

<sup>3</sup> Hippocrates.

<sup>4</sup> King James.

# TO THE KNOWING READER

TOUCHING

## FAMILIAR LETTERS

**L**OVE is the life of friendship, letters are  
The life of love, the loadstones that by rare  
Attraction make souls meet, and melt and mix,  
As when by fire exalted gold we fix.

They are those winged postillions that can fly  
From the Antarctic to the Arctic sky,

The heralds and swift harbingers that move  
From east to west on embassies of love;

They can the tropics cut and cross the line,  
And swim from Ganges to the Rhone or Rhine,  
From Thames to Tagus, thence to Tiber run,  
And terminate their journey with the sun :

They can the cabinets of kings unscrew,  
And hardest intricacies of State unclaw ;  
They can the Tartar tell what the Mogor,  
Or the Great Turk doth on the Asian shore,  
The Knez of them may know what Prester John  
Doth with his camels in the torrid zone :  
Which made the Indian Inca think they were  
Spirits who in white sheets the air did tear.

The lucky goose saved Jove's beleaguered hill,  
Once by her noise, but oftener by her quill.  
It twice prevented Rome was not o'errun  
By the tough Vandal and the rough-hewn Hun.

Letters can plots though mouldered under ground

Disclose, and their fell complices confound ;  
Witness that fiery pile which would have blown  
Up to the clouds, prince, people, peers, and town,  
Tribunals, church, and chapel, and had dried  
The Thames, though swelling in her highest pride,  
And parboiled the poor fish, which from her sands  
Had been tossed up to the adjoining lands.  
Lawyers as vultures had soared up and down,  
Prelates like magpies in the air had flown,  
Had not the eagle's letter brought to light  
That subterranean horrid work of night.

Credential letters, states, and kingdoms tie,  
And monarchs knit in league of amity ;  
They are those golden links that do enchain  
Whole nations though discinded by the main ;  
They are the soul of trade, they make commerce  
Expand itself throughout the universe.

Letters may more than history enclose  
The choicest learning both in verse and prose ;  
They knowledge can unto our souls display,  
By a more gentle and familiar way,  
The highest points of state and policy,  
The most severe parts of philosophy  
May be their subject, and their themes enrich,  
As well as private businesses, in which  
Friends use to correspond and kindred greet,  
Merchants negotiate, the whole world meet.

In Seneca's rich letters is enshrined  
Whate'er the ancient sages left behind.  
Tully makes his the secret symptoms tell  
Of those distempers which proud Rome befell,  
When in her highest flourish she would make  
Her Tiber from the Ocean homage take.



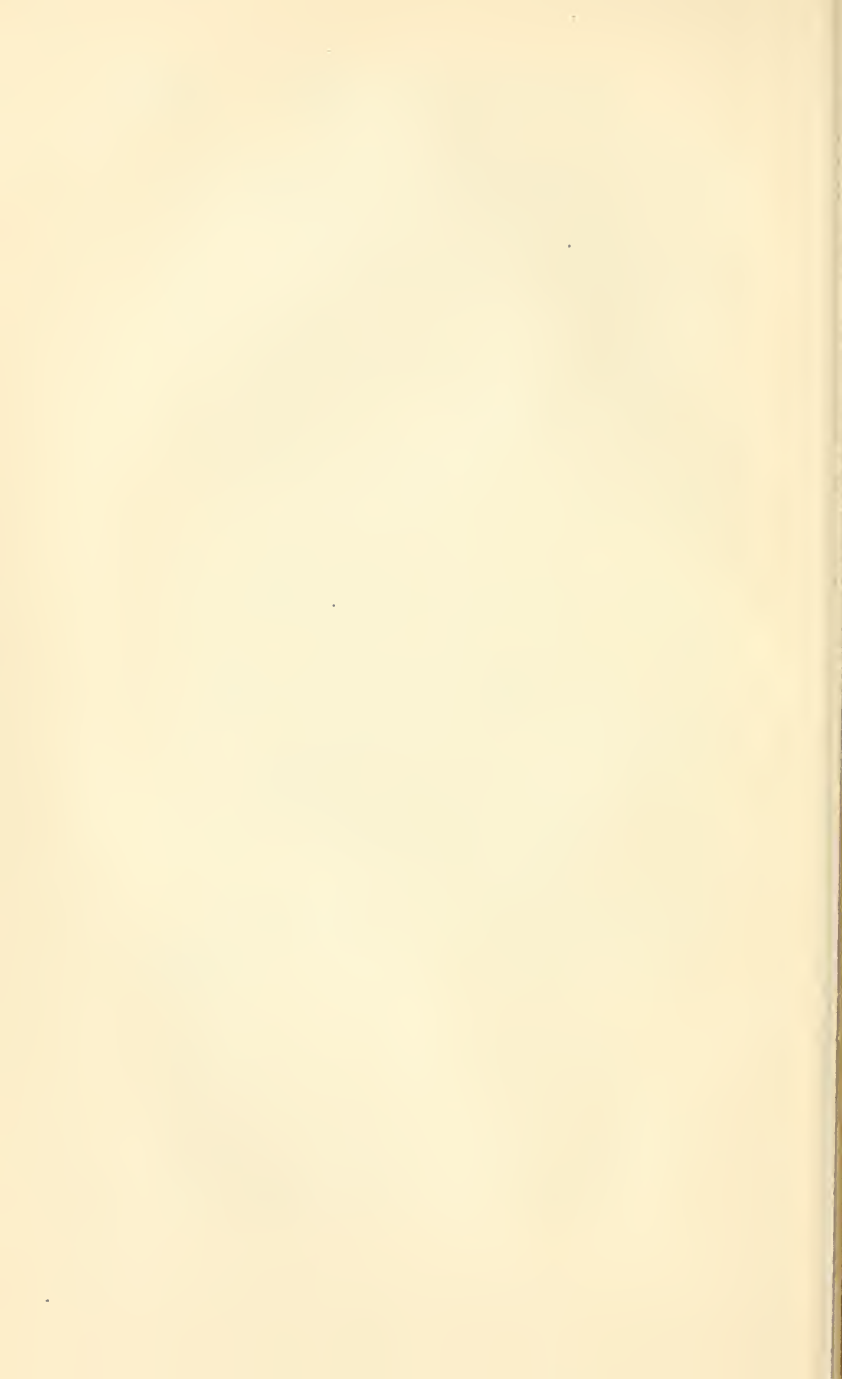
Great Antonine the emperor did gain  
More glory by his letters than his reign.  
His pen outlasts his pike, each golden line  
In his epistles doth his name enshrine.  
Aurelius by his letters did the same,  
And they in chief immortalise his fame.

Words vanish soon, and vapour into air,  
While letters on record stand fresh and fair,  
And tell our nephews who to us were dear,  
Who our choice friends, who our familiars were.  
The bashful lover when his stammering lips  
Falter, and fear some unadvised slips,  
May boldly court his mistress with the quill,  
And his hot passions to her breast enstil;  
The pen can furrow a fond female's heart,  
And pierce it more than Cupid's feigned dart.  
Letters a kind of magic virtue have,  
And like strong philtres human souls enslave.

Speech is the index, letters ideas are  
Of the informing soul; they can declare,  
And show the inward man, as we behold  
A face reflecting in a crystal mould:  
They serve the dead and living, they become  
Attorneys and administrators in some.

Letters like Gordian knots do nations tie,  
Else all commerce and love 'twixt men would die.

J. H.



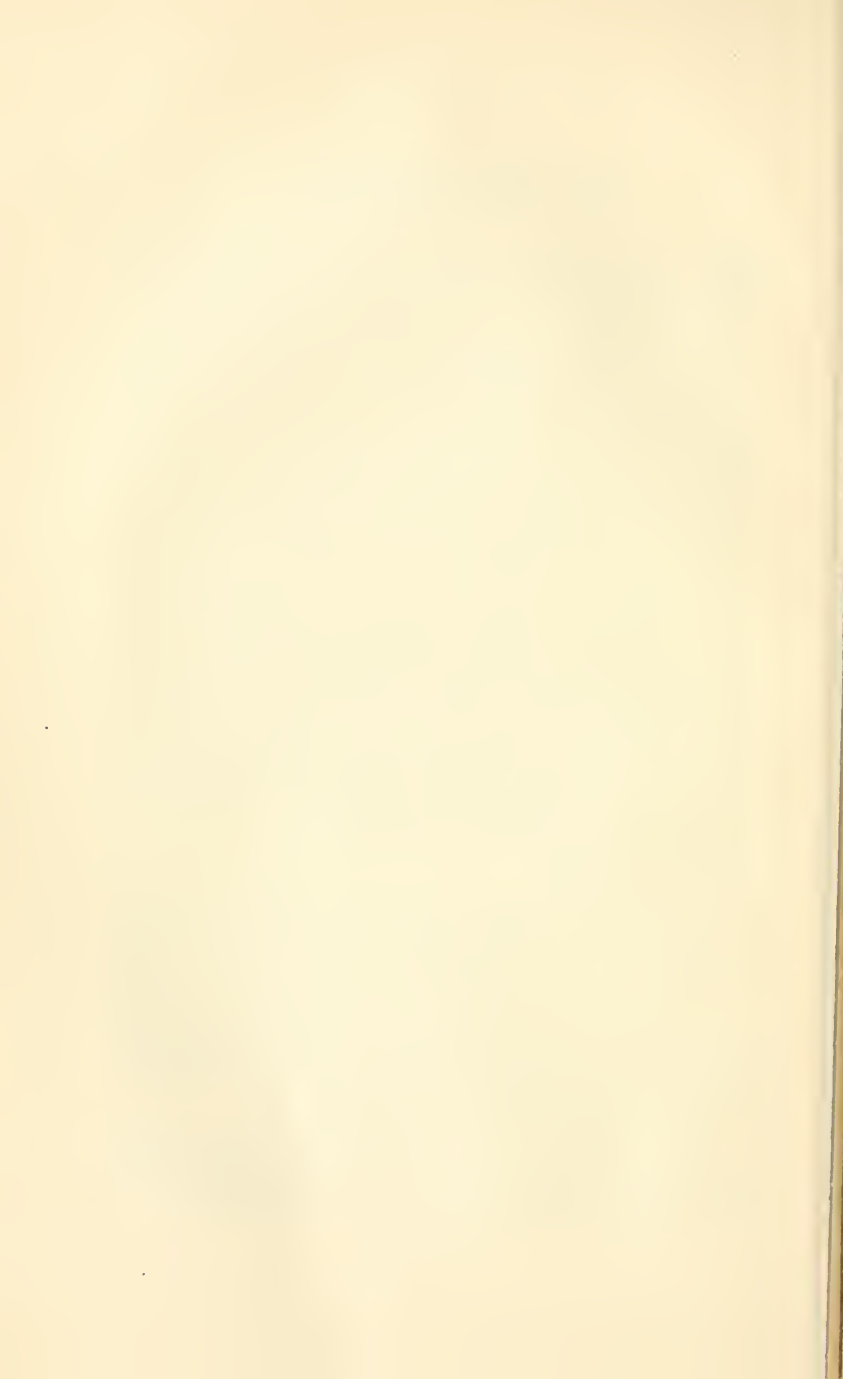
## TO HIS MAJESTY

**T**HESSE letters, addressed (most of them) to your best degrees of subjects, do, as so many lines drawn from the circumference to the centre, all meet in your Majesty, who, as the law styles you the fountain of honour and grace, so you should be the centre of our happiness. If your Majesty vouchsafe them a gracious aspect, they may all prove letters of credit, if not credential letters, which sovereign princes use only to authorise. They venture to go abroad into the vast ocean of the world, as letters of mart, to try their fortunes; and your Majesty being the greatest lord of sea under heaven, is fittest to protect them, and then they will not fear any human power. Moreover, as this royal protection secures them from all danger, so it will infinitely conduce to the prosperity of their voyage, and bring them to safe port with rich returns.

Nor would these letters be so familiar as to presume upon so high a patronage, were not many of them records of your own royal actions; and it is well known that letters can treasure up and transmit matters of State to posterity, with as much faith, and be as authentic registers and safe repositories of truth, as any story whatsoever.

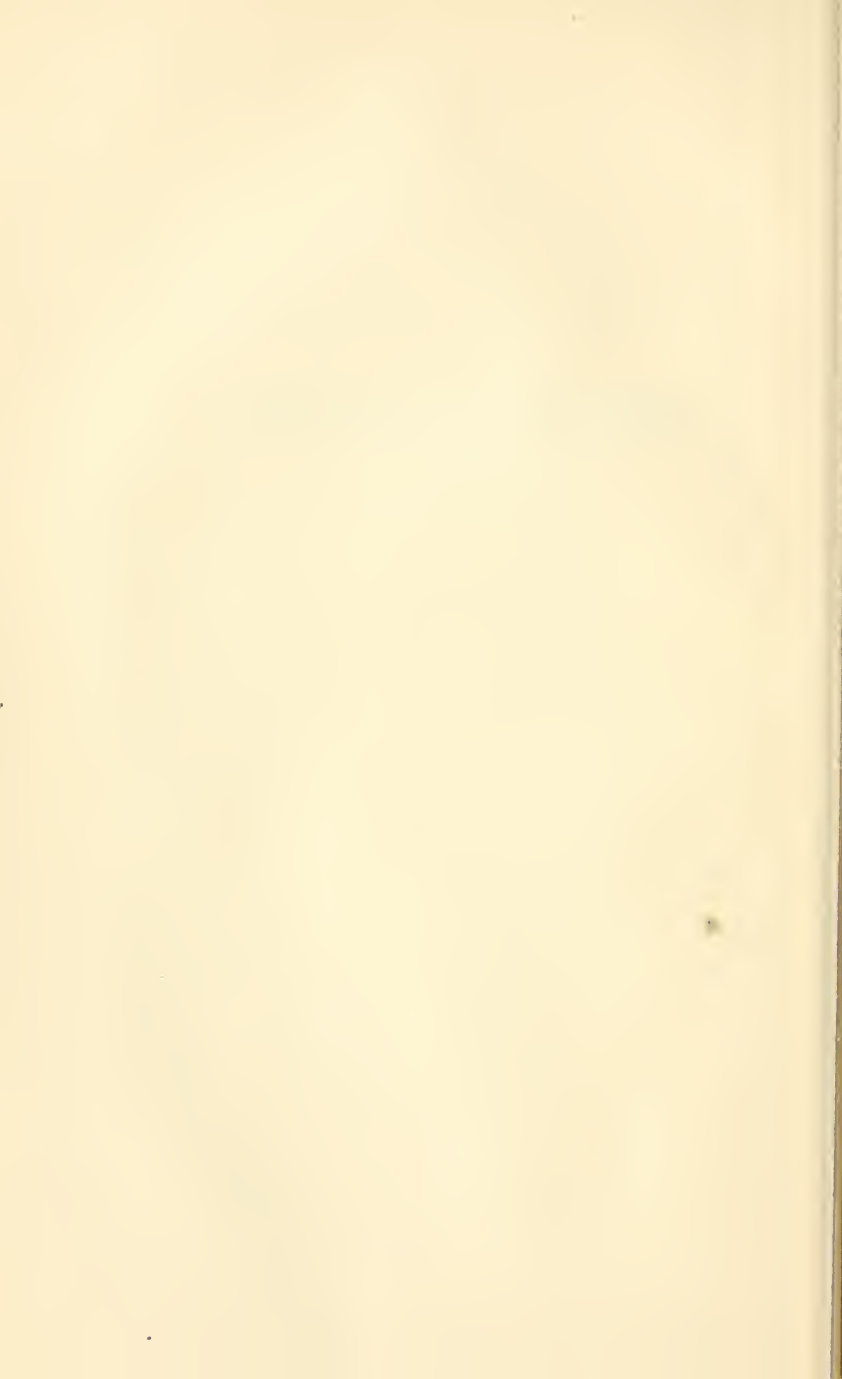
This brings them to lie all prostrate at your feet with their author, who is, sir, your Majesty's most loyal subject and servant,

HOWELL.



EPISTOLÆ HO-ELIANÆ

SECTION I



BOOK I  
SECTION I

I

*To Sir J. S., at Leeds Castle*

**I**T was a quaint difference the ancients did put betwixt a letter and an oration, that the one should be attired like a woman, the other like a man. The latter of the two is allowed large side robes, as long periods, parentheses, similes, examples, and other parts of rhetorical flourishes: but a letter or epistle should be short-coated, and closely couched; a hungerlin becomes a letter more handsomely than a gown. Indeed we should write as we speak, and that's a true familiar letter which expresseth one's mind, as if he were discoursing with the party to whom he writes in succinct and short terms. The tongue and the pen are both of them interpreters of the mind, but I hold the pen to be the more faithful of the two. The tongue *in udo posita*, being seated in a moist slippery place, may fail and falter in her sudden extemporal expressions; but the pen, having a greater advantage of premeditation, is not so subject to error, and leaves things behind it upon firm and authentic record. Now, letters, though they be capable of

any subject, yet commonly they are either narratory, objurgatory, consolatory, monitory, or congratulatory. The first consists of relations, the second of reprehensions, the third of comfort, the last two of counsel and joy; there are some who in lieu of letters write homilies, they preach when they should epistolise; there are others that turn them to tedious tractates; this is to make letters degenerate from their true nature. Some modern authors there are who have exposed their letters to the world, but most of them, I mean among your Latin epistolisers, go freighted with mere Bartholomew ware, with trite and trivial phrases only, listed with pedantic shreds of schoolboy verses. Others there are among our next transmarine neighbours eastward, who write in their own language, but their style is so soft and easy that their letters may be said to be like bodies of loose flesh without sinews, they have neither joints of art nor arteries in them; they have a kind of simpering and lank hectic expressions made up of a bombast of words and finical affected compliments only. I cannot well away with such sleazy stuff, with such cobweb compositions, where there is no strength of matter, nothing for the reader to carry away with him, that may enlarge the notions of his soul. One shall hardly find an apothegm, example, simile, or anything of philosophy, history, or solid knowledge, or as much as one new created phrase, in a hundred of them; and to draw any observations out of them were as if one went about to distil cream



out of froth ; insomuch that it may be said of them, what was said of the echo, " That she is a mere sound, and nothing else."

I return you your Balzac by this bearer, and when I found those letters, wherein he is so familiar with his king, so flat, and those to Richelieu, so puffed with profane hyperboles, and larded up and down with such gross flatteries, with others besides which he sends as urinals up and down the world to look into his water for the discovery of the crazy condition of his body, I forebore him further. — So I am your most affectionate servitor,

J. H.

Westminster, 25 July 1625.

## II

### *To my Father upon my first going beyond Sea*

**I** SHOULD be much wanting to myself, and to that obligation of duty, the law of God, and His handmaid Nature hath imposed upon me, if I should not acquaint you with the course and quality of my affairs and fortunes, specially at this time, that I am upon point of crossing the seas to eat my bread abroad. Nor is it the common relation of a son that only induced me hereunto, but that most indulgent and costly care you have been pleased (in so extraordinary a manner) to have had of my breeding (though but one child of fifteen) by placing me in a choice methodical school (so

far distant from your dwelling) under a learned (though lashing) master; and by transplanting me thence to Oxford, to be graduated; and so holding me still up by the chin until I could swim without bladders. This patrimony of liberal education you have been pleased to endow me withal, I now carry along with me abroad, as a sure inseparable treasure; nor do I feel it any burden or encumbrance unto me at all. And what danger soever my person or other things I have about me, do incur, yet I do not fear the losing of this, either by shipwreck or pirates at sea, nor by robbers, or fire, or any other casualty ashore; and at my return to England, I hope at leastwise I shall do my endeavour that you may find this patrimony improved somewhat to your comfort.

The main of my employment is from that gallant knight, Sir Robert Mansell, who, with my Lord of Pembroke, and divers other of the prime Lords of the Court, have got the sole patent of making all sorts of glass with pit-coal, only to save those huge proportions of wood which were consumed formerly in the glass furnaces; and this business being of that nature, that the workmen are to be had from Italy, and the chief materials from Spain, France and other foreign countries, there is need of an agent abroad for this use (and better than I have offered their service in this kind), so that I believe I shall have employment in all these countries before I return.

Had I continued still steward of the glass-house

in Broad Street, where Captain Francis Bacon hath succeeded me, I should in a short time have melted away to nothing amongst those hot Venetians, finding myself too green for such a charge; therefore it hath pleased God to dispose of me now to a condition more suitable to my years, and that will, I hope, prove more advantageous to my future fortunes.

In this my peregrination, if I happen, by some accident, to be disappointed of that allowance I am to subsist by, I must make my address to you, for I have no other rendezvous to flee unto; but it shall not be, unless in case of great indigence.

Touching the news of the time, Sir George Villiers, the new favourite, tapers up apace, and grows strong at Court. His predecessor, the Earl of Somerset, hath got a lease of ninety years for his life, and so hath his articulate lady, called so for articling against the frigidity and impotence of her former lord. She was afraid that Coke, the Lord Chief Justice (who had used such extraordinary art and industry in discovering all the circumstances of the poisoning of Overbury) would have made white broth of them, but that the prerogative kept them from the pot; yet the subservient instruments, the lesser flies could not break through, but lay entangled in the cobweb. Amongst others, Mistress Turner, the first inventress of yellow starch, was executed in a cobweb lawn ruff of that colour at Tyburn, and with her I believe that yellow starch, which so much disfigured our nation and rendered them so ridicu-

lous and fantastic, will receive its funeral. Sir Gervas Elwaies, Lieutenant of the Tower, was made a notable example of justice and terror to all officers of trust, for being accessory, and that in a passive way only to the murder, yet he was hanged on Tower Hill, and the caveat is very remarkable which he gave upon the gallows, that people should be very cautious how they make vows to heaven, for the breach of them seldom passes without a judgment, whereof he was a most ruthless example; for, being in the Low Countries, and much given to gaming, he once made a solemn vow (which he broke afterwards) that if he played above such a sum, he might be hanged. My Lord (William) of Pembroke did a most noble act like himself; for the king, having given him all Sir Gervas Elwaies' estate, which came to above £1000 per annum, he freely bestowed it on the widow and her children.

The latter end of this week I am to go a ship-board, and first for the Low Countries. I humbly pray your blessing may accompany me in these my travels by land and sea, with a continuance of your prayers, which will be as so many good gales to blow me to safe port; for I have been taught that the parents' benedictions contribute very much, and have a kind of prophetic virtue to make the child prosperous.—In this opinion I shall ever rest, your dutiful son, J. H.

Broad Street in London, *this*

1 of March 1618.

## III

*To Dr Francis Mansell, since Principal of  
Jesus College in Oxford*

**B**EING to take leave of England, and to launch out into the world abroad, to breathe foreign air a while, I thought it very handsome, and an act well becoming me, to take my leave also of you and of my dearly honoured mother Oxford. Otherwise both of you might have just grounds to exhibit a bill of complaint, or rather a protest against me, and cry me up; you for a forgetful friend; she, for an ungrateful son, if not some spurious issue. To prevent this, I salute you both together: you with the best of my most candid affections; her, with my most dutiful observance, and thankfulness for the milk she pleased to give me in that exuberance, had I taken it in that measure she offered it me while I slept in her lap; yet that little I have sucked, I carry with me now abroad, and hope that this course of life will help to concoct it to a greater advantage, having opportunity, by the nature of my employment, to study men as well as books. The small time I supervised the glass-house I got amongst those Venetians some smatterings of the Italian tongue, which, besides the little I have, you know, of school languages, is all the preparatives I have made for travel. I am to go

this week down to Gravesend, and so embark for Holland. I have got a warrant from the Lords of the Council to travel for three years anywhere, Rome and St Omer excepted. I pray let me retain some room, though never so little, in your thoughts, during the time of this our separation, and let our souls meet sometimes by intercourse of letters. I promise you that yours shall receive the best entertainment I can make them, for I love you dearly, dearly well, and value your friendship at a very high rate. — So with appreciation of as much happiness to you at home as I shall desire to accompany me abroad, I rest ever your friend to serve you,

J. H.

London, *this 20 of March 1618.*

#### IV

*To Sir James Crofts, Knight, at St Osith*

I COULD not shake hands with England without kissing your hands also; and because, in regard of your distance now from London, I cannot do it in person, I send this paper for my deputy.

The news that keeps greatest noise here now is the return of Sir Walter Raleigh from his mine of gold in Guiana, the South parts of America, which at first was like to be such a hopeful boon voyage, but it seems that that golden mine is

proved a mere chimera, an imaginary airy mine; and, indeed, His Majesty had never any other conceit of it. But what will not one in captivity, as Sir Walter was, promise, to regain his freedom? Who would not promise not only mines, but mountains of gold, for liberty? And 'tis pity such a knowing, well-weighed knight had not had a better fortune; for the *Destiny* ( I mean that brave ship which he built himself of that name, that carried him thither ) is like to prove a fatal destiny to him, and to some of the rest of those gallant adventurers who contributed for the setting forth of thirteen ships more, who were most of them his kinsmen and younger brothers, being led into the said expedition by a general conceit the world had of the wisdom of Sir Walter Raleigh; and many of these are like to make shipwreck of their estates by this voyage. Sir Walter landed at Plymouth, whence he thought to make an escape; and some say he hath tampered with his body by physic, to make him look sickly, that he may be the more pitied, and permitted to lie in his own house. Count Gondamar, the Spanish Ambassador, speaks high language, and, sending lately to desire audience of His Majesty, he said he had but one word to tell him, His Majesty wondering what might be delivered in one word; when he came before him, he said only, "Pirates, Pirates, Pirates," and so departed.

'T is true that he protested against this voyage before, and that it could not be but for some pre-



datory design ; and that if it be as I hear, I fear it will go very ill with Sir Walter, and that Gondamar will never give him over till he hath his head off his shoulders, which may quickly be done, without any new arraignment, by virtue of the old sentence that lies still dormant against him, which he could never get off by pardon, notwithstanding that he mainly laboured in it before he went ; but His Majesty could never be brought to it, for he said he would keep this as a curb to hold him within the bounds of his commission, and the good behaviour.

Gondamar cries out that he hath broke the sacred peace betwixt the two kingdoms, that he hath fired and plundered Santo Thoma, a colony the Spaniards had planted with so much blood, near under the line, which made it prove such hot service unto him, and where, besides others, he lost his eldest son in the action ; and could they have preserved the magazine of tobacco only, besides other things in that town, something might have been had to countervail the charge of the voyage. Gondamar allegeth further that, the enterprise of the mine failing, he propounded to the rest of his fleet to go and intercept some of the Plate-galleons, with other designs which would have drawn after them apparent acts of hostility, and so demands justice ; besides other disasters which fell out upon the dashing of the first design, Captain Remish, who was the main instrument for discovery of the mine, pistoled himself in a des-



perate mood of discontent in his cabin, in the *Convertine*.

This return of Sir Walter Raleigh from Guiana puts me in mind of a facetious tale I read lately in Italian (for I have a little of that language already), how Alfonso, King of Naples, sent a Moor, who had been his captive a long time, to Barbary, with a considerable sum of money to buy horses, and to return by such a time. Now there was about the king a kind of buffoon or jester who had a table-book or journal, wherein he was used to register any absurdity, or impertinence, or merry passage that happened upon the Court. That day the Moor was dispatched for Barbary, the said jester waiting upon the king at supper, the king called for his journal, and asked what he had observed that day; thereupon, the jester produced his table-book, and, amongst other things, he read how Alfonso, King of Naples, had sent Beltram the Moor, who had been a long time his prisoner, to Morocco (his own country) with so many thousand crowns to buy horses. The king asked him why he inserted that. "Because," said he, "I think he will never come back to be a prisoner again, and so you have lost both man and money. But, if he do come, then your jest is marred." Quoth the king, "No, sir; for if he return I will blot out your name, and put him in for a fool."

The application is easy and obvious; but the world wonders extremely that so great a wise man as Sir Walter Raleigh would return to cast him-

self upon so inevitable a rock, as I fear he will ; and much more, that such choice men and so great a power of ships should all come home and do nothing.

The letter you sent to my father I conveyed safely the last week to Wales. I am this week, by God's help, for the Netherlands, and then, I think, for France. If in this, my foreign employment, I may be any way serviceable unto you, you know what power you have to dispose of me, for I honour you in a very high degree, and will live and die, your humble and ready servant,

J. H.

London, 28 of *March* 1618[9].

V

*To my Brother, after Dr Howell, and now Bishop of Bristol ; from Amsterdam*

BROTHER,

I AM newly landed at Amsterdam, and it is the first foreign earth I ever set foot upon. I was pitifully sick all the voyage, for the weather was rough and the wind untoward, and at the mouth of the Texel we were surprised by a furious tempest, so that the ship was like to split upon some of those old stumps of trees wherewith that river is full ; for in ages past, as the skipper told me, there grew a fair forest in that channel where the Texel makes now her bed. Having been so rocked and

shaken at sea, when I came ashore, I began to incline to Copernicus his opinion, which has got such a sway lately in the world, viz., that the earth, as well as the rest of her fellow-elements, is in perpetual motion, for she seemed so to me a good while after I had landed. He that observes the site and position of this country will never hereafter doubt the truth of that philosophical problem which keeps so great a noise in the schools, viz., that the sea is higher than the earth; because, as I sailed along these coasts, I visibly found it true; for the ground here, which is all 'twixt marsh and moorish, lies not only level, but to the apparent sight of the eye, far lower than the sea; which made the Duke of Alva say that the inhabitants of this country were the nearest neighbours to hell (the great abyss) of any people upon earth, because they dwell lowest. Most of that ground they tread is plucked, as it were, out of the very jaws of Neptune, who is afterwards pent out by high dykes, which are preserved with incredible charge, insomuch, that the chief Dyke-grave here is one of the greatest officers of trust in all the province, it being in his power to turn the whole country into a salt loch when he list, and so to put Hans to swim for his life, which makes it to be one of the chiefest parts of his litany. From the sea, the Spaniard, and the devil, the Lord deliver me. I need not tell you who preserves him from the last, but from the Spaniard his best friend is the sea itself, notwithstanding that he fears him as an

enemy another way : for the sea, stretching himself here into divers arms, and meeting with some of those fresh rivers that descend from Germany to disgorge themselves into him through these provinces, most of their towns are thereby encompassed with water, which by sluices they can contract or dilate as they list. This makes their towns inaccessible and out of the reach of cannon ; so that water may be said to be one of their best fences, otherwise I believe they had not been able to have borne up so long against the gigantic power of Spain.

This city of Amsterdam, though she be a great staple of news, yet I can impart none unto you at this time, I will defer that till I come to the Hague.

I am lodged here at one Monsieur De la Cluze, not far from the Exchange, to make an introduction into the French ; because I believe I shall steer my course hence next to the country where that language is spoken ; but I think I shall sojourn here about two months longer, therefore I pray direct your letters accordingly, or any other you have for me. One of the prime comforts of a traveller is to receive letters from his friends ; they beget new spirits in him, and present joyful objects to his fancy when his mind is clouded sometimes with fogs of melancholy ; thereof I pray make me happy as often as your conveniency will serve with yours. You may send or deliver them to Captain Bacon at the Glass House, who will see them safely sent.

So, my dear brother, I pray God bless us both, and send us after this large distance a joyful meeting. — Your loving brother,

J. H.

Amsterdam, *April 1, 1617*[9].

VI

*To Dan. Caldwell, Esq.; from Amsterdam*

MY DEAR DAN.,

I HAVE made your friendship so necessary unto me for the contentment of my life, that happiness itself would be but a kind of infelicity without it. It is as needful to me as fire and water, as the very air I take in and breathe out; it is to me not only *necessitudo* but *necessitas*: therefore I pray let me enjoy it in that fair proportion that I desire to return unto you by way of correspondence and retaliation. Our first league of love, you know, was contracted among the muses in Oxford; for no sooner was I matriculated to her, but I was adopted to you; I became her son and your friend at one time. You know I followed you then to London, where our love received confirmation in the Temple and elsewhere. We are now far asunder, for no less than a sea severs us, and that no narrow one, but the German Ocean: Distance sometimes endears friendship, and absence sweeteneth it, it much enhanceth the value of it, and makes it more pre-

cious. Let this be verified in us, let that love which formerly used to be nourished by personal communication and the lips be now fed by letters ; let the pen supply the office of the tongue ; letters have a strong operation, they have a kind of art-like embraces to mingle souls, and make them meet though millions of paces asunder ; by them we may converse and know how it fares with each other as it were by intercourse of spirits. Therefore amongst your civil speculations I pray let your thought sometimes reflect on me (your absent self) and wrap those thoughts in paper, and so send them me over ; I promise you they shall be very welcome, I shall embrace and hug them with my best affections.

Commend me to Tom Bowyer, and enjoin him the like. I pray be no niggard in distributing my love plentifully amongst our friends at the Inns of Court. Let Jack Toldervy have my kind commends with this caveat, "That the pot which goes often to the water comes home cracked at last ;" therefore I hope he will be careful how he makes the Fleece in Cornhill his thoroughfare too often. So may my dear Daniel live happy, and love his

J. H.

From Amsterdam, *April the 10, 1619.*

## VII

*To my Father ; from Amsterdam*

I AM lately arrived in Holland in a good plight of health, and continue yet in this town of Amsterdam, a town I believe that there are few of her fellows, being from a mean fishing dorp, come in a short revolution of time, by a monstrous increase of commerce and navigation, to be one of the greatest marts of Europe. It is admirable to see what various sorts of buildings and new fabrics are now here erecting everywhere ; not in houses only, but in whole streets and suburbs ; so that it is thought she will in a short time double her proportion in business.

I am lodged in a Frenchman's house, who is one of the deacons of our English Brownists' Church here ; it is not far from the synagogue of Jews, who have free and open exercise of their religion here. I believe in this street where I lodge there be well near as many religions as there be houses ; for one neighbour knows not nor cares not much what religion the other is of, so that the number of conventicles exceeds the number of churches here. And let this country call itself as long as it will the United Provinces one way, I am persuaded in this point there's no place so disunited.

The Dog and Rag Market is hard by, where

every Sunday morning there is a kind of public mart for those commodities, notwithstanding their precise observance of the Sabbath.

Upon Saturday last I happened to be in a gentleman's company, who showed me as I walked along in the streets a long-bearded old Jew of the tribe of Aaron; when the other Jews met him they fell down and kissed his foot. This was that Rabbi with whom our countryman Broughton had such a dispute.

This city, notwithstanding her huge trade, is far inferior to London for populousness; and this I infer out of their weekly bills of mortality, which come not at most but to fifty or thereabout; whereas in London the ordinary number is 'twixt two and three hundred, one week with another. Nor are there such wealthy men in this town as in London; for by reason of the generality of commerce, the banks, adventures, the common shares and stocks which most have in the Indian and other companies, the wealth doth diffuse itself here in a strange kind of equality, not one of the burghers being exceeding rich, or exceeding poor. Insomuch, that I believe our four and twenty aldermen may buy a hundred of the richest men in Amsterdam. It is a rare thing to meet with a beggar here, as rare as to see a horse, they say, upon the streets of Venice, and this is held to be one of their best pieces of Government; for besides the strictness of their laws against mendicants, they have hospitals of all sorts for young



and old, both for the relief of the one and the employment of the other, so that there is no object here to exercise any act of charity upon. They are here very neat, though not so magnificent in their buildings, especially in their frontispieces and first rooms; and for cleanliness they may serve for a pattern to all people. They will presently dress half a dozen dishes of meat without any noise or show at all; for if one goes to the kitchen, there will be scarce appearance of anything but a few covered pots upon a turf fire, which is their prime fuel. After dinner they fall a-scouring of those pots, so that the outside will be as bright as the inside, and the kitchen suddenly so clean as if no meat had been dressed there a month before. They have neither well nor fountain or any spring of fresh water in or about all this city, but their fresh water is brought unto them by boats. Besides, they have cisterns to receive the rain water which they much use, so that my laundress, bringing my linen to me one day, and I commending the whiteness of them, she answered: That they must needs be white and fair, for they were washed in *aqua coelestis*, meaning sky water.

'T were cheap living here were it not for the monstrous excises which are imposed upon all sorts of commodities, both for belly and back; for the retailer pays the States almost the one moiety as much as he paid for the commodity at first, nor doth any murmur at it, because it goes not to any

favourite or private purse, but to preserve them from the Spaniard, their common enemy, as they term him ; so that the saying is truly verified here, "Defend me and spend me." With this excise principally, they maintain all their armies by sea and land, with their garrisons at home and abroad, both here and in the Indies, and defray all other public charges besides.

I shall hence shortly for France, and in my way take most of the prime towns of Holland and Zealand, especially Leyden (the University), where I shall sojourn some days. — So humbly craving a continuance of your blessing and prayers, I rest your dutiful son,

J. H.

*May the 1, 1619.*

### VIII

*To Dr Tho. Prichard at Jesus College in  
Oxford; from Leyden*

**I**T is the royal prerogative of love not to be confined to that small local compass which circumscribes the body, but to make his sallies and progresses abroad to find out and enjoy his desired object under what region soever. Nor is it the vast gulf of Neptune, or any distance of place, or difference of clime can bar him of this privilege. I never found the experiment hereof so sensibly nor felt the comfort of it so much as since I shook

hands with England. For, though you be in Oxford and I at Leyden, albeit you be upon an island and I now upon the continent (though the lowest part of Europe), yet those swift postillions, my thoughts, find you out daily, and bring you unto me. I behold you often in my chamber and in my bed; you eat, you drink, you sit down, and walk with me, and my fantasy enjoys you often in my sleep when all my senses are locked up and my soul wanders up and down the world, sometimes through pleasant fields and gardens, sometimes through odd uncouth places, over mountains and broken confused buildings. As my love to you doth thus exercise his power, so I desire yours to me may not be idle, but roused up sometimes to find me out and summon me to attend you in Jesus College.

I am now here in Leyden, the only academy besides Franiker of all the United Provinces. Here are nations of all sorts, but the Germans swarm more than any. To compare their university to yours were to cast New Inn in counterscale with Christ Church College, or the alms houses on Tower Hill to Sutton's Hospital. Here are no colleges at all, God-wot (but one for the Dutch), nor scarce the face of an university, only there are general schools where the sciences are read by several professors, but all the students are oppidanés. A small time and less learning will suffice to make one a graduate; nor are those formalities of habits and other decencies here as with you, much less

those exhibitions and support for scholars, with other encouragements; insomuch, that the Oxonians and Cantabrigians——*bona si sua norint*, were they sensible of their own felicity, are the happiest academians on earth; yet Apollo hath a strong influence here; and as Cicero said of them of Athens: *Athenis pingue coelum, tenuia ingenia* (the Athenians had a thick air and thin wits); so I may say of these Lagdunensians, they have a gross air, but thin subtle wits (some of them). Witness also Heinsius, Grotius, Arminius, and Baudius. Of the two last I was told a tale, that Arminius meeting Baudius one day disguised with drink (wherewith he would be often) he told him “Tu Baudi dedecoras nostram Academiam, et tu Armeni nostram Religionem” (Thou Baudius disgracest our University; and thou Arminius our religion). The heaven here hath always some cloud in his countenance; and from this grossness and spissitude of air proceeds the slow nature of the inhabitants, yet this slowness is recompensed with another benefit; it makes them patient and constant, as in all other actions, so in their studies and speculations, though they use

*Crassos transire Dies, lucemque palustrem.*

I pray impart my love liberally amongst my friends in Oxford, and when you can make truce with your more serious meditations bestow a thought, drawn into a few lines, upon your J. H.

Leyden, *May the 30*, 1619.

## IX

*To Mr Richard Altham, at his Chamber in  
Gray's Inn*

THOUGH you be now a good way out of my reach, yet you are not out of my remembrance ; you are still within the horizon of my love. Now the horizon of love is large and spacious ; it is as boundless as that of the imagination, and where the imagination rangeth, the memory is still busy to usher in and present the desired object it fixeth upon. It is love that sets them both on work, and may be said to be the highest sphere whence they receive their motion. Thus you appear unto me often in these foreign travels, and that you may believe me the better, I send you these lines as my ambassadors (and ambassadors must not lie) to inform you accordingly, and to salute you.

I desire to know how you like Ployden ; I heard it often said that there is no study requires patience and constancy more than the common law, for it is a good while before one comes to any known perfection in it, and consequently to any gainful practice. This, I think, made Jack Chaulder throw away his Littleton, like him that when he could not catch the hare, said : A pox upon her, she is but dry tough meat, let her go. It is not so with you, for I know you are of that disposition, that when you mind a thing, nothing can frighten

you in making constant pursuit after it till you have obtained it; for if the mathematics with their crabbedness and intricacy could not deter you, but that you waded through the very midst of them and arrived to so excellent a perfection, I believe it is not in the power of Ployden to dastardize or cow your spirits until you have overcome him, at leastwise have so much of him as will serve your turn. I know you were always a quick and pressing disputant in logic and philosophy, which makes me think your genius is fit for law (as the Baron, your excellent father was), for a good logician makes always a good lawyer; and hereby one may give a strong conjecture of the aptness or inaptitude of one's capacity to that study and profession; and you know as well as I that logicians who went under the name of sophisters, were the first lawyers that ever were.

I shall be upon uncertain removes hence, until I come to Rouen in France, and there I mean to cast anchor a good while. I shall expect your letters there with impatience. I pray present my service to Sir James Altham and to my good lady, your mother, with the rest to whom it is due in Bishopsgate Street and elsewhere. — So I am, yours in the best degree of friendship,

J. H.

Hague, 30 of May 1619.

## X

*To Sir James Crofts; from the Hague*

THE same observance that a father may challenge of his child, the like you may claim of me in regard of the extraordinary care you have been pleased to have always, since I had the happiness to know you, of the course of my fortunes.

I am now newly come to the Hague, the Court of the six (and almost seven) confederated provinces. The Council of State with the Prince of Orange makes his firm residence here, unless he be upon a march, and in motion for some design abroad. This prince (Maurice) was cast in a mould suitable to the temper of this people. He is slow and full of wariment, and not without a mixture of fear; I do not mean a pusillanimous but politic fear. He is the most constant in the quotidian course and carriage of his life of any that I have ever heard or read of; for whosoever knows the customs of the Prince of Orange may tell what he is doing here every hour of the day, though he be in Constantinople. In the morning he awaketh about six in summer and seven in winter. The first thing he doth, he sends one of his grooms or pages to see how the wind sits, and he wears or leaves off his waistcoat accordingly, then he is about an hour dressing himself, and about a quarter of an hour in his closet, then comes

in the secretary, and if he hath any private or public letters to write, or any other dispatches to make, he doth it before he stirs from his chamber; then comes he abroad, and goes to his stables, if it be no sermon-day, to see some of his gentlemen or pages (of whose breeding he is very careful) ride the great horse. He is very accessible to any that hath business with him, and showeth a winning kind of familiarity, for he will shake hands with the meanest boor of the country, and he seldom hears any commander or gentleman with his hat on. He dines punctually about twelve, and his table is free for all comers, but none under the degree of a captain useth to sit down at it; after dinner he stays in the room a good while, and then anyone may accost him, and tell his tale; then he retires to his chamber, where he answers all petitions that were delivered him in the morning, and towards the evening, if he goes not to council, which is seldom, he goes either to make some visits, or to take the air abroad, and according to this constant method he passeth his life.

There are great stirs like to arise betwixt the Bohemians and the elected king, the emperor, and they are come already to that height, that they consult of deposing him, and to choose some Protestant prince to be their king, some talk of the Duke of Saxony, others of the Palsgrave. I believe the States here would rather be for the latter, in regard of conformity of religion, the other being a Lutheran.



I could not find in Amsterdam a large Ortelius in French to send you, but from Antwerp I will not fail to serve you.

So wishing you all happiness and health, and that the sun may make many progresses more through the Zodiac before those comely gray hairs of yours go to the grave, I rest your very humble servant,

J. H.

*June the 3, 1619.*

## XI

*To Captain Francis Bacon, at the Glass House  
in Broad Street*

MY last to you was from Amsterdam, since which time I have traversed the prime parts of the United Provinces, and I am now in Zealand, being newly come to this town of Middleborough, which is much crestfallen since the staple of English cloth was removed hence, as is Flishing also, her next neighbour, since the departure of the English garrison. A good intelligent gentleman told me the manner how Flishing and the Brill, our two cautionary towns here, were redeemed, which was thus: The nine hundred and odd soldiers at Flishing and the Rammakins hard by, being many weeks without their pay, they borrowed divers sums of money of the states of this town, who finding no hopes of supply from England, advice was sent to the States-

General at the Hague, they consulting with Sir Ralph Winwood, our ambassador (who was a favourable instrument unto them in this business, as also in the match with the Palsgrave) sent instructions to the Lord Caroon, to acquaint the Earl of Suffolk, then Lord Treasurer, herewith; and in case they could find no satisfaction there, to make his address to the king himself, which Caroon did. His Majesty being much incensed that his subjects and soldiers should starve for want of their pay in a foreign country, sent for the Lord Treasurer, who, drawing His Majesty aside, and telling how empty his exchequer was, His Majesty told the ambassador that if his masters, the States, would pay the money they owed him upon those towns, he would deliver them up; the ambassador returning the next day to know whether His Majesty persisted in the same resolution, in regard that at his former audience, he perceived him to be a little transported, His Majesty answered, That he knew the states of Holland to be his good friends and confederates, both in point of religion and policy; therefore he apprehended not the least fear of any difference that should fall out between them, in contemplation whereof, if they desired to have their towns again, he would willingly surrender them. Hereupon the States made up the sum presently, which came in convenient time, for it served to defray the expensive progress he made to Scotland the summer following. When that money

was lent by Queen Elizabeth, it was articulated that interest should be paid upon interest; and besides, that for every gentleman who should lose his life in the States' service they should make good five pounds to the Crown of England. All this His Majesty remitted, and only took the principal; and this was done in requital of that princely entertainment, and great presents which my Lady Elizabeth had received in divers of their towns as she passed to Heidelberg.

The bearer hereof is Signor Antonio Miotti, who was master of a crystal glass furnace here a long time, and as I have it by good intelligence, he is one of the ablest and most knowing men for the guidance of a glass-work in Christendom. Therefore according to my instructions I send him over, and hope to have done Sir Robert good service thereby. So with my kind respects unto you, and my most humble service, where you know it is due, I rest, your affectionate servant,

J. H.

*June the 6, 1619.*

## XII

*To Sir James Crofts; Antwerp*

I PRESUME that my last to you from the Hague came safe to hand. I am now come to a more cheerful country, and amongst a people somewhat more vigorous and mettled, being not

so heavy as the Hollander, or homely as they of Zealand. This goodly ancient city methinks looks like a disconsolate widow, or rather some superannuated virgin, that hath lost her lover, being almost quite bereft of that flourishing commerce, wherewith before the falling off the rest of the Provinces from Spain she abounded, to the envy of all other cities and marts of Europe. There are few places this side the Alps, better built, and so well streeeted as this, and none at all so well girt with bastions and ramparts, which in some places are so spacious that they usually take the air in coaches upon the very walls, which are beautified with divers rows of trees and pleasant walks. The citadel here, though it be an addition to the stateliness and strength of the town, yet it serves as a shrewd curb unto her, which makes her champ upon the bit, and foam sometimes with anger, but she cannot help it. The tumults in Bohemia now grow hotter and hotter; they write how the great council at Prague fell to such a hurliburly that some of those senators who adhered to the Emperor were thrown out at the windows, where some were maimed, some broke their necks. I am shortly to bid a farewell to the Netherland, and to bend my course for France, where I shall be most ready to entertain any commands of yours. So may all health and happiness attend you, according to the wishes of your obliged servant,

J. H.

*July 5, 1619.*

## XIII

*To Dr Thomas Prichard, at Oxford; from Rouen*

I HAVE now taken firm footing in France, and though France be one of the chiefest climates of compliment, yet I can use none towards you, but tell you in plain downright language that in the list of those friends I left behind me in England, you are one of the prime rank, one whose name I have marked with the whitest stone. If you have gained such a place amongst the choicest friends of mine, I hope you will put me somewhere amongst yours, though I but fetch up the rear, being contented to be the *infima species*, the lowest in the predicament of your friends.

I shall sojourn a good while in this city of Rouen, therefore I pray make me happy with the comfort of your letters, which I shall expect with a longing impatience. I pray send me ample advertisement of your welfare, and of the rest of our friends, as well upon the banks of Isis as amongst the British mountains. I am but a fresh man yet in France, therefore I can send you no news, but that all is here quiet, and it is no ordinary news that the French should be quiet. But some think this calm will not last long, for the Queen Mother (late Regent) is discontented being restrained from coming to the Court, or to the city of Paris, and the tragical death of her favour-

ite (and foster-brother), the late Marquis of Ancre, lieth yet in her stomach undigested. She hath the Duke of Espernon, and divers other potent princes, that would be strongly at her devotion (as it is thought), if she would stir. I pray present my service to Sir Eubule Thelwall, and send me word with what pace Jesus College new walls go up. I will borrow my conclusion to you at this time of my countryman Owen —

Uno non possum quantum te diligo versu  
Dicere, si satis est distichon, ecce duos.

I cannot in one verse my love declare,  
If two will serve the turn, lo! here they are.

Whereunto I will add this surname Anagram. —  
Yours whole, J. HOWEL.

*Aug. 6, 1619.*

#### XIV

*To Dan. Caldwell, Esq.; from Rouen*

MY DEAR DAN.,

WHEN I came first to this town, amongst other objects of contentment which I found here, whereof there are variety, a letter of yours was brought me, and 't was a she-letter, for two more were enwombed in her body; she had an easy and quick deliverance of that twin; but besides them, she was big and pregnant of divers

sweet pledges, and lively evidences of your own love towards me, whereof I am as fond as any mother can be of her child. I shall endeavour to cherish and foster this dear love of yours with all the tenderness that can be, and warm it at the fuel of my best affections to make it grow every day stronger and stronger, until it comes to the state of perfection, because I know it is a true and real, it is no spurious or adulterated love. If I intend to be so indulgent and careful of yours I hope you will not suffer mine to starve with you; my love to you needs not much tending, for it is a lusty strong love, and will not easily miscarry.

I pray, when you write next, to send me a dozen pair of the best white kidskin gloves the Royal Exchange can afford; as also two pair of the purdest white worsted stockings you can get of women size, together with half a dozen pairs of knives. I pray, send your man with them to Vacandary, the French post upon Tower Hill, who will bring them me safely. When I go to Paris I shall send you some curiosities, equivalent to these. I have here enclosed returned an answer to those two that came in yours; I pray, see them safely delivered. My kind respects to your brother sergeant at Court, to all at Battersea, or anywhere else where you think my commendations may be well placed.

No more at this time, but that I recommend you to the never-failing providence of God, desiring you to go on in nourishing still between us that love which, for my part —

No traverses of chance, of time, or fate,  
 Shall ere extinguish till our lives' last date,  
 But as the vine her lovely elm doth wire,  
 Grasp both our hearts, and flame with fresh desire.

Yours,

J. H.

Rouen, *Aug.* 13, 1619.

XV

*To my Father ; from Rouen*

**Y**OURS of the third of August came to safe hand in an enclosed from my brother; you may make easy conjecture how welcome it was unto me, and to what a height of comfort it raised my spirits, in regard it was the first I received from you since I crossed the seas; I humbly thank you for the blessing you sent along with it.

I am now upon the fair continent of France, one of nature's choicest masterpieces, one of Ceres' chiefest barns for corn, one of Bacchus' prime wine cellars and of Neptune's best salt pits; a complete self-sufficient country, where there is rather a superfluity than defect of anything, either for necessity or pleasure; did the policy of the country correspond with the bounty of nature in the equal distribution of the wealth amongst the inhabitants, for I think there is not upon the earth a richer country and poorer people. 'Tis true, England hath a good repute abroad for her fertility, yet, be our harvest never so kindly and our crops never so plenti-



ful, we have every year commonly some grain from thence or from Danzic and other places imported by the merchant; besides, there be many more heaths, commons, bleak-barren hills, and waste grounds in England by many degrees than I find here; and I am sorry our country of Wales should give more instances hereof than any other part.

This province of Normandy, once an appendix of the Crown of England, though it want wine, yet it yields the king as much demesnes as any one of the rest. The lower Norman hath cider for his common drink; and I visibly observed that they are more plump and replete in their bodies, and of a clearer complexion than those that drink altogether wine. In this great city of Rouen there be many monuments of the English nation yet extant. On the outside of the highest steeple of the great church there is the word of God engraven in huge golden characters, every one almost as long as myself to make them the more visible. In this steeple hangs also the greatest bell of Christendom, called *d'Amboise*, for it weighs near upon forty thousand pounds weight. There is also here Saint Ouen, the greatest sanctuary in the city, founded by one of our compatriots, as the name imports. This province is also subject to wardships, and no other part of France besides; but whether the Conqueror transported that law to England from hence, or whether he sent it over from England hither, I cannot resolve you. There is a marvellous quick trade beaten in this town, because of the great

navigable river Sequena (the Seine) that runs hence to Paris, whereon there stands a strange bridge that ebbs and flows, that rises and falls with the river, it being made of boats, whereon coach and carts may pass over as well as men; besides, this is the nearest mercantile city that stands 'twixt Paris and the sea.

My last unto you was from the Low Countries, where I was in motion to and fro above four months; but I fear it miscarried in regard you make no mention of it in yours.

I begin more and more to have a sense of the sweetness and advantage of foreign travel. I pray, when you come to London to find a time to visit Sir Robert, and acknowledge his great favours to me, and desire a continuance thereof, according as I shall endeavour to deserve them.— So, with my due and daily prayers for your health, and a speedy successful issue of all your law business, I humbly crave your blessing, and rest,  
your dutiful son,

J. H.

*September the 7, 1619.*

## XVI

*To Captain Francis Bacon; from Paris*

I RECEIVED two of yours in Rouen with the bills of exchange there inclosed, and according to your directions I sent you those things which you wrote for.

I am now newly come to Paris, this huge magazine of men, the epitome of this large populous kingdom and rendezvous of all foreigners. The structures here are indifferently fair, though the streets generally foul, all the four seasons of the year, which I impute first, to the position of the city being built upon an isle (the Isle of France, made so by the branching and serpentine course of the river of Seine), and having some of her suburbs seated high, the filth runs down the channel and settles in many places within the body of the city, which lieth upon a flat; as also for a world of coaches, carts, and horses of all sorts that go to and fro perpetually, so that sometimes one shall meet with a stop half a mile long of those coaches, carts, and horses that can move neither forward nor backward by reason of some sudden encounter of others coming a cross-way, so that often times it will be an hour or two before they can disentangle. In such a stop the great Henry was so fatally slain by Ravillac. Hence comes it to pass that this town (for Paris is a town, a city, and a University) is always dirty, and it is such a dirt, that by perpetual motion is beaten into such a thick black unctuous oil that where it sticks no art can wash it off of some colours, insomuch that it may be no improper comparison to say, that an ill name is like the crot (the dirt) of Paris, which is indelible; besides the stain this dirt leaves, it gives also so strong a scent that it may be smelt many miles off if the wind be in one's face as he comes

from the fresh air of the country. This may be one cause why the plague is always in some corner or other of this vast city, which may be called, as once Scythia was, *Vagina populorum*, or (as mankind was called by a great philosopher) a great molehill of ants. Yet I believe this city is not so populous as she seems to be, for her form being round (as the whole kingdom is) the passengers wheel about and meet oftener than they use to do in the long continued streets of London, which makes London appear less populous than she is indeed, so that London for length (though not for latitude), including Westminster, exceeds Paris, and hath in Michaelmas term more souls moving within her in all places. It is under one hundred years that Paris is become so sumptuous and strong in buildings; for her houses were mean until a mine of white stone was discovered hard by, which runs in a continued vein of earth and is digged out with ease, being soft, and is between a white clay and chalk at first, but being pulled up, with the open air it receives a crusty kind of hardness and so becomes perfect freestone; and before it is sent up from the pit they can reduce it to any form. Of this stone the Louvre, the king's palace, is built, which is a vast fabric, for the gallery wants not much of an Italian mile in length, and will easily lodge 3000 men, which some told me was the end for which the last king made it so big, that lying at the fag-end of this great mutinous city, if she perchance should rise,

the king might pour out of the Louvre so many thousand men unawares into the heart of her.

I am lodged here hard by the Bastile, because it is furthest off from those places where the English resort, for I would go on to get a little language as soon as I could. In my next I shall impart unto you what State news France affords. — In the interim, and always, I am, your humble servant,

J. H.

Paris, *the 30 of March 1620.*

## XVII

*To Richard Altham, Esquire; from Paris*

LOVE is the marrow of friendship and letters are the elixir of love. They are the best fuel of affection, and cast a sweeter odour than any frankincense can do. Such an odour, such an aromatic perfume your late letter brought with it, proceeding from the fragrancy of those dainty flowers of eloquence, which I found blossoming as it were in every line; I mean those sweet expressions of love and wit, which in every period were intermingled with so much art that they seemed to contend for mastery which was the strongest. I must confess, that you put me to hard shifts to correspond with you in such exquisite strains and raptures of love, which were so lively that I must needs judge them to proceed from the motions, from the diastole and systole of a heart truly

affected. Certainly your heart did dictate every syllable you wrote, and guided your hand all along. Sir, give me leave to tell you, that not a dram, nor a dose, nor a scruple of this precious love of yours is lost, but is safely treasured up in my breast, and answered in like proportion to the full ; mine to you is as cordial, it is passionate and perfect, as love can be.

I thank you for the desire you have to know how it fares with me abroad. I thank God I am perfectly well, and well contented with this wandering course of life awhile. I never enjoyed my health better, but I was like to endanger it two nights ago ; for being in some jovial company abroad, and coming late to our lodging, we were suddenly surprised by a crew of *filous* or night rogues, who drew upon us, and as we had exchanged some blows, it pleased God the Chevalier de Guet, an officer who goes up and down the streets all night on horseback to prevent disorders, passed by, and so rescued us ; but Jack White was hurt, and I had two thrusts in my cloak. There is never a night passeth but some robbing or murder is committed in this town, so that it is not safe to go late anywhere, specially about the Pont-Neuf, the New Bridge, though Henry the Great himself lies sentinel there in arms, upon a huge Florentine horse, and sits bare to every one that passeth, an improper posture methinks to a king on horseback. Not long since, one of the secretaries of State (whereof

there are always four) having been invited to the suburbs of Saint Germain to supper, left order with one of his lackeys to bring him his horse about nine. It so happened, that a mischance befell the horse, which lamed him as he went a watering to the Seine, insomuch that the secretary was put to beat the hoof himself, and foot it home; but as he was passing the Pont-Neuf with his lackey carrying a torch before him, he might overhear a noise of clashing of swords and fighting, and looking under the torch and perceiving they were but two, he bade his lackey go on; they had not made many paces, but two armed men, with their pistols cocked and swords drawn, made puffing towards them, whereof one had a paper in his hand, which he said he had casually took up in the streets, and the difference between them was about that paper; therefore they desired the secretary to read it, with a great deal of compliment. The secretary took out his spectacles and fell a reading of the said paper, whereof the substance was: "That it should be known to all men, that whosoever did pass over that bridge after nine o'clock at night in winter, and ten in summer, was to leave his cloak behind him, and in case of no cloak his hat." The secretary starting at this, one of the comrades told him that he thought that paper concerned him; so they unmantled him of a new plush cloak, and my secretary was content to go home quietly, and *en cuerpo*. This makes me think often of the excellent nocturnal



government of our city of London, where one may pass and repass securely all hours of the night, if he give good words to the watch. There is a gentle calm of peace now throughout all France, and the king intends to make a progress to all the frontier towns of the kingdom, to see how they are fortified. The favourite, Luines, strengtheneth himself more and more in his minionship, but he is much murmured at in regard the access of suitors to him is so difficult, which made a lord of this land say, "That three of the hardest things in the world were, to quadrat a circle, to find out the philosopher's stone, and to speak with the Duke of Luines."

I have sent you by Vacandary the post, the French bever and tweeses you wrote for. Bever hats are grown dearer of late, because the Jesuits have got the monopoly of them from the king.

Farewell dear child of virtue and minion of the muses, and continue to love your, J. H.

Paris, 1 of May 1620.

### XVIII

*To Sir James Crofts; from Paris*

I AM to set forward this week for Spain, and if I can find no commodity of embarkation at Saint Malos, I must be forced to journey it all the way by land, and clamber up the huge Pyreney hills; but I could not bid Paris adieu till I had



conveyed my true and constant respects to you by this letter. I was yesterday to wait upon Sir Herbert Crofts at Saint Germain, where I met with a French gentleman, who, amongst other curiosities, which he pleased to show me up and down Paris, brought me to that place where the late king was slain, and to that where the Marquis of Ancre was shot, and so made me a punctual relation of all the circumstances of those two acts, which in regard they were rare, and I believe two of the notablest accidents that ever happened in France, I thought it worth the labour to make you partaker of some part of his discourse.

France, as all Christendom besides (for there was then a truce betwixt Spain and the Hollander) was in a profound peace, and had continued so twenty years together, when Henry the Fourth fell upon some great martial design, the bottom whereof is not known to this day; and being rich (for he had heaped up in the Bastile a mount of gold that was as high as a lance) he levied a huge army of 40,000 men, whence came the song, "The King of France with forty thousand men;" and upon a sudden he put this army in perfect equipage, and some say he invited our Prince Henry to come unto him to be a sharer in his exploits. But going one afternoon to the Bastile to see his treasure and ammunition, his coach stopped suddenly, by reason of some colliers and other carts that were in that narrow street; whereupon one Ravillac, a lay-Jesuit (who had a whole twelve-month

watched an opportunity to do the act), put his foot boldly upon one of the wheels of the coach, and with a long knife stretched himself over their shoulders who were in the boot of the coach, and reached the king at the end, and stabbed him right in the left side to the heart, and pulling out the fatal steel, he doubled his thrust; the king with a ruthless voice cried out, "Je suis blessé" (I am hurt), and suddenly the blood issued at his mouth. The regicide villain was apprehended, and command given that no violence should be offered him, that he might be reserved for the law, and some exquisite torture. The queen grew half-distracted hereupon, who had been crowned Queen of France the day before in great triumph; but a few days after she had something to countervail, if not to overmatch her sorrow; for according to Saint Lewis law, she was made Queen Regent of France during the king's minority, who was then but about ten years of age. Many consultations were held how to punish Ravillac, and there were some Italian physicians that undertook to prescribe a torment, that should last a constant torment for three days, but he escaped only with this: his body was pulled between four horses, that one might hear his bones crack, and after the dislocation they were set again, and so he was carried in a cart standing half naked, with a torch in that hand which had committed the murder; and in the place where the act was done, it was cut off, and a gauntlet of hot oil was clapped upon the

stump, to staunch the blood, whereat he gave a doleful shriek ; then was he brought upon a stage, where a new pair of boots was provided for him, half-filled with boiling oil ; then his body was pincered, and hot oil poured into the holes. In all the extremity of this torture, he scarce showed any sense of pain but when the gauntlet was clapped upon his arms to staunch the flux, at that time of reeking blood, he gave a shriek only. He bore up against all these torments about three hours before he died. All the confession that could be drawn from him was “ that he thought to have done God good service, to take away that king, which would have embroiled all Christendom in an endless war.”

A fatal thing it was that France should have three of her kings come to such violent deaths in so short a revolution of time. Henry the Second, running a tilt with Monsieur Montgomery, was killed by a splinter of a lance that pierced his eye ; Henry the Third, not long after, was killed by a young friar, who, in lieu of a letter which he pretended to have for him, pulled out of his long sleeve a knife, and thrust him into the bottom of the belly as he was coming from his close-stool, and so despatched him ; but that regicide was hacked to pieces in the place by the nobles. The same destiny attended this king by Ravillac, which is become now a common name of reproach and infamy in France.

Never was king so much lamented as this.

There are a world not only of his pictures, but statues, up and down France, and there is scarce a market-town but hath him erected in the market-place, or over some gate, not upon sign-posts, as our Henry the Eighth, and by a public Act of Parliament, which was confirmed in the consistory at Rome, he was entitled Henry the Great, and so placed in the Temple of Immortality. A notable prince he was, and of an admirable temper of body and mind; he had a graceful facetious way to gain both love and awe; he would be never transported beyond himself with choler, but he would pass by anything with some repartee, some witty strain, wherein he was excellent. I will instance in a few which were told me from a good hand. One day he was charged by the Duke of Bouillon to have changed his religion, he answered, "No, cousin, I have changed no religion, but an opinion;" and the Cardinal of Perron being by, he enjoined him to write a treatise for his vindication. The cardinal was long about the work, and when the king asked from time to time where his book was, he would still answer him "that he expected some manuscripts from Rome before he could finish it." It happened that one day the king took the cardinal along with him to look on his workmen and new buildings at the Louvre; and passing by one corner which had been a long time begun, but left unfinished, the king asked the chief mason why that corner was not all this while perfected. "Sir, it is because I

want some choice stones." "No, no," said the king, looking upon the cardinal, "it is because thou wantest manuscripts from Rome." Another time, the old Duke of Main, who was used to play the droll with him, coming softly into his bed-chamber, and thrusting in his bald head and long neck in a posture to make the king merry, it happened the king was coming from doing his ease, and spying him, he took the round cover of the close-stool and clapped it on his bald-sconce, saying, "Ah, cousin, you thought once to have taken the crown off of my head, and wear it on your own; but this off my tail shall now serve your turn." Another time, when at the siege of Amiens, he having sent for the Count of Soissons (who had 100,000 franks a year pension from the Crown) to assist him in those wars, and that the count excused himself by reason of his years and poverty, having exhausted himself in the former wars, and all that he could do now was to pray for His Majesty, which he would do heartily. This answer being brought to the king, he replied: "Will my cousin, the Count of Soissons, do nothing else but pray for me; tell him that prayer without fasting is not available; therefore I will make my cousin fast also from his pension of 100,000 per annum."

He was once troubled with a fit of the gout, and the Spanish ambassador coming then to visit him, and saying he was sorry to see His Majesty so lame, he answered: "As lame as I am, if there

were occasion, your master the King of Spain should no sooner have his foot in the stirrup, but he should find me on horseback."

By these few you may guess at the genius of this spiritfult prince. I could make many more instances, but then I should exceed the bounds of a letter. When I am in Spain you shall hear further from me, and if you can think on anything wherein I may serve you, believe it, sir, that any employment from you shall be welcome to your much obliged servant,

J. H.

Paris, 12 of May 1620.

## XIX

*To my Brother, Dr. Howell*

BROTHER,

**B**EING to-morrow to part with Paris and begin my journey for Spain, I thought it not amiss to send you this, in regard I know not when I shall have opportunity to write unto you again.

This kingdom, since the young king hath taken the sceptre into his own hands, doth flourish very much with quietness and commerce; nor is there any motion or the least tintamar of trouble in any part of the country, which is rare in France. 'Tis true, the queen mother is discontented since she left her regency, being confined, and I know not what it may come unto in time, for she hath a

strong party, and the murdering of her Marquis of Ancre will yet bleed as some fear.

I was lately in society of a gentleman, who was a spectator of that tragedy, and he pleased to relate unto me the particulars of it, which was thus: When Henry the Fourth was slain, the queen dowager took the reins of the government into her hands during the young king's minority; and amongst others whom she advanced, Signior Conchino, a Florentine, and her foster-brother was one. Her countenance came to shine so strongly upon him that he became her only confidant and favourite, insomuch that she made him Marquis of Ancre, one of the twelve Marshals of France, Governor of Normandy, and conferred divers other honours and offices of trust upon him, and who but he. The princes of France could not endure this domineering of a stranger, therefore they leagued together to suppress him by arms. The queen regent having intelligence thereof, surprised the Prince of Condé and clapped him up in the Bastile. The Duke of Main fled hereupon to Peronne in Pycardie, and other great men put themselves in an armed posture to stand upon their guard. The young king being told that the Marquis of Ancre was the ground of this discontentment, commanded Monsieur de Vitry, Captain of his Guard, to arrest him, and in case of resistance to kill him. This business was carried very closely till the next morning, that the said marquis was coming to the Louvre with a ruffling train of gallants after him, and pass-



ing over the drawbridge at the court gate, Vitry stood there with the king's guard about him, and as the marquis entered he told him that he had a commission from the king to apprehend him; therefore, he demanded his sword. The marquis hereupon put his hand upon his sword, some thought to yield it up, others to make opposition; in the meantime Vitry discharged a pistol at him, and so despatched him. The king, being above in his gallery, asked what noise that was below? One smilingly answered, "Nothing, sir; but that the Marshal of Ancre is slain." "Who slew him?" "The Captain of your guard." "Why?" "Because he would have drawn his sword at your Majesty's Royal Commission." Then the king replied, "Vitry hath done well, and I will maintain the act." Presently the queen mother had all her guard taken from her, except six men and sixteen women, and so she was banished Paris and commanded to retire to Blois. Ancre's body was buried that night in a church hard by the court, but the next morning, the lackeys and pages (who are more unhappy here than the apprentices in London) broke up his grave, tore his coffin to pieces, ripped the winding-sheet, and tied his body to an ass's tail, and so dragged him up and down the gutters of Paris, which are none of the sweetest; they then flicked off his ears and nailed them upon the gates of the city, they cut off his genitories (and they say he was hung like an ass), and sent them for a present to the Duke of Main, the rest of his body they carried to



the new bridge, and hung him his heels upwards, and head downwards, upon a new gibbet that had been set up a little before to punish them who should speak ill of the present Government, and it was his chance to have the maidenhead of it himself. His wife was hereupon apprehended, imprisoned, and beheaded for a witch some few days after upon a surmise that she had enchanted the queen to dote so upon her husband; and they say the young king's picture was found in her closet in virgin wax, with one leg melted away. A little after a process was formed against the marquis (her husband) and so he was condemned after death. This was a right act of a French popular fury, which like an angry torrent is irresistible, nor can any banks, boundaries, or dykes stop the impetuous rage of it. How the young king will prosper after so high and unexampled an act of violence, by beginning his reign, and embruing the walls of his own court with blood in that manner, there are diverse censures.

When I am settled in Spain you shall hear from me. In the interim I pray let your prayers accompany me in this long journey, and when you write to Wales I pray acquaint our friends with my welfare. So I pray God bless us both, and send us a happy interview. — Your loving brother,

J. H.

Paris, 8 *September* 1620.

## XX

*To my Cousin, W. Vaughan, Esq.; from  
Saint Malo*

COUSIN,

I AM now in French Brittany. I went back from Paris to Rouen, and so through all Low Normandy to a little port called Granville, where I embarked for this town of Saint Malo, but I did purge so violently at sea that it put me into a burning fever for some few days, whereof (I thank God) I am newly recovered, and finding no opportunity of shipping here I must be forced to turn my intended sea voyage to a long land journey.

Since I came to this province I was curious to converse with some of the lower Bretons who speak no other language but our Welsh, for their radical words are no other, but 'tis no wonder, for they were a colony of Welsh at first, as the name of this province doth imply, as also the Latin name *Armorica*, which though it pass for Latin, yet it is but pure Welsh, and signifies a country bordering upon the sea, as that arch heretic was called *Pelagius*, à *Pelago*, his name being *Morgan*. I was a little curious to peruse the annals of this province, and during the time that it was a kingdom there were four kings of the name *Hoell*, whereof one was called *Hoell the Great*.

This town of Saint Malo hath one rarity in it, for there is here a perpetual garrison of English, but they are of English dogs, which are let out in the night to guard the ships, and eat the carrion up and down the streets, and so they are shut up again in the morning.

It will be now a good while before I shall have convenience to send to you or receive from you. Howsoever, let me retain still some little room in your memory, and some time in your meditations, while I carry you about me perpetually, not only in my head, but in heart, and make you travel all along with me thus from town to country, from hill to dale, from sea to land, up and down the world. And you must be contented to be subject to these uncertain removes and perambulations, until it shall please God to fix me again in England. Nor need you, while you are thus my concomitant through new places every day, to fear any ill-usage as long as I fare well. — Yours  
 χρήσει καὶ κτήσει, J. H.

St. Malo, 25 of September 1620.

## XXI

*To Sir John North, Knight; from Rochelle*

I AM newly come to Rochelle, nor am I sorry that I went somewhat out of my way to see this town, not (to tell you true) out of any extraordinary love I bear to the people; for I do not

find them so gentle and debonair to strangers, nor so hospitable as the rest of France, but I excuse them for it, in regard it is commonly so with all republic and Hans towns, whereof this smells very rank; nor indeed hath any Englishman much cause to love this town, in regard in ages past she played the most treacherous part with England of any other place in France. For the story tells us that this town, having by a perfidious stratagem (by forging a counterfeit commission from England) induced the English governor to make a general muster of all his forces out of the town, this being one day done, they shut their gates against him, and made him go shake his ears, and to shift for his lodging, and so rendered themselves to the French king, who sent them a blank to write their own conditions. I think they have the strongest ramparts by sea of any place of Christendom, nor have I seen the like in any town of Holland, whose safety depends upon water. I am bound to-morrow for Bordeaux, then through Gascony to Toulouse, so through Languidoc over the hills to Spain. I go in the best season of the year, for I make an autumnal journey of it. I pray let your prayers accompany me all along. They are the best officers of love and fruits of friendship. So God prosper you at home, as me abroad, and send us in good time a joyful conjuncture. — Yours,

J. H.

Rochelle, 8 of October 1620.

## XXII

*To Mr Tho. Porter, after Capt. Porter ;  
from Barcelona*

MY DEAR TOM,

I HAD no sooner set foot upon this soil and breathed Spanish air but my thoughts presently reflected upon you. Of all my friends in England, you were the first I met here ; you were the prime object of my speculation. Methought the very winds in gentle whispers did breathe out your name and blow it on me. You seemed to reverberate upon me with the beams of the sun, which you know hath such a powerful influence, and, indeed, too great a stroke in this country. And all this you must ascribe to the operations of love, which hath such a strong virtual force that when it fasteneth upon a pleasing subject, it sets the imagination in a strange fit of working ; it employs all the faculties of the soul, so that not one cell in the brain is idle ; it busieth the whole inward man, it affects the heart, amuseth the understanding, it quickeneth the fancy, and leads the will as it were by a silken thread to co-operate with them all. I have felt these motions often in me, especially at this time, that my memory fixed upon you. But the reason that I fell first upon you in Spain was that I remembered I had heard you often discoursing how you have received part of your education here, which brought you to speak the language so

exactly well: I think often of the relations I have heard you make of this country and the good instructions you pleased to give me.

I am now in Barcelona, but the next week I intend to go on through your town of Valencia to Alicante, and thence you shall be sure to hear from me further, for I make account to winter there. The Duke of Ossuna passed by here lately, and having got leave of grace to release some slaves, he went aboard the *Cape Gallic*, and passing through the churma of slaves, he asked divers of them what their offences were. Everyone excused himself, one saying that he was put in out of malice, another by bribery of the judge, but all of them unjustly. Amongst the rest there was one sturdy little black man, and the duke asking him what he was in for, "Sir," said he, "I cannot deny but I am justly put in here, for I wanted money, and so took a purse hard by Tarragona to keep me from starving." The duke with a little staff he had in his hand gave him two or three blows upon the shoulders, saying, "You rogue, what do you do amongst so many honest, innocent men? Get you gone out of their company." So he was freed, and the rest remained still in *statu quo primus* to tug at the oar.

I pray commend me to Signior Camillo and Mazalao, with the rest of the Venetians with you, and when you go aboard the ship behind the exchange, think upon yours,

J. H.

Barcelona, 10 of November 1620.

## XXIII

*To Sir James Crofts*

I AM now a good way within the body of Spain at Barcelona, a proud wealthy city, situated upon the Mediterranean, and is the metropolis of the Kingdom of Catalonia, called of old Hispania Tarraconensis. I had much ado to reach hither, for besides the monstrous abruptness of the way, these parts of the Pyrenese that border upon the Mediterranean are never without thieves by land (called *bandeleros*) and pirates on the seaside, which lie skulking in the hollows of the rocks, and often surprise passengers unawares and carry them slaves to Barbary on the other side. The safest way to pass is to take a Bordon in the habit of a pilgrim, whereof there are an abundance that perform their vows this way to the Lady of Monserrat, one of the prime places of pilgrimage in Christendom. It is a stupendous monastery, built on the top of a huge land rock, whither it is impossible to go up or come down by a direct way, but a path is cut out full of windings and turnings; and on the crown of this craggy hill there is a flat, upon which the monastery and pilgrimage place is founded, where there is a picture of the Virgin Mary, sunburnt and tanned, it seems, when she went to Egypt; and to this picture a marvellous confluence of people from all parts of Europe resort.

As I passed between some of the Pyrenese hills I observed the poor Labradors. Some of the country people live no better than brute animals in point of food, for their ordinary commons is grass and water, only they have always within their houses a bottle of vinegar and another of oil, and when dinner or supper time comes, they go abroad and gather their herbs and so cast vinegar and oil upon them, and will pass thus two or three days without bread or wine, yet are they strong, lusty men, and will stand stiffly under a musket.

There is a tradition that there were divers mines of gold in ages past amongst those mountains. And the shepherds that kept goats then, having made a small fire of rosemary stubs, with other combustible stuff to warm themselves, this fire grazed along, and grew so outrageous, that it consumed the very entrails of the earth and melted those mines, which growing fluid by liquefaction ran down into the small rivulets that were in the valleys, and so carried all into the sea, that monstrous gulf which swalloweth all, but seldom disgorges anything; and in these brooks to this day some small grains of gold are found.

The viceroy of this country hath taken much pains to clear these hills of robbers, and there hath been a notable havoc made of them this year; for in divers woods as I passed I might spy some trees laden with dead carcasses, a better fruit far than Diogenes' tree bore, whereon a woman had hanged



herself, which the cynic cried out to be the best bearing tree that ever he saw.

In this place there lives neither English merchant or factor, which I wonder at, considering that it is a maritime town, and one of the greatest in Spain; her chiefest arsenal for galleys, and the scale by which she conveys her monies to Italy; but I believe the reason is that there is no commodious port here for ships of any burthen but a large bay. I will enlarge myself no further at this time, but leave you to the guard and guidance of God, whose sweet hand of protection hath brought me through so many uncouth places and difficulties to this city.—So hoping to meet your letters in Alicante, where I shall anchor a good while, I rest yours to dispose of,

J. H.

Barcelona, 24 *November* 1620.

#### XXIV

*To Dr Fr. Mansell; from Valencia*

**T**HOUGH it be the same glorious sun that shines upon you in England, which illuminates also this part of the hemisphere, though it be the sun that ripeneth your pippins and our pomegranates; your hops and our vineyards here, yet he dispenseth his heat in different degrees of strength; those rays that do but warm you in England, do half roast us here; those

beams that irradiate only and gild your honey-suckled fields, do scorch and parch this chinky gaping soil, and so put too many wrinkles upon the face of our common Mother the Earth. O blessed clime, O happy England, where there is such a rare temperature of heat and cold, and all the rest of elementary qualities, that one may pass (and suffer little) all the year long without either shade in summer or fire in winter.

I am now in Valencia, one of the noblest cities of all Spain, situate in a large vegue or valley, above three score miles compass. Here are the strongest silks, the sweetest wines, the excellentest almonds, the best oils, and beautifulest females of all Spain, for the prime courtesans in Madrid and elsewhere are had hence. The very brute animals make themselves beds of rosemary and other fragrant flowers hereabouts; and when one is at sea, if the wind blow from the shore, he may smell this soil before he come in sight of it many leagues off, by the strong odoriferous scent it casts. As it is the most pleasant, so it is also the temperatest clime of all Spain, and they commonly call it the second Italy, which made the Moors, whereof many thousands were disterred and banished hence to Barbary, to think that paradise was in that part of the heavens which hung over this City. Some twelve miles off is old Sagunto, called now Morviedre, through which I passed, and saw many monuments of Roman antiquities there: amongst others there is the temple dedicated to

Venus, where the snake came about her neck, a little before Hannibal came thither. No more now, but that I heartily wish you were here with me, and I believe you would not desire to be a good while in England. — So I am, your

J. H.

Valencia, 1 of March 1620.

XXV

*To Christopher Jones, Esq., at Gray's Inn*

I AM now (thanks be to God) come to Alicante, the chief rendezvous I aimed at in Spain; for I am to send hence a commodity called barillia to Sir Robert Mansell for making of crystal glass, and I have treated with Signor Andriotti, a Genoa merchant, for a good round parcel of it, to the value of £2000, by letters of credit from Master Richant, and upon his credit, I might have taken many thousand pounds more, he is so well known in the kingdom of Valencia. This barillia is a strange kind of vegetable, and it grows nowhere upon the surface of the earth in that perfection as here. The Venetians have it hence, and it is a commodity whereby this maritime town doth partly subsist, for it is an ingredient that goes to the making of the best Castile soap. It grows thus: It is a round thick earthy shrub that bears berries like barberries, but 'twixt blue and green. It lies close to the ground, and when it is ripe they dig it up

by the roots, and put it together in cocks, where they leave it to dry many days like hay, then they make a pit of a fathom deep in the earth, and with an instrument like one of our prongs they take the tufts and put fire to them, and when the flame comes to the berries they melt, and dissolve into an azure liquor, and fall down into the pit till it be full; then they dam it up, and some days after they open it, and find this barillia juice turned to a blue stone, so hard that it is scarce malleable. It is sold at one hundred crowns a ton, but I had it for less. There is also a spurious flower called gazull that grows here, but the glass that is made of that is not so resplendent and clear. I have been here now these three months, and most of my food has been grapes and bread, with other roots, which have made me so fat that I think if you saw me you would hardly know me, such nourriture this deep Sanguin Alicante grape gives. I have not received a syllable from you since I was in Antwerp, which transforms me to wonder, and engenders odd thoughts of jealousy in me, that as my body grows fatter your love grows lanker towards me. I pray take off these scruples, and let me hear from you, else it will make a schism in friendship, which I hold to be a very holy league, and no less than a piacle to infringe it; in which opinion I rest, your constant friend,

J. H.

Alicante, *March* 27, 1621.

## XXVI

*To Sir John North, Knight*

HAVING endured the brunt of a whole summer in Spain, and tried the temper of all the other three seasons of the year up and down the kingdoms of Catalonia, Valencia, and Mercia, with some parts of Aragon, I am now to direct my course for Italy. I hoped to have embarked at Carthagenæ, the best port upon the Mediterranean, for what ships and galleys get in thither are shut up, as it were, in a box from the violence and injury of all weathers, which made Andrea Doria, being asked by Philip the Second which were his best harbours, he answered, "June, July, and Carthagenæ," meaning that any port is good in those two months, but Carthagenæ was good any time of the year. There was a most ruthless accident had happened there a little before I came, for whereas five ships had gone thence laden with soldiers for Naples, amongst whom there was the flower of the gentry of the kingdom of Mercia, those ships had hardly sailed three leagues but they met with sixteen sails of Algiers, men-of-war, who had lain skulking in the creeks thereabout, and they had the winds and all things else so favourable, that of those five ships they took one, sunk another, and burnt a third, and two fled back to safe harbour. The report hereof being

bruted up and down the country, the gentlewomen came from the country to have tidings, some of their children, others of their brothers and kindred, and went tearing their hair and howling up and down the streets in a most piteous manner. The admiral of those five ships, as I heard afterwards, was sent for to Madrid, and hanged at the court gate because he did not fight. Had I come time enough to have taken the opportunity, I might have been made either food for haddocks or turned to cinders, or have been by this time a slave in the bannier at Algiers, or tugging at an oar; but I hope God hath reserved me for a better destiny. So I came back to Alicante, where I lighted upon a lusty Dutchman, who hath carried me safe hither, but we were near upon forty days in voyage. We passed by Majorca and Minorca, the Baleares Insulæ, by some ports of Barbary, by Sardinia, Corsica, and all the islands of the Mediterranean Sea. We were at the mouth of Tiber, and thence fetched our course for Sicily. We passed by those sulphurous, fiery islands, Mongibel and Strombolo, and about the dawn of the day we shot through Scylla and Carybdis, and so into the phare of Messina: thence we touched upon some of the Greek islands, and so came to our first intended course, into the Venetian Gulf, and are now here at Malamocca, where we remain yet aboard, and must be content to be so, to make up the month before we have "pratic," that is, before any be permitted to go ashore and negotiate,

in regard we touched at some infected places ; for there are no people upon earth so fearful of the plague as the Italians, especially the Venetians, though their neighbours the Greeks hard by, and the Turks, have little or no apprehension at all of the danger of it, for they will visit and commerce with the sick without any scruple, and will fix their longest finger in the midst of their forehead and say their destiny and manner of death is pointed there. When we have gained yonder maiden city which lieth before us you shall hear farther from me ; so leaving you to His holy protection who hath thus graciously vouchsafed to preserve this ship and me in so long and dangerous a voyage, I rest, yours,

J. H.

Malamocca, *April the 30, 1621.*

## XXVII

*To my Brother, Dr Howell ; from a Shipboard  
before Venice*

BROTHER,

**I**F this letter fail either in point of orthography or style, you must impute the first to the tumbling posture my body was in at the writing hereof, being a shipboard, the second the muddiness of my brain, which like lees in a narrow vessel, hath been shaken at sea in divers tempests

near upon forty days, I mean natural days, which include the nights also, and are composed of four and twenty hours, by which number the Italian computes his time, and tells his clock, for at the writing hereof, I heard one from Malamocca strike one and twenty hours. When I shall have saluted yonder virgin city that stands before me, and hath tantalised me now this sennight, I hope to cheer my spirits, and settle my pericranium again.

In this voyage we passed through, at least touched, all those seas, which Horace and other poets sing of so often, as the Ionian, the Ægean, the Icarian, the Tyrrhene, with others, and now we are in the Adrian Sea, in the mouth whereof Venice stands like a gold ring in a bear's muzzle. We passed also by Ætna, by the *infames Scopulos*, *Acroceraunia*, and through Scylla and Charybdis, about which the ancient poets, both Greek and Latin, keep such a coil, but they are nothing so horrid or dangerous, as they make them to be: they are two white keen-pointed rocks, that lie under water diametrically opposed, and like two dragons defying one another, and there are pilots, that in small shallows, are ready to steer all ships that pass. This amongst divers other, may serve for an instance that the old poets used to heighten and hoist up things by their airy fancies above the reality of truth. Ætna was very furious when we passed by as she useth to be sometimes more than other, specially when the wind is southward, for then she is more subject to belching out flakes of



fire (as stutterers use to stammer more when the wind is in that hole); some of the sparkles fell aboard of us, but they would make us believe in Syracuse, now Messina, that Ætna in times passed hath eructated such huge gobbets of fire, that the sparks of them have burnt houses in Malta, above fifty miles off, transported thither by a direct strong wind. We passed hard by Corinth, now Ragusa, but I was not so happy as to touch there, for you know

*Non cuivis homini contingit adire Corinthum.*

I conversed with many Greeks but found none that could understand, much less practically speak any of the old dialects of the pristine Greek, it is so adulterated by the vulgar, as a bed of flowers by weeds, nor is there any people, either in the islands or on the Continent, that speaks it conversably, yet there are in the Morea seven parishes called Zacones, where the original Greek is not much degenerated, but they confound divers letters of the alphabet with one sound, for in point of pronunciation there is no difference 'twixt Upsilon, Iota, and Eta.

The last I received from you was in Latin, whereof I sent you an answer from Spain in the same language, though in a coarser dialect. I shall be a guest to Venice a good while, therefore I desire a frequency of correspondence between us by letters, for there will be conveniency every week of receiving and sending; when you write to

Wales, I pray send advice, that I am come safe to Italy, though not landed there yet. So my dear brother, I pray God bless us both, and all our friends, and reserve me to see you again with comfort, and you me, who am your loving brother,  
 J. H.

*May the 5, 1621.*

XXVIII

*To the Honourable Sir Robert Mansell, Vice-Admiral of England; from Venice*

AS soon as I came to Venice, I applied myself to dispatch your business according to instructions, and Mr Seymour was ready to contribute his best furtherance. These two Italians who are the bearers hereof, by report here, are the best gentlemen-workmen that ever blew crystal, one is allied to Antonio Miotti, the other is cousin to Mazalao; for other things they shall be sent in the ship *Lion*, which rides here at Malamocca, as I shall send you account by conveyance of Mr Symns. Herewith I have sent a letter to you from Sir Henry Wotton, the Lord Ambassador here, of whom I have received some favours. He wished me to write, that you have now a double interest in him; for whereas before he was only your servant, he is now your kinsman by your late marriage.

I was lately to see the arsenal of Venice, one of

the worthiest things of Christendom; they say there are as many galleys, and galeasses of all sorts, belonging to Saint Mark, either in course, at anchor, in dock, or upon the carine, as there be days in the year; here they can build a complete galley in half a day, and put her afloat in perfect equipage, having all the ingredients fitted before-hand, as they did in three hours, when Henry the Third passed this way to France from Poland, who wished, that besides Paris and his parliament towns, he had this arsenal in exchange for three of his chiefest cities. There are three hundred people perpetually here at work, and if one comes young and grows old in Saint Mark's service, he hath a pension from the State during life. Being brought to see one of the Clarissimos that governs this arsenal, this huge sea store-house, amongst other matters reflecting upon England, he was saying: "That if Cavalier Don Roberto Mansell were now here, he thought verily the republic would make a proffer to him to be admiral of that fleet of galleys and galleons, which are now going against the Duke of Ossuna and the forces of Naples," you are so well known here.

I was, since I came hither, in Murano, a little island about the distance of Lambeth from London, where crystal glass is made, and it is a rare sight to see a whole street, where on the one side there are twenty furnaces together at work. They say here that although one should transplant a glass-furnace from Murano to Venice herself, or

to any of the little assembly of islands about her, or to any other part of the earth besides, and use the same materials, the same workmen, the same fuel, the self-same ingredients every way, yet they cannot make crystal glass in that perfection, for beauty and lustre, as in Murano. Some impute it to the quality of the circumambient air that hangs over the place, which is purified and attenuated by the concurrence of so many fires that are in those furnaces night and day perpetually, for they are like the vestal fire which never goes out. And it is well known that some airs make more qualifying impressions than others, as a Greek told me in Sicily of the air of Egypt, where there be huge common furnaces to hatch eggs by the thousands in camel's dung; for, during the time of hatching if the air happen to come to be overcast and grow cloudy, it spoils all; if the sky continue still, serene, and clear, not one egg in a hundred will miscarry.

I met with Camillo, your *Consaorman*, here lately, and could he be sure of entertainment, he would return to serve you again, and, I believe, for less salary.

I shall attend your commands herein by the next, and touching other particulars, whereof I have written to Captain Bacon. So I rest, your most humble and ready servant,

J. H.

Venice, *May the 30*, 1621.

## XXIX

*To my Brother; from Venice*

BROTHER,

I FOUND a letter of yours that had lain dormant here a good while in Mr Symns' hands, to welcome me to Venice, and I thank you for the variety of news wherewith she went freighted; for she was to me as a ship richly laden from London used to be to our merchants here, and I esteem her cargozan at no less a value, for she enriched me with the knowledge of my father's health and your own, with the rest of my brothers and sisters in the country, with divers other passages of contentment; besides, she went also ballasted with your good instructions, which, as merchants used to do of their commodities, I will turn to the best advantage, and Italy is no ill market to improve anything. The only proceed (that I may use the mercantile term) you can expect is thanks, and this way I shall not be wanting to make you rich returns.

Since I came to this town I dispatched sundry businesses of good value for Sir Robert Mansel, which I hope will give content. The art of glass-making here is very highly valued; for, whosoever be of that profession are gentlemen *ipso facto*, and it is not without reason; it being a rare kind of knowledge and chemistry to transmute dust and

sand (for they are the only main ingredients) to such a diaphanous pellucid dainty body as you see a crystal glass is, which hath this property above gold or silver or any other mineral, to admit no poison ; as also that it never wastes or loses a whit of its first weight, though you use it never so long. When I saw so many sorts of curious glasses made here I thought upon the compliment which a gentleman put upon a lady in England, who having five or six comely daughters, said he never saw in his life such a dainty cupboard of crystal glasses ; the compliment proceeds, it seems, from a saying they have here, "That the first handsome woman that ever was made, was made of Venice glass," which implies beauty, but brittleness withal (and Venice is not unfurnished with some of that mould, for no place abounds more with lasses and glasses). But when I pried into the materials, and observed the furnaces and the calcinations, the transubstantiations, the liquefactions that are incident to this art, my thoughts were raised to a higher speculation : that if this small furnace-fire hath virtue to convert such a small lump of dark dust and sand into such a precious clear body as crystal, surely that grand universal fire which shall happen at the day of judgment, may by its violent ardour vitrify and turn to one lump of crystal the whole body of the earth, nor am I the first that fell upon this conceit.

I will enlarge myself no further to you at this

time, but conclude with this tetrastic which my brain ran upon in my bed this morning.

Vitrea sunt nostrae commissa negotia curae  
 Hoc oculis speculum mittimus ergo tuis :  
 Quod speculum ? est instar speculi mea litera, per quod  
 Vivida fraterni cordis imago nitet.

Adieu, my dear brother, live happily and love  
 your brother, J. H.

Venice, *the 1 of June 1621.*

### XXX

*To Mr Richard Altham at Gray's Inn; from  
 Venice*

GENTLE SIR,

— — O dulcior illo

Mille quod in ceris Attica ponit apis.

O thou who dost in sweetness far excel,  
 That juice the Attic bee stores in her cell.

MY DEAR DICK,

I HAVE now a good while since taken footing in Venice, this admired maiden city, so called because she was never deflowered by any enemy since she had a being, not since her Rialto was first erected, which is now above twelve ages ago.

I protest unto you at my first landing I was for some days ravished with the high beauty of this maid, with her lovely countenance. I admired her magnificent buildings, her marvellous situation, her

dainty smooth neat streets, whereon you may walk most days in the year in a silk stocking and satin slippers, without soiling them, nor can the streets of Paris be so foul, as these are fair. This beautiful maid hath been often attempted to be vitiated; some have courted her, some bribed her, some would have forced her, yet she hath still preserved her chastity entire; and though she hath lived so many ages, and passed so many shrewd brunts, yet she continueth fresh to this very day, without the least wrinkle of old age or any symptoms of decay, whereunto political bodies, as well as natural, use to be liable. Besides she hath wrestled with the greatest potentates upon earth. The Emperor, the King of France, and most of the other princes of Christendom, in that famous league of Cambray, would have sunk her; but she bore up still within her laces, and broke that league to pieces by her wit. The Grand Turk hath been often at her, and though he could not have his will of her, yet he took away the richest jewel she wore in her coronet and put it in his turban — I mean the kingdom of Cyprus, the only royal gem she had; he hath sat upon her skirts often since, and though she closed with him sometimes, yet she came off still with her maidenhead, though some that envy her happiness, would brand her to be of late times a kind of concubine to him, and that she gives him ready money once a year to lie with her, which she minceth by name of present, though it be indeed rather a tribute.



I would I had you here with a wish, and you would not desire in haste to be at Gray's Inn, though I hold your walks to be the pleasantest place about London ; and that you have there the choicest society. I pray present my kind commendations to all there, and service at Bishopsgate Street, and let me hear from you by the next post. — So I am, entirely yours,

J. H.

Venice, 5 *June* 1621.

## XXXI

*To Dr Frank Mansell ; from Venice*

**G**IVE me leave to salute you first in these sapphics.

Insulam tendens iter ad Britannam  
 Charta, de paucis volo, siste gressum,  
 Verba Mansello, bene noscis illum,  
   Talia perfer,

Finibus longe patriis Hoellus  
 Dimorans, quantis Venetum superba  
 Civitas leucis Doroberniensi  
   Distat ab urbe ;

Plurimam mentis tibi vult salutem,  
 Plurium cordis tibi vult vigorem,  
 Plurimum sortis tibi vult favorem  
   Regis et Aulae.

These wishes come to you from Venice, a place

where there is nothing wanting that heart can wish; renowned Venice, the admiredst city in the world, a city that all Europe is bound unto, for she is her greatest rampart against that huge eastern tyrant the Turk by sea, else I believe he had overrun all Christendom by this time. Against him this city hath performed notable exploits, and not only against him, but divers other. She hath restored emperors to their thrones, and popes to their chairs, and with her galleys often preserved Saint Peter's barque from sinking: for which, by way of reward, one of his successors espoused her to the sea, which marriage is solemnly renewed every year in solemn procession by the Doge and all the Clarissimos, and a gold ring cast into the sea out of the great galleasse, called the *Bucentoro*, wherein the first ceremony was performed by the Pope himself, above three hundred years since, and they say it is the self-same vessel still, though often put upon the careen and trimmed. This made me think on that famous ship at Athens; nay, I fell upon an abstracted notion in philosophy, and a speculation touching the body of man, which being in perpetual flux, and a kind of succession of decays, and consequently requiring ever and anon a restoration of what it loseth of the virtue of the former ailment, and what was converted after the third concoction into blood and fleshly substance, which, as in all other sublunary bodies that have internal principles of heat, uses to transpire, breathe out, and waste away through invisible pores by exercise, motion,

and sleep to make room still for a supply of new nourriture. I fell, I say, to consider whether our bodies may be said to be of like condition with this *Bucentoro*, which, though it be reputed still the same vessel, yet I believe there 's not a foot of that timber remaining which it had upon the first dock, having been, as they tell me, so often planked and ribbed, caulked and pieced. In like manner our bodies may be said to be daily repaired by new sustenance, which begets new blood, and consequently new spirits, new humours, and I may say new flesh, the old by continual deperdition and insensible transpirations evaporating still out of us, and giving way to fresh; so that I make a question, whether by reason of these perpetual preparations and accretions the body of man may be said to be the same numerical body in his old age that he had in his manhood, or the same in his manhood that he had in his youth, the same in his youth that he carried about him in his childhood, or the same in his childhood which he wore first in the womb. I make a doubt whether I had the same identical individually numerical body when I carried a calf-leather satchel to school in Hereford, as when I wore a lambskin hood in Oxford, or whether I have the same mass of blood in my veins, and the same flesh now in Venice which I carried about me three years since up and down London streets, having in lieu of beer and ale drunk wine all this while, and fed upon different viands; now the stomach is like a crucible, for it hath a chemical

kind of virtue to transmute one body into another, to transubstantiate fish and fruits into flesh within, and about us; but though it be questionable whether I wear the same flesh which is fluxible, I am sure my hair is not the same, for you may remember I went flaxen-haired out of England, but you shall find me returned with a very dark brown, which I impute not only to the heat and air of those hot countries I have eat my bread in, but to the quality and difference of food; but you will say that hair is but an excrementitious thing, and makes not to this purpose; moreover, methinks I hear you say that this may be true, only in the blood and spirits, or such fluid parts, not in the solid and heterogeneal parts; but I will press no further at this time this philosophical notion which the fight of *Bucentoro* infused into me, for it hath already made me exceed the bounds of a letter, and I fear me to trespass too much upon your patience. I leave the further disquisition of this point to your own contemplations, who are a far riper philosopher than I, and have waded deeper into, and drunk more of Aristotle's Well; but to conclude, though it be doubtful whether I carry about me the same body or no, in all points that I had in England, I am well assured I bear still the same mind, and therein I verify the old verse —

Coelum non animam mutant qui trans mare currunt.

The air but not the mind they change,  
Who in outlandish countries range.

For what alterations soever happen in this micro-

cosm, in this little world, this small bulk and body of mine, you may be confident that nothing shall alter my affections, specially towards you, but that I will persevere still the same, the very same,

J. H.

Venice, 25 June 1621.

### XXXII

*To Richard Altham, Esquire*

I WAS plunged in a deep fit of melancholy, Saturn had cast his black influence over all my intellectuals. Methought I felt my heart as a lump of dough, and heavy as lead within my breast; when a letter of yours of the 3rd of this month was brought me, which presently begot new spirits within me, and made such strong impressions upon my intellectuals, that it turned and transformed me into another man. I have read of a Duke of Milan and others, who were poisoned by reading of a letter, but yours produced contrary effects in me; it became an antidote, or rather a most sovereign cordial, to me, more operative than bezoar, of more virtue than potable gold or the elixir of amber, for it wrought a sudden cure upon me. That fluent and rare mixture of love and wit, which I found up and down therein, were the ingredients of this cordial; they were as so many choice flowers, strewed here and there, which did cast such an odoriferous scent,

that they revived all my senses, and dispelled those dull fumes which had formerly overclouded my brain. Such was the operation of your most ingenious and affectionate letter, and so sweet an entertainment it gave me. If your letter had that virtue, what would your person have done? And did you know all, you would wish your person here a while—did you know the rare beauty of this Virgin City, you would quickly make love to her, and change your Royal Exchange for the Rialto, and your Gray's Inn Walks for Saint Mark's Place for a time. Farewell, dear child of Virtue, and minion of the Muses, and love still  
your  
J. H.

Venice, 1 July 1621.

### XXXIII

*To my much honoured friend, Sir John North,  
Knight; from Venice*

NOBLE SIR,

THE first office of gratitude is to receive a good turn civilly, then to retain it in memory and acknowledge it; thirdly, to endeavour a requital. For this last office, it is in vain for me to attempt it, specially towards you, who have laden me with such a variety of courtesies and weighty favours, that my poor stock comes far short of any retaliation; but for the other two, reception, and retention, as I am not conscious to have

been wanting in the first act, so I shall never fail in the second, because both these are within the compass of my power ; for if you could pry into my memory, you should discover there a huge magazine of your favours (you have been pleased to do me present and absent) safely stored up and coacervated, to preserve them from mouldering away in oblivion ; for courtesies should be no perishable commodity. Should I attempt any other requital, I should extenuate your favours and derogate from the worth of them ; yet if to this of the memory I can contribute any other act of body or mind, to enlarge my acknowledgments towards you, you may be well assured that I shall be ever ready to court any occasion whereby the world may know how much I am your thankful servitor,

J. H.

Venice, 13 July 1621.

#### XXXIV

*To Dan. Caldwell, Esq. ; from Venice*

MY DEAR D.,

**C**OULD letters fly with the same wings as love useth to do, and cut the air with the like swiftness of motion, this letter of mine should work a miracle, and be with you in an instant ; nor should she fear interception or any other casualty in the way, or cost you one penny the post, for she should pass invisibly ; but 't is not fitting that

paper, which is made but of old rags, wherewith letters are swaddled, should have the same privilege as love, which is a spiritual thing, having something of divinity in it, and partakes in celerity with the imagination, than which there is not anything more swift, you know — no, not the motion of the upper sphere, the *primum mobile*, which snatcheth all the other nine after, and indeed the whole macrocosm all the world besides, except our earth (the centre), which upper sphere the astronomers would have to move so many degrees, so many thousand miles in a moment. Since, then, letters are denied such a velocity, I allow this of mine twenty days, which is the ordinary time allowed betwixt Venice and London, to come unto you, and thank you a thousand times over for your last of the tenth of June, and the rich venison feast you made, as I understand, not long since, to the remembrance of me, at the Ship Tavern. Believe it, sir, you shall find that this love of yours is not ill employed, for I esteem it at the highest degree. I value it more than the Treasury of Saint Mark, which I lately saw, where among other things there is a huge iron chest, as tall as myself, that hath no lock, but a crevice through which they cast in the gold that is bequeathed to Saint Mark in legacies, whereon there is engraven this proud motto —

Quando questo scrinio S'apria  
Tutto 'l mundo tremera.

When this chest shall open, the whole world



shall tremble. The Duke of Ossuna, late Viceroy of Naples, did what he could to force them to open it, for he brought Saint Mark to waste much of this treasure in the late wars, which he made purposely to that end, which made them have recourse to us and the Hollander for ships, not long since.

Amongst the rest of Italy this is called the Maiden City (notwithstanding her great number of courtesans), and there is a prophecy, "That she shall continue a maid until her husband forsake her," meaning the sea, to whom the Pope married her long since, and the sea is observed not to love her so deeply as he did, for he begins to shrink and grow shallower in some places about her; nor doth the Pope also, who was the father that gave her to the sea, affect her so much as he formerly did, especially since the extermination of the Jesuits: so that both husband and father begin to abandon her.

I am to be a guest to this hospitable maid a good while yet, and if you want any commodity that she can afford (and what cannot she afford for human pleasure or delight?) do but write, and it shall be sent you.

Farewell, gentle soul, and correspond still in pure love with your

J. H.

Venice, 29 of July 1621.

## XXXV

*To Sir James Crofts, Knight; from Venice*

I RECEIVED one of yours the last week, that came in my Lord Ambassador Wotton's packet, and being now upon point of parting with Venice, I could not do it without acquainting you (as far as the extent of a letter will permit) with her power, her policy, her wealth, and pedigree. She was built of the ruins of Aquileia and Padua, for when those swarms of tough northern people overran Italy under the conduct of that scourge of heaven Attila, with others, and that this soft voluptuous nation, after so long a desuetude from arms, could not repel their fury, many of the ancient nobility and gentry fled into these lakes and little islands, amongst the fishermen for their security, and finding the air good and commodious for habitation, they began to build upon those small islands, whereof there are in all threescore; and in tract of time, they conjoined and leagued them together by bridges, whereof there are now above eight hundred, and this makes up the city of Venice, who is now above twelve ages old, and was contemporary with the monarchy of France; but the signiory glorieth in one thing above the monarchy, that she was born a Christian, but the monarchy not. Though this city be thus hemmed in with the sea, yet she spreads her wings far and wide

upon the shore; she hath in Lombardy six considerable towns, Padua, Verona, Vicenza, Brescia, Crema and Bergamo; she hath in the Marquisat, Bassan and Castelfranco; she hath all Friuli and Istria; she commands the shores of Dalmatia and Slavonia; she keeps under the power of Saint Mark, the islands of Corfu (anciently Corcyria), Cephalonia, Zant, Cerigo, Lucerigo, and Candy (Jove's Cradle); she had a long time the kingdom of Cyprus, but it was quite rent from her by the Turk, which made that high spirited Bassa, being taken prisoner at the battle of Lepanto, where the grand signior lost above 200 galleys, to say, "That that defeat to his great master was but like the shaving of his beard or the paring of his nails; but the taking of Cyprus was like the cutting off of a limb, which will never grow again." This mighty potentate being so near a neighbour to her she is forced to comply with him and give him an annual present in gold: she hath about thirty galleys most part of the year in course to scour and secure the gulf; she entertains by land in Lombardy and other parts 25,000 foot, besides some of the cantons of Suisses whom she gives pay unto; she hath also in constant pay 600 men of arms, and every of these must keep two horses a-piece, for which they are allowed 120 ducats a year, and they are for the most part gentlemen of Lombardy. When they have any great expedition to make, they have always a stranger for their general, but he is supervised by two

proveditors, without whom he cannot attempt any thing.

Her great Council consists of above 2000 gentlemen, and some of them meet every Sunday and holiday to choose officers and magistrates, and every gentleman being past twenty-five years of age is capable to sit in this Council. The Doge or Duke (their sovereign magistrate) is chosen by lots, which would be too tedious here to demonstrate, and commonly he is an aged man who is created, like that course they hold in the popedom. When he is dead there be inquisitors that examine his actions, and his misdemeanours are punishable in his heirs. There is a superintendent council of ten, and six of them may dispatch business without the doge, but the doge never without some of them, not as much as open a letter from any foreign state, though addressed to himself, which makes him to be called by other princes, *Testa di legno*, a head of wood.

The wealth of this republic hath been at a stand, or rather declining, since the Portugal found a road to the East Indies by the Cape of Good Hope; for this city was used to fetch all those spices and other Indian commodities from the grand Cairo down the Nile, being formerly carried to Cairo from the Red Sea upon camels' and dromedaries' backs, threescore days' journey; and so Venice used to dispense those commodities through all Christendom, which not only the Portugal, but the English and Hollander, now trans-

port, and are masters of the trade. Yet there is no outward appearance at all of poverty, or any decay in this city, but she is still gay, flourishing, and fresh, and flowing with all kind of bravery and delight, which may be had at cheap rates. Much more might be written of this ancient wise Republic, which cannot be comprehended within the narrow enclosure of a letter. So with my due and daily prayers for a continuance of your health, and increase of honour, I rest, your most humble and ready servitor,

J. H.

Venice, 1 of August 1621.

### XXXVI

*To Robert Brown, Esquire, at the Middle  
Temple; from Venice*

ROBIN,

I HAVE now enough of the maiden city, and this week I am to go further into Italy; for though I have been a good while in Venice, yet I cannot say I have been hitherto upon the continent of Italy: for this city is nought else but a knot of islands in the Adriatic Sea, joined in one body by bridges, and a good way distant from the firm land. I have lighted upon very choice company, your cousin Brown and Master Wed, and we all take the road of Lombardy, but we made an order amongst ourselves that our discourse be always in the language of the country, under pen-

alty of a forfeiture, which is to be indispensably paid. Randal Symns made us a curious feast lately, where in a cup of the richest Greek we had your health, and I could not tell whether the wine or the remembrance of you was sweeter ; for it was naturally a kind of aromatic wine, which left a fragrant perfuming kind of farewell behind it. I have sent you a runlet of it in the ship *Lion*, and if it come safe, and unpricked, I pray bestow some bottles upon the lady (you know) with my humble service. When you write next to Master Simns, I pray acknowledge the good hospitality and extraordinary civilities I received from him. Before I conclude I will acquaint you with a common saying that is used of this dainty city of Venice :

Venetia, Venetia, chi non te vede non te pregia,  
Ma chi t' ha troppo veduto te dispreggia.

Englished and rhymed thus (though I know you need no translation, you understand so much of Italian):

Venice, Venice, none thee unseen can prize,  
Who hath seen too much will thee despise.

I will conclude with that famous hexastic which Sannazaro made of this rare city, which pleaseth me much better :

Viderat Hadriacis Venetam Neptunus in undis  
Stare urbem, et toti ponere jura Mari ;  
Nunc mihi Tarpeias quantum vis, Jupiter, Arces  
Objice, et illa tui moenia Martis ait,  
Sic Pelago Tibrim praeferens, urbem aspice utramque,  
Illam homines dices, hanc posuisse Deos.

When Neptune saw in Adrian surges stand  
 Venice, and gave the sea laws of command :  
 Now Jove, said he, object thy Capitol,  
 And Mars' proud walls : this were for to extol  
 Tyber beyond the main ; both towns behold ;  
 Rome, men thou'lt say, Venice the Gods did mould.

Sannazaro had given him by Saint Mark a hundred zecchins for every one of these verses, which amounts to about 300 pounds. It would be long before the city of London would do the like. Witness that cold reward, or rather those cold drops of water which were cast upon my countryman, Sir Hugh Middleton, for bringing Ware River through her streets, the most serviceable and wholesomest benefit that ever she received.

The parcel of Italian books that you write for you shall receive from Master Leat, if it please God to send the ship to safe port ; and I take it as a favour that you employ me in anything that may conduce to your contentment.— Because, I am your serious servitor,

J. H.

Venice, 12 August 1621.

### XXXVII

*To Capt. Thomas Porter ; from Venice*

MY DEAR CAPTAIN,

AS I was going a shipboard in Alicante, a letter of yours in Spanish came to hand. I discovered two things in it, first, what a master you

are of that language, then how mindful you are of your friend. For the first I dare not correspond with you yet; for the second, I shall never come short of you, for I am as mindful of you, as possibly you can be of me, and some hours my pulse doth not beat more often than my memory runs on you, which is often enough in conscience; for the physicians hold that in every well-disposed body there be above 4000 pulsations every hour, and some pulses have been known to beat above 30,000 times an hour in acute fevers.

I understand you are bound with a gallant fleet for the Mediterranean; if you come to Alicante, I pray commend me to Francesco Marco, my landlord; he is a merry droll and good company. One night when I was there he sent his boy with a borracha of leather under his cloak for wine, the boy coming back about ten o'clock and passing by the guard, one asked him whether he carried any weapons about him (for none must wear any weapons there after ten at night). "No," quoth the boy, being pleasant, "I have but a little dagger." The watch came and searched him, and finding the borracha full of good wine, drank it all up, saying, "Sirrah, you know no man must carry any weapons so late; but, because we know whose servant you are, there's the scabbard of your dagger again," and so threw him the empty borracho. But another passage pleased me better of Don Beltram de Rosa, who being to marry a rich Labrador's (a Yeoman's) daughter hard by,



which was much importuned by her parents to the match, because their family should be thereby ennobled, he being a Cavalier of Saint Jago. The young maid having understood that Don Beltram had been in Naples, and had that disease about him, answered wittily, “ En verdad por adobar me la sangre, no quiero dannarmi la carne ” (truly, sir, to better my blood, I will not hurt my flesh). I doubt I shall not be in England before you set out to sea ; if not, I take my leave of you in this paper, and wish you a prosperous voyage and an honourable return ; it is the hearty prayers of yours,

J. H.

Venice, 21 August 1621.

### XXXVIII

*To Sir William Saint John, Knight ; from Rome*

HAVING seen Antenor's tomb in Padua, and the amphitheatre of Flaminius in Verona, with other brave towns in Lombardy, I am now come to Rome, and Rome they say is every man's country ; she is called *Communis Patria*, for every one that is within the compass of the Latin Church finds himself here, as it were, at home and in his mother's house. In regard of interest in religion, which is the cause that for one native there be five strangers that sojourn in this city, and without any distinction or mark of strangeness, they come to preferments and offices both in Church and State, according to

merit, which is more valued and sought after here than anywhere.

But whereas I expected to have found Rome elevated upon seven hills, I met her rather spreading upon a flat, having humbled herself since she was made a Christian and descended from those hills to Campus Martius. With Trastevere and the suburbs of Saint Peter she hath yet in compass about fourteen miles, which is far short of that vast circuit she had in Claudius' time; for Vopiscus writes she was then of fifty miles circumference, and she had five hundred thousand free citizens in a famous census that was made, which, allowing but six to every family in women, children, and servants, came to three millions of souls; but she is now a wilderness in comparison of that number. The Pope is grown to be a great temporal prince of late years, for the state of the Church extends above 300 miles in length and 200 miles in breadth; it contains Ferrara, Bologna, Romagna, the Marquisat of Ancona, Umbria, Sabina, Perugia, with a part of Tuscany, the Patrimony, Rome herself, and Latium. In these there are above fifty bishopricks, the Pope hath also the Duchy of Spoleto, and the exarchat of Ravenna, he hath the town of Benevento in the kingdom of Naples, and the country of Venice, called Avignon in France; he hath title also good enough to Naples itself; but, rather than offend his champion the King of Spain, he is contented with a white mule and purse of pistoles about the neck, which he receives every

year for a heriot or homage, or what you will call it. He pretends also to be Lord Paramount of Sicily, Urbin, Parma, and Masseran, of Norway, Ireland, and England, since King John did prostrate our Crown at Pandulfo, his legate's feet.

The State of the Apostolic See here in Italy lieth betwixt two seas, the Adriatic and the Tyrrhene, and it runs through the midst of Italy, which makes the Pope powerful to do good or harm, and more capable than any other to be an umpire or an enemy. His authority being mixed 'twixt temporal and spiritual, disperseth itself into so many members, that a young man may grow old here before he can well understand the form of government.

The consistory of Cardinals meet but once a week, and once a week they solemnly wait all upon the Pope. I am told there are now in Christendom but sixty-eight cardinals, whereof there are six cardinal bishops, fifty-one cardinal priests, and eleven cardinal deacons. The cardinal bishops attend and sit near the Pope when he celebrates any festival, the cardinal priests assist him at mass, and the cardinal deacons attire him. A cardinal is made by a short brief or writ from the Pope in these words "*Creamus te Socium Regibus, superiorem Ducibus, et fratrem nostrum*" (We create thee a companion to kings, superior to dukes, and our brother). If a cardinal bishop should be questioned for any offence, there must be twenty-four witnesses produced against him.

The Bishop of Ostia hath most privilege of any other, for he consecrates and instals the Pope, and goes always next to him. All these cardinals have the repute of princes, and besides other incomes they have the annats of benefices to support their greatness.

For point of power the Pope is able to put 50,000 men in the field in case of necessity, besides his naval strength in galleys. We read how Paul the Third sent Charles the Fifth 12,000 foot and 500 horse. Pius the Fifth sent a greater aid to Charles the Ninth. And for riches, besides the temporal dominions, he hath in all the countries before named the datary or dispatching of Bulls. The triennial subsidies, annats, and other ecclesiastic rights mount to an unknown sum; and it is a common saying here that as long as the Pope can finger a pen he can want no pence. Pius the Fifth, notwithstanding his expenses in buildings, left four millions in the castle of Saint Angelo, in less than five years, more I believe than this Gregory the Fifteenth will, for he hath many nephews; and better it is to be the Pope's nephew than to be favourite to any prince in Christendom.

Touching the temporal government of Rome, and Oppidan affairs, there is a pretor, and some choice citizens which sit in the capitol. Amongst other pieces of policy there is a synagogue of Jews permitted here (as in other places of Italy) under the Pope's nose, but they go with a mark

of distinction in their hats; they are tolerated for advantage of commerce, wherein the Jews are wonderful dexterous, though most of them be only brokers and Lombardeers, and they are held to be here, as the cynic held women to be, *malum necessarium*. There be few of the Romans that use to pray heartily for the Pope's long life, in regard the oftener the change is, the more advantageous it is for the city, because commonly it brings strangers, and a recruit of new people. This air of Rome is not so wholesome as of old, and amongst other reasons one is, because of the burning of stubble to fatten their fields. For her antiquities it would take up a whole volume to write them. Those which I hold the chiefest are Vespasian's amphitheatre, where fourscore thousand people might sit; the Stoves of Anthony; divers rare statues at Belvedere and Saint Peter's, specially that of Laocoon; the Obelisk; for the genius of the Roman hath always been much taken with imagery, limning, and sculptures, inso-much that as in former times, so now, I believe, the statues and pictures in Rome exceed the number of living people. One antiquity among others is very remarkable because of the change of language, which is an ancient column erected as a trophy for Duillius the Consul, after a famous naval victory obtained against the Carthaginians in the second Punic war, where these words are engraven and remain legible to this day: "Exemet leco-ines Macistrates Castreis exfocient pug-

nandod cepet enque navebos marid Consul," etc. And half a dozen lines after it is called *Columna rostrata*, having the beaks and prows of ships engraven up and down, whereby it appears that the Latin then spoken was much differing from that which was used in Cicero's time 150 years after. Since the dismembering of the empire Rome hath run through many vicissitudes and turns of fortune, and had it not been for the residence of the Pope I believe she had become a heap of stones, a mount of rubbish by this time. And howsoever that she bears up indifferent well, yet one may say —

Qui miseranda videt veteris vestigia Romae,  
Ille potest merito dicere Roma fuit.

They who the ruins of first Rome behold,  
May say, Rome is not now, but was of old.

Present Rome may be said to be but the monument of Rome passed when she was in that flourish that Saint Austin desired to see her in. She who tamed the world tamed herself at last, and falling under her own weight fell to be a prey to time, yet there is a providence seems to have a care of her still ; for though her air be not so good, nor her circumjacent soil so kindly as it was, yet she hath wherewith to keep life and soul together still by her ecclesiastic courts, which is the sole cause of her peopling now. So that it may be said when the Pope came to be her head she was reduced to her first principles ; for as a shepherd was

founder, so a shepherd is still her governor and preserver. But whereas the French have an old saying, that

Jamais cheval ny homme,  
S'amenda pour aller à Rome.

Ne'er horse or man did mend  
That unto Rome did wend.

Truly I must confess that I find myself much bettered by it; for the sight of some of these ruins did fill me with symptoms of mortification, and made me more sensible of the frailty of all sublunary things, how all bodies, as well inanimate as animate, are subject to dissolution and change, and everything else under the moon, except the love of your faithful servitor,

J. H.

Rome, *September* 13, 1621.

### XXXIX .

*To Sir T. H., Knight; from Naples*

I AM now in the gentle city of Naples, a city swelling with all delight, gallantry and wealth; and truly, in my opinion, the King of Spain's greatness appears here more eminently than in Spain itself. This is a delicate luxurious city, fuller of true-bred cavaliers than any place I saw yet. The clime is hot, and the constitutions of the inhabitants more hot.



The Neapolitan is accounted the best courtier of ladies, and the greatest embracer of pleasure of any other people. They say there is no less here than twenty thousand courtesans registered in the office of Savelli. This kingdom with Calabria may be said to be the one moiety of Italy. It extends itself 450 miles and spreads in breadth 112; it contains 2700 towns, it hath 20 archbishops, 127 bishops, 13 princes, 24 dukes, 25 marquises, and 800 barons. There are three presidial castles in this city, and though the kingdom abounds in rich staple commodities as silks, cottons, and wine, and that there is a mighty revenue comes to the crown, yet the King of Spain when he casts up his account at the year's end makes but little benefit thereof, for it is eaten up betwixt governors, garrisons and officers. He is forced to maintain 4000 Spanish foot, called the Tercia of Naples, in the castles he hath, 1600 in the perpetual garrison. He hath 1000 men of arms, 450 light horse; besides there are five footmen enrolled for every hundred fire. And he had need to do all this to keep this voluptuous people in awe, for the story musters up seven and twenty thousand famous rebellions of the Neapolitans in less than 300 years; but now they pay soundly for it, for one shall hear them groan up and down under the Spanish yoke. And commonly the King of Spain sends some of his grandees hither to repair their decayed fortunes, whence the saying sprung: That the Viceroy of Sicily gnaws, the Governor of



Milan eats, but the Viceroy of Naples devours. Our English merchants here bear a considerable trade, and their factors live in better equipage and in a more splendid manner, as in all Italy besides, than their masters and principals in London. They ruffle in silks and satins, and wear good Spanish leather shoes; while their masters' shoes upon our Exchange in London shine with blacking. At Puzzoli, not far off amongst the Grottes, there are so many strange stupendous things that nature herself seemed to have studied of purpose how to make herself there admired. I reserve the discoursing of them with the nature of the Tarantola and Manna, which is gathered here and nowhere else, with other things, till I see you, for they are fitter for discourses than a letter. I will conclude with a proverb they have in Italy of this people:

Napolitano

Largo di bocca, stretto di mano.

The Neapolitans

Have wide mouths, but narrow hands.

They make strong, masculine promises, but female performances (for deeds are men, but words are women), and if in a whole flood of compliments one find a drop of reality, it is well. The first acceptance of a courtesy is accounted the greatest incivility that can be amongst them and a ground for a quarrel, as I heard of a German gentleman that was baffled for accepting only one invitation to a dinner.— So desiring to be preserved

still in your good opinion and in the rank of your servants, I rest always most ready at your disposing,

J. H.

Naples, *October the 1, 1621.*

XL

*To Christopher Jones, Esquire, at Gray's Inn ;  
from Naples*

HONOURED FATHER,

I MUST still style you so, since I was adopted your son by so good a mother as Oxford. My mind lately prompted me that I should commit a great solecism, if amongst the rest of my friends in England, I should leave you unsaluted, whom I love so dearly well, especially having such a fair and pregnant opportunity as the hand of this worthy gentleman, your cousin Morgan, who is now posting hence for England. He will tell you how it fares with me ; how any time these thirty odd months I have been tossed from shore to shore, and passed under various meridians, and am now in this voluptuous and luxuriant city of Naples. And though those frequent removes and tumblings under climes of different temperature were not without some danger, yet the delight which accompanied them was far greater ; and it is impossible for any man to conceive the true pleasure of peregrination but he who actually en-

joys and puts it in practice. Believe it, sir, that one year well employed abroad by one of mature judgment (which you know I want very much) advantageth more in point of useful and solid knowledge than three in any of our Universities. You know running waters are the purest, so they that traverse the world up and down have the clearest understanding, being faithful eye-witnesses of those things which others receive but in trust, whereunto they must yield an intuitive consent and a kind of implicit faith. When I passed through some parts of Lombardy, amongst other things I observed the physiognomies and complexions of the people, men and women, and I thought I was in Wales, for divers of them have a cast of countenance and a nearer resemblance with our nation than any I ever saw yet. And the reason is obvious, for the Romans having been near upon three hundred years amongst us, where they had four legions (before the English nation or language had any being), by so long a coalition and tract of time the two nations must needs copulate and mix, insomuch that I believe there is yet remaining in Wales many of the Roman race, and divers in Italy of the British. Amongst other resemblances, one was in their prosody and vein of versifying or rhyming, which is like our bards, who hold agnominations and enforcing of consonant words or syllables, one upon the other, to be the greatest elegance, as for example, in Welsh, "Tewgris todyrris ty'r derrin,

gwillt," etc. So have I seen divers old rhymes in Italian running so: "Donne, O danno, che Felo affronto affronta: In selva salvo a me; Piu caro cuore," etc.

Being lately in Rome, amongst other pasquils I met with one that was against the Scot; though it had some gall in it, yet it had a great deal of wit, especially towards the conclusion, so that I think if King James saw it he would but laugh at it.

As I remember, some years since, there was a very abusive satire in verse brought to our king, and as the passages were a reading before him he often said, that if there were no more men in England the rogue should hang for it, at last being come to the conclusion, which was (after all his railing):

Now God preserve the King, the Queen, the peers,  
And grant the author long may wear his ears.

This pleased His Majesty so well that he broke into a laughter, and said, "By my soul, so thou shalt for me; thou art a bitter, but thou art a witty knave."

When you write to Monmouthshire, I pray send my respects to my tutor, Master Moor Fortune, and my service to Sir Charles Williams; and according to that relation which was betwixt us in Oxford, I rest, your constant son to serve you,

J. H.

Naples, 8 *October* 1621.

## XLI

*To Sir J. C. ; from Florence*

THIS letter comes to kiss your hands from fair Florence, a city so beautiful that the great Emperor (Charles the Fifth) said that she was fitting to be shown and seen only upon holidays. She marvellously flourisheth with buildings, with wealth and artisans; for it is thought that in serges, which is but one commodity, there are made two millions every year. All degrees of people live here, not only well, but splendidly well, notwithstanding the manifold exactions of the duke upon all things. For none can buy here lands or houses but he must pay eight in the hundred to the duke; none can hire or build a house but he must pay the tenth penny; none can marry, or commence suit in law, but there's a fee to the duke; none can bring as much as an egg or sallet to the market but the duke hath share therein. Moreover, Leghorn, which is the key of Tuscany, being a maritime and a great mercantile town, hath mightily enriched this country by being a frank port to all comers, and a safe rendezvous to pirates as well as to merchants. Add hereunto that the Duke himself in some respects is a merchant, for he sometimes engrosseth all the corn of the country, and retails it at what rate he pleaseth. This enables the Duke to have perpetually 20,000 men en-

rolled, trained up, and paid, and none but they can carry arms. He hath 400 light horse in constant pay, and 100 men at arms besides, and all these quartered in so narrow a compass that he can command them all to Florence in twenty-four hours. He hath twelve galleys, two galleons, and six galleasses besides, and his galleys are called the black fleet, because they annoy the Turk more in the bottom of the Straits than any other.

This state is bound to keep good quarter with the Pope more than others, for all Tuscany is fenced by Nature herself, I mean with mountains, except towards the territories of the Apostolic See and the sea itself; therefore it is called a country of iron.

The Duke's palace is so spacious that it occupieth the room of fifty houses at least; yet, though his court surpasseth the bounds of a duke's, it reacheth not to the magnificence of a king's. The Pope was solicited to make the Grand Duke a king, and he answered that he was content he should be king in Tuscany, not of Tuscany; whereupon one of his counsellors replied that it was a more glorious thing to be a grand duke than a petty king.

Among other cities which I desired to see in Italy, Genoa was one where I lately was, and found her to be the proudest for buildings of any I met withal, yet the people go the plainest of any other, and are also most parsimonious in their diet; they are the subtlest, I will not say the most subdalous dealers; they are wonderful wealthy, especially in

money. In the year 1600, the King of Spain owed them eighteen millions, and they say it is double as much now.

From the time they began to finger the Indian gold, and that this town hath been the scale by which he hath conveyed his treasure to Flanders since the wars in the Netherlands, for the support of his armies, and that she had got some privileges for the exportation of wools, and other commodities (prohibited to others) out of Spain, she hath improved extremely in riches, and made Saint George's Mount swell higher than Saint Mark's in Venice.

She hath been often ill-favouredly shaken by the Venetian, and hath had other enemies which have put her to hard shifts for her own defence, specially in the time of Louis the Eleventh of France, at which time, when she would have given herself up to him for protection, King Louis being told that Genoa was content to be his, he answered: "She should not be his long, for he would give her up to the devil and rid his hands of her."

Indeed, the Genoese have not the fortune to be so well beloved as other people in Italy, which proceeds, I believe, from their cunningness and over-reachings in bargaining, wherein they have something of the Jew. The Duke is there but biennial, being changed every two years. He hath fifty Germans for his guard. There be four centuries that have two men apiece, which upon occasions attend the Signiory abroad in velvet

coats; there be eight chief governors and four hundred counsellors, amongst whom there be five sovereign Syndics, who have authority to censure the duke himself, his time being expired, and punish any governor else, though after death, upon the heir.

Amongst other customs they have in that town, one is, that none must carry a pointed knife about him, which makes the Hollander, who is used to "snik and snee," to leave his horn-sheath and knife a shipboard when he comes ashore. I met not with an Englishman in all the town, nor could I learn of any factor of ours that ever resided there.

There is a notable little active republic towards the midst of Tuscany called Lucca, which, in regard she is under the Emperor's protection, he dares not meddle withal, though she lie as a partridge under a falcon's wings, in relation to the Grand Duke; besides there is another reason of state why he meddles not with her, because she is more beneficial unto him now that she is free, and more industrious to support this freedom, than if she were become his vassal; for then it is probable she would grow more careless and idle, and so could not vent his commodities so soon which she buys for ready money, wherein most of her wealth consists. There is no state that winds the penny more nimbly and makes quicker returns.

She hath a council called the Discoli, which prys into the profession and life of every one, and once



a year they rid the state of all vagabonds. So that this petty pretty republic may not be improperly paralleled to a hive of bees, which have been always the emblems of industry and order.

In this splendid city of Florence there be many rarities, which, if I should insert in this letter, it would make her swell too big; and, indeed, they are fitter for parole communication. Here is the prime dialect of the Italian spoken, though the pronunciation be a little more guttural than that of Siena and that of the Court of Rome, which occasions the proverb:

Lingua Tuscana in bocca Romana.

The Tuscan tongue sounds best in a Roman mouth.

The people here generally seem to be more generous and of a higher comportment than elsewhere, very cautious and circumspect in their negotiation, whence arises the proverb:

Chi ha da far con Tosco,  
Non bisogna che sia Losco.

Who dealeth with a Florentine,  
Must have the use of both his e'en.

I shall bid Italy farewell now very shortly, and make my way over the Alps to France, and so home by God's grace, to take a review of my friends in England, amongst whom the sight of yourself will be as gladsome to me as of any other; for I profess myself, and purpose to be ever, your thrice affectionate servitor,

J. H.

Florence, 1 *November* 1621.

## XLII

*To Capt. Francis Bacon; from Turin*

I AM now upon point of shaking hands with Italy, for I am come to Turin, having already seen Venice the rich, Padua the learned, Bologna the fat, Rome the holy, Naples the gentle, Genoa the proud, Florence the fair, and Milan the great. From this last, I came hither, and in that city also appears the grandeur of Spain's monarchy very much. The governor of Milan is always captain-general of the cavalry to the King of Spain throughout Italy. The Duke of Feria is now governor; and being brought to kiss his hands, he used me with extraordinary respect, as he doth all of our nation, being by the maternal side a Dormer. The Spaniard entertains there also 3000 foot, 1000 light horse, and 600 men at arms in perpetual pay; so that I believe the benefit of that duchy also, though seated in the richest soil of Italy, hardly counter-vails the charge. Three things are admired in Milan, the Duomo or great church (built all of white marble within and without), the hospital, and the castle, by which the citadel of Antwerp was traced, and is the best-conditioned fortress of Christendom, though Nova Palma, a late fortress of the Venetians, would go beyond it, which is built according to the exact rules of the most modern engineering, being of a round form,

with nine bastions, and a street level to every bastion.

The Duke of Savoy, though he pass for one of the princes of Italy, yet the least part of his territories lie there, being squandered up and down amongst the Alps, but as much as he hath in Italy, which is Piedmont, is a well-peopled and passing good country.

The Duke of Savoy Emanuel is accounted to be of the ancientest and purest extraction of any prince in Europe, and his knights also of the Annunciate to be one of the ancientest orders. Though this present duke be little in stature, yet is he of a lofty spirit, and one of the best soldiers now living; and though he be valiant enough, yet he knows how to patch the lion's skin with a fox's tail. And whosoever is Duke of Savoy had need be cunning, and more than any other prince, in regard that lying between two potent neighbours, the French and the Spaniard, he must comply with both.

Before I wean myself from Italy, a word or two touching the genius of the nation. I find the Italian a degree higher in compliment than the French; he is longer and more grave in the delivery of it, and more prodigal of words, insomuch that if one were to be worded to death, Italian is the fittest language in regard of the fluency and softness of it; for throughout the whole body of it, you have not a word ends with a consonant, except some few monosyllables, conjunctions and prepositions, and this

renders the speech more smooth, which made one say, "That when the confusion of tongues happened at the building of the Tower of Babel, if the Italian had been there, Nimrod had made him a plasterer." They are generally indulgent of themselves, and great embracers of pleasure, which may proceed from the luscious rich wines and luxurious food, fruits, and roots, wherewith the country abounds. Insomuch, that in some places Nature may be said to be *lena sui*, a bawd to herself. The Cardinal de Medicis' rule is of much authority amongst them, "That there is no religion under the navel." And some of them are of the opinion of the Asians, who hold that touching those natural passions, desires, and motions, which run up and down in the blood, God Almighty and His handmaid Nature did not intend they should be a torment to us, but to be used with comfort and delight. To conclude, in Italy there be "Virtutes magnae, nec minora vitia" (great virtues and no less vices).

So with a tender of my most affectionate respects unto you I rest, your humble servitor, J. H.

Turin, 30 *November*.

### XLIII

*To Sir J. H.; from Lyons*

I AM now got over the Alps and returned to France. I had crossed and clambered up the Pyrenees to Spain before; they are not so high and

hideous as the Alps, but for our mountains in Wales, as Eppint and Penwinmaur, which are so much cried up amongst us, they are molehills in comparison of these, they are but pigmies compared to giants, but blisters compared to imposthumes, or pimples to warts. Besides our mountains in Wales bear always something useful to man or beast, some grass at least ; but these uncouth huge monstrous excrescences of nature, bear nothing (most of them) but craggy stones. The tops of some of them are blanched over all the year long with snows, and the people who dwell in the valleys drinking for want of other this snow water, are subject to a strange swelling in the throat, called Goitre, which is common amongst them.

As I scaled the Alps, my thoughts reflected upon Hannibal, who with vinegar and strong waters did eat out a passage through those hills, but of late years they have found a speedier way to do it by gunpowder.

Being at Turin, I was by some disaster brought to an extreme low ebb in money, so that I was forced to foot it along with some pilgrims, and with gentle pace and easy journeys, to climb up those hills till I came to this town of Lyons, where a countryman of ours, one Mr Lewis, whom I knew in Alicante, lives factor, so that now I want not anything for my accommodation.

This is a stately rich town, and a renowned mart for the silks of Italy and other Levantine com-

modities, and a great bank for money, and indeed the greatest of France. Before this bank was founded, which was by Henry the First, France had but little gold and silver, insomuch that we read how King John, their captive king, could not in four years raise sixty thousand crowns to pay his ransom to our King Edward. And Saint Lewis was in the same case when he was prisoner in Egypt, where he had left the Sacrament for a gage. But after this bank was erected it filled France full of money. They of Luca, Florence, and Genoa, with the Venetian got quickly over the hills, and brought their moneys hither to get twelve in the hundred profit, which was the interest at first, though it be now much lower.

In this great mercantile town there be two deep navigable rivers, the Rhone and the Saone. The one hath a swift rapid course ; the other slow and smooth. And one day as I walked upon their banks and observed so much difference in their course, I fell into a contemplation of the humours of the French and Spaniard, how they might be not improperly compared to these rivers,—the French to the swift, the Spaniard to the slow, river.

I shall write you no more letters until I present myself unto you for a speaking letter, which I shall do as soon as I may tread London stones.—Your affectionate servitor,

J. H.

Lyons, 6 *November* 1621.

## XLIV

*To Mr Thomas Bowyer; from Lyons*

**B**EING so near the Lake of Geneva curiosity would carry any one to see it. The inhabitants of that town, methinks, are made of another paste, differing from the affable nature of those people I had conversed withal formally. They have one policy, lest that their petty Republic should be pestered with fugitives. Their law is, that what stranger soever flies thither for sanctuary, he is punishable there, in the same degree, as in the country where he committed the offence.

Geneva is governed by four syndics, and four hundred senators. She lies like a bone betwixt three mastiffs, the Emperor, the French King, and the Duke of Savoy. They all three look upon the bone, but neither of them dare touch it singly, for fear the other two would fly upon him. But they say the Savoyard hath the justest title, for there are Imperial records extant that although the Bishops of Geneva were Lords Spiritual and Temporal, yet they should acknowledge the Duke of Savoy for their superior. This man's ancestors went frequently to the town, and the keys were presently tendered to him. But since Calvin's time, who had been once banished, and then called in again, which made him to apply that speech unto himself, That the stone which the builders refused is



become the head-stone of the corner — I say, since they were refused by Calvin, they seem to shun and scorn all the world besides, being cast, as it were, into another mould, which hath quite altered their very natural disposition in point of moral society.

Before I part with this famous city of Lyons I will relate unto you a wonderful strange accident that happened here not many years ago. There is an officer called *Le Chevalier du Guet*, which is a kind of night guard, here as well as in Paris, and his lieutenant, called *Jaquette*, having supped one night in a rich merchant's house, as he was passing the round afterwards, he said, I wonder what I have eaten and drunk at the merchant's house, for I find myself so hot that if I met with the devil's dam to-night I should not forbear using of her. Hereupon, a little after, he overtook a young gentlewoman masked, whom he would needs usher to her lodging, but discharged all his watch except two. She brought him, to his thinking, to a little low lodging hard by the city wall, where there were only two rooms. And after he had enjoyed her, he desired that, according to the custom of French gentlemen, his two comrades might partake also of the same pleasure. So she admitted them one after the other. And when all this was done, as they sat together, she told them if they knew well who she was, none of them would have ventured upon her. Thereupon she whistled three times and all vanished. The next



morning the two soldiers that had gone with Lieutenant Jaquette were found dead under the city wall amongst the ordure and excrements, and Jaquette himself a little way off half dead, who was taken up, and coming to himself again, confessed all this, but died presently after.

The next week I am to go down the Loire towards Paris, and thence as soon as I can for England, where, amongst the rest of my friends, whom I so much long to see after this triennial separation, you are like to be one of my first objects. In the meantime I wish the same happiness may attend you at home as I desire to attend me homewards, for I am, truly yours,

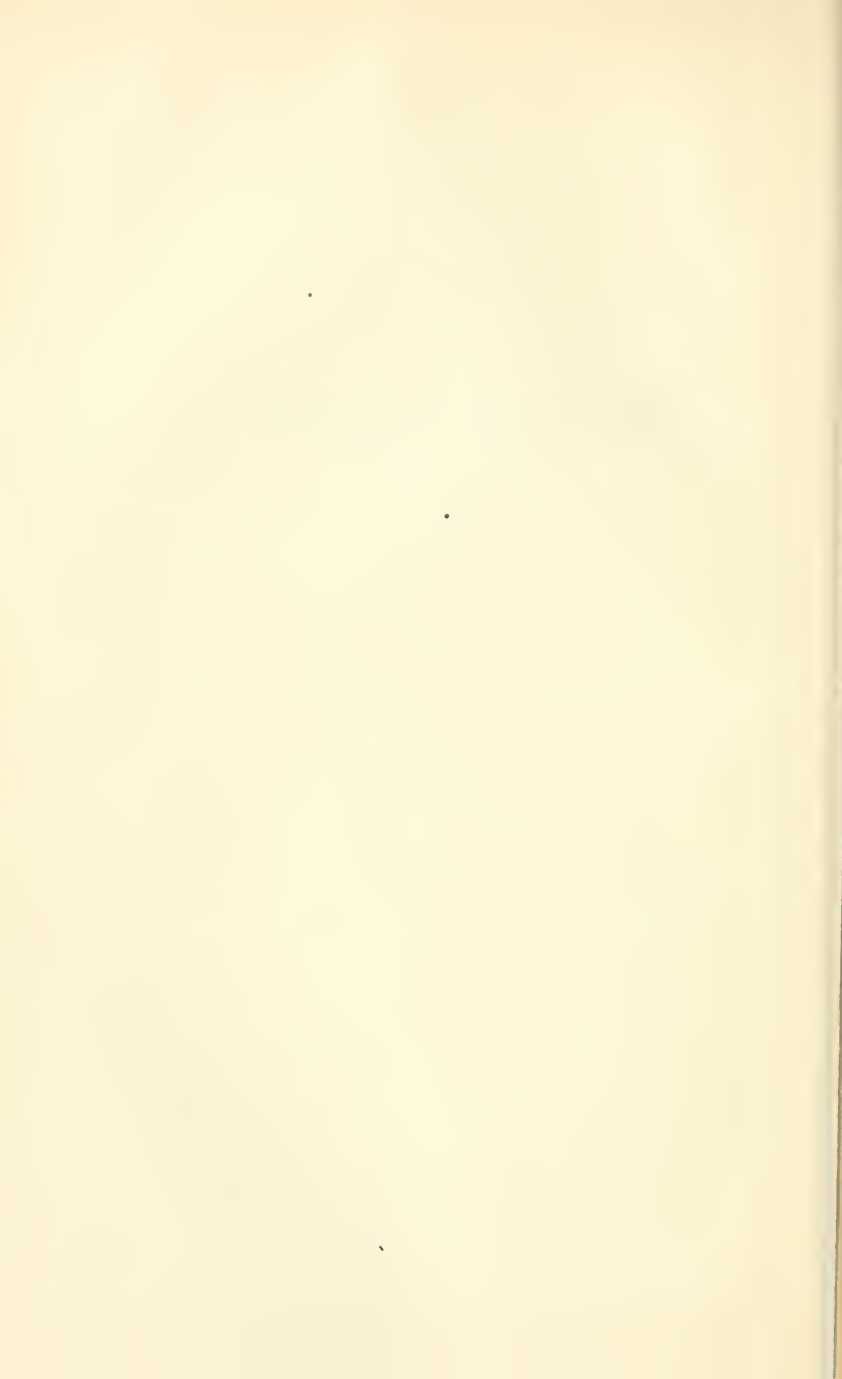
J. H.

Lyons, 5 *December* 1621.



EPISTOLÆ HO-ELIANÆ

SECTION II .



## SECTION II

### I

#### *To my Father*

**I**T hath pleased God after almost three years' peregrination by land and sea, to bring me back safely to London; but although I am come safely, I am come sickly; for when I landed in Venice, after so long a sea-voyage from Spain, I was afraid the same defluxion of salt rheum which fell from my temples into my throat in Oxford, and distilling upon the uvulla impeached my utterance a little to this day, had found the same channel again, which caused me to have an issue made in my left arm for the diversion of the humour. I was well ever after till I came to Rouen, and there I fell sick of a pain in the head, which, with the issue, I have carried with me to England. Doctor Harvey, who is my physician, tells me that it may turn to a consumption, therefore he hath stopped the issue, telling me there is no danger at all in it, in regard I have not worn it a full twelvemonth. My Brother, I thank him, hath been very careful of me in this my sickness, and hath come often to visit me. I thank God I have

passed the brunt of it, and am recovering, and picking up my crumbs apace. There is a flaunting French Ambassador come over lately, and I believe his errand is nought else but compliment, for the King of France being lately at Calais, and so in sight of England, he sent his ambassador, Monsieur Cadenet, expressly to visit our king. He had audience two days since, where he with his train of ruffling long-haired monsieurs carried himself in such a light garb, that after the audience, the king asked my Lord Keeper Bacon what he thought of the French Ambassador; he answered that he was a tall, proper man; Aye, his Majesty replied, but what think you of his head-piece? Is he a proper man for the office of an ambassador. "Sir," said Bacon, "tall men are like high houses of four or five storys, wherein commonly the uppermost room is worst furnished."

So, desiring my brothers and sisters, with the rest of my cousins and friends in the country, may be acquainted with my safe return to England, and that you would please to let me hear from you by the next conveniency, I rest, your dutiful son,

J. H.

London, 2 *February* 1621.

## II

*To Rich. Altham, Esq.; at Norberry*

**S**ALVE *pars animae dimidiata meae.* Hail, half my soul, my dear Dick, etc. I was no sooner returned to the sweet bosom of England, and had breathed the smoke of this town, but my memory ran suddenly on you, the idea of you hath almost ever since so filled up and engrossed my imagination, that I can think on nothing else, the love of you swells both in my breast and brain with such a pregnancy that nothing can deliver me of this violent high passion but the sight of you. Let me despair if I lie, there was never female longed more after anything by reason of her growing embryo, than I do for your presence. Therefore, I pray you make haste to save my longing, and tantalise me no longer ('tis but three hours' riding), for the sight of you will be more precious to me than any one object I have seen (and I have seen many rare ones) in all my three years' travel; and if you take this for a compliment (because I am newly come from France) you are much mistaken in your

J. H.

London, 1 *February* 1621.

## III

*To D. Caldwell, Esq.; at Battersea*

MY DEAR DAN,— I am come at last to London, but not without some danger, and through divers difficulties, for I fell sick in France, and came so over to Kent. And my journey from the seaside hither was more tedious to me than from Rome to Rouen, where I grew first indisposed; and in good faith I cannot remember anything to this hour how I came from Gravesend hither, I was so stupefied, and had lost the knowledge of all things. But I am come to myself indifferently well since, I thank God for it, and you cannot imagine how much the sight of you, much more your society, would revive me; your presence would be a cordial unto me more restorative than exalted gold, more precious than the powder of pearl, whereas your absence, if it continue long, will prove unto me like the dust of diamonds, which is incurable poison. I pray be not accessory to my death, but hasten to comfort your so long, weather-beaten friend.— Yours,

J. H.

London, *February 1, 1621.*



## IV

*To Sir James Crofts; at the L. Darcy's in St  
Osith*

I AM got again safely to this side of the sea, and though I was in a very sickly case when I first arrived, yet thanks be to God I am upon point of perfect recovery, whereunto the sucking in of English air and the sight of some friends conduced not a little.

There is fearful news come from Germany. You know how the Bohemians shook off the Emperor's yoke, and how the great Council of Prague fell to such a hurly-burly that some of the imperial counsellors were hurled out at the windows. You heard also, I doubt not, how they offered the crown to the Duke of Saxony, and he waiving it, they sent ambassadors to the Palsgrave, whom they thought might prove *par negotio*, and to be able to go through-stitch with the work, in regard of his powerful alliance, the King of Great Britain being his father-in-law, the King of Denmark, the Prince of Orange, the Marquis of Brandenburg, the Duke Bouillon, his uncles, the States of Holland his confederates, the French king his friend, and the Duke of Bavaria his near ally. The Prince Palsgrave made some difficulty at first, and most of his counsellors opposed it; others incited him to it,

and amongst other hortatives they told him that if he had the courage to venture upon a King of England's sole daughter he might very well venture upon a sovereign crown when it was tendered him. Add hereunto that the States of Holland did mainly advance the work, and there was good reason in policy for it; for their twelve years' truce being then upon point of expiring with Spain, and finding our king so wedded to peace that nothing could divorce him from it, they alighted upon this design to make him draw his sword, and engage him against the house of Austria for the defence of his sole daughter and his grandchildren. What His Majesty will do hereafter I will not presume to foretell, but hitherto he hath given little countenance to the business, nay, he utterly disliked it first. For whereas Doctor Hall gave the Prince Palsgrave the title of King of Bohemia in his pulpit prayer, he had a check for his pains, for I heard His Majesty should say that there is an implicit tie amongst kings which obligeth them, though there be no other interest or particular engagement to stick unto, and right one another upon insurrection of subjects. Therefore he had more reason to be against the Bohemians than to adhere to them in the deposition of their sovereign prince. The King of Denmark sings the same note, nor will he also allow him the appellation of king. But the fearful news I told you of at the beginning of this letter is that there are fresh tidings brought how the Prince Palsgrave had a well-appointed army

of about 25,000 horse and foot near Prague, but the Duke of Bavaria came with scarce half the number, and notwithstanding his long march gave them a sudden battle and utterly routed them, insomuch that the new King of Bohemia, having not worn the crown a whole twelvemonth, was forced to fly with his queen and children, and after many difficulties they write that they are come to the castle of Castrein, the Duke of Brandenburg's country, his uncle. This news affects both court and city here with much heaviness.

I send you my humble thanks for the noble correspondence you pleased to hold with me abroad, and I desire to know by the next when you come to London, that I may have the comfort of the sight of you after so long an absence. — Your true servitor,

J. H.

*March the 1, 1621.*

V

*To Dr Fr. Mansell; at All-Souls in Oxford*

I AM returned safe from my foreign employment, from my three years' travel. I did my best to make what advantage I could of the time, though not so much as I should; for I find that peregrination (well used) is a very profitable school; it is a running academy, and nothing conduceth more to the building up and perfecting of a man. Your honourable uncle, Sir Robert

Mansell, who is now in the Mediterranean, hath been very notable to me, and I shall ever acknowledge a good part of my education from him. He hath melted vast sums of money in the glass business, a business indeed more proper for a merchant than a courtier. I heard the king should say that he wondered Robin Mansell, being a seaman, whereby he hath got so much honour, should fall from water to tamper with fire, which are two contrary elements. My father fears that this glass employment will be too brittle a foundation for me to build a fortune upon, and Sir Robert being now at my coming back so far at sea, and his return uncertain, my father hath advised me to hearken after some other condition. I attempted to go secretary to Sir John Ayres to Constantinople, but I came too late. You have got yourself a great deal of good repute by the voluntary resignation you made of the principality of Jesus College to Sir Eubule Thelwall in hope that he will be a considerable benefactor to it. I pray God he perform what he promiseth, and that he be not overpartial to North Wales men. Now that I give you the first summons, I pray you make me happy with your correspondence by letters. There is no excuse or impediment at all left now, for you are sure where to find me, whereas I was a landloper, as the Dutchman saith, a wanderer and subject to uncertain removes, and short sojourns in divers places before. So with appreciation of all happiness to

you here and hereafter, I rest, at your friendly dispose,

J. H.

*March 5, 1618*[21].

VI

*To Sir Eubule Thelwall, Knight, and Principal  
of Jesus College in Oxford*

I SEND you most due and humble thanks, that, notwithstanding I have played the truant and been absent so long from Oxford, you have been pleased lately to make choice of me to be Fellow of your new Foundation in Jesus College, whereof I was once a member. As the quality of my fortunes and course of life run now, I cannot make present use of this your great favour, or promotion rather, yet I do highly value it and humbly accept of it, and intend, by your permission, to reserve and lay it by as a good warm garment against rough weather if any fall on me. With this my expression of thankfulness, I do congratulate the great honour you have purchased both by your own beneficence and by your painful endeavour besides, to perfect that National College, which hereafter is like to be a monument of your fame as well as a seminary of learning and will perpetuate your memory to all posterity.

God Almighty prosper and perfect your undertakings, and provide for you in heaven those re-

wards which such public works of piety use to be crowned withal ; it is the appreciation of, your truly devoted servitor,

J. H.

London, *idibus March* 1621.

## VII

### *To my Father*

ACCORDING to the advice you sent me in your last, while I sought after a new course of employment, a new employment hath lately sought after me ; my Lord Savage hath two young gentlemen to his sons, and I am to go travel with them. Sir James Crofts (who so much respects you) was the main agent in this business, and I am to go shortly to Long Melford in Suffolk and thence to Saint Osith in Essex to the Lord Darcy. Queen Anne is lately dead of a dropsy in Denmark House, which is held to be one of the fatal events that followed the last fearful comet that rose in the tail of the constellation of Virgo, which some ignorant astronomers that write of it, would fix in the heavens, and that as far above the orb of the moon as the moon is from the earth. But this is nothing in comparison of those hideous fires that are kindled in Germany blown first by the Bohe-mians, which is like to be a war without end, for the whole House of Austria is interested in the quarrel, and it is not the custom of that house to sit by any affront or forget it quickly. Queen

Anne left a world of brave jewels behind ; but one, Piero, an outlandish man who had the keeping of them, embezzled many and is run away. She left all she had to Prince Charles, whom she ever loved best of all her children, nor do I hear of any legacy she left at all to her daughter in Germany ; for that match, some say, lessened something of her affection towards her ever since, so that she would often call her Goody Palsgrave, nor could she abide Secretary Winwood ever after, who was one of the chiefest instruments to bring that match about, as also for the rendition of the cautionary towns in the Low Countries, Flushing and Brill, with the Rammakins. I was lately with Sir John Walter and others of your counsel about law business, and some of them told me that Master J. Lloyd, your adversary, is one of the shrewdest solicitors in all the thirteen shires of Wales, being so habituated to law suits and wrangling, that he knows any of the least starting holes in every court. I could wish you had made a fair end with him, for besides the cumber and trouble, specially to those that dwell at such a huge distance from Westminster Hall as you do, Law is a shrewd pickpurse, and the lawyer, as I heard one say wittily not long since, is like a Christmas-box which is sure to get whosoever loseth.

So with the continuance of my due and daily prayers for your health, with my love to my brothers and sisters, I rest, your dutiful son,

J. H.

*March 20, 1618.*

## VIII

*To Dan Caldwell, Esq.; from the Lord Savage's House in Long Melford*

MY DEAR D.,

**T**HOUGH considering my former condition of life I may now be called a country man, yet you cannot call me a rustic (as you would imply in your letter) as long as I live in so civil and noble a family, as long as I lodge in so virtuous and regular a house as any I believe in the land, both for economical government and the choice company, for I never saw yet such a dainty race of children in all my life together, I never saw yet such an orderly and punctual attendance of servants, nor a great house so neatly kept; here one shall see no dog, nor a cat, nor cage to cause any nastiness within the body of the house. The kitchen and gutters and other offices of noise and drudgery are at the fag-end, there's a back-gate for beggars and the meaner sort of swains to come in at. The stables butt upon the park, which for a cheerful rising ground, for groves and browsings for the deer, for rivulets of water, may compare with any, for it shines in the whole land; it is opposite to the front of the great house, whence from the gallery one may see much of the game when they are a hunting. Now for the gardening and costly choice flowers, for ponds, for stately



large walks, green and gravelly, for orchards and choice fruits of all sorts, there are few the like in England : here you have your Bon Christian pear and Bergamot in perfection, your Muscadel grapes, in such plenty that there are some bottles of wine sent every year to the king ; and one, Mr Daniel, a worthy gentleman hard by, who hath been long abroad, makes good store in his vintage. Truly this house of Long-Melford, though it be not so great, yet it is so well compacted and contrived, with such dainty conveniences every way, that if you saw the landscape of it, you would be mightily taken with it, and it would serve for a choice pattern to build and contrive a house by. If you come this summer to your manor of Sheriff in Essex, you will not be far off hence ; if your occasions will permit, it will be worth your coming hither, though it be only to see him, who would think it a short journey to go from Saint David's Head to Dover Cliffs to see and serve you, were there occasion. — If you would know who the same is, 'tis — Yours

J. H.

20 *March* 1619.

## IX

*To Robert Brown, Esquire*

**T**HANKS for one curtesie is a good usher to bring on another. Therefore it is my policy at this time to thank you most heartily for your late copious letter to draw on a second. I say I thank you a thousand times over for yours of the third of this present, which abounded with such variety of news, and ample well-couched relations, that I made many friends by it; yet I am sorry for the quality of some of your news, that Sir Robert Mansell, being now in the Mediterranean with a considerable naval strength of ours against the Moors, to do the Spaniard a pleasure, Marquis Spinola should, in a hogling way, change his master for the time, and, taking commission from the Emperor, become his servant for invading the Palatinate with the forces of the King of Spain in the Netherlands. I am sorry also the princes of the union should be so stupid as to suffer him to take Oppenheim by a Parthian kind of back stratagem, in appearing before the town and making semblance afterwards to go for Worms, and then perceiving the forces of the United Princes to go for succouring of that, to turn back and take the town he intended first, whereby I fear he will be quickly master of the rest. Surely I believe there may be some treach-

ery in it, and that the Marquis of Ansbach, the general, was overcome by pistols made of Indian ingots, rather than of steel, else an army of 40,000, which he had under his command, might have made its party good against Spinola's, less than 20,000, though never such choice veterans, but what will not gold do? It will make a pigmy too hard for a giant: there's no fence or fortress against an ass laden with gold. It was the saying you know of his father, whom partial and ignorant antiquity cries up to have conquered the world, and that he sighed there were no more worlds to conquer, though he had never one of the three old parts of the then known world entirely to himself. I desire to know what is become of that handful of men His Majesty sent to Germany under Sir Horace Vere, which he was bound to do, as he is one of the Protestant princes of the union, and what's become of Sir Arthur Chichester, who is gone Ambassador to those parts.

Dear Sir, I pray make me happy still with your letters; it is a mighty pleasure for us country folks to hear how matters pass in London and abroad. You know I have not the opportunity to correspond with you in like kind, but may happily hereafter when the tables are turned, when I am in London and you in the west. Whereas you are desirous to hear how it fares with me, I pray know that I live in one of the noblest houses and best air of England. There is a dainty park adjoining,

where I often wander up and down, and I have my several walks. I make one to represent the Royal Exchange, the other the middle aisle of Paul's, another Westminster Hall; and when I pass through the herd of deer methinks I am in Cheapside. So with a full return of the same measure of love, as you pleased to send me, I rest yours,

J. H.

24 May 1622.

X

*To R. Altham, Esquire; from Saint Osith*

**L**IFE itself is not so dear unto me as your friendship, nor virtue in her best colours as precious as your love, which was lately so lively pourtrayed unto me in yours of the 5th of this present. Methinks your letter was like a piece of tissue richly embroidered with rare flowers up and down, with curious representations and landscapes. Albeit I have as much stuff as you of this kind (I mean matter of love), yet I want such a loom to work it upon I cannot draw it to such a curious web. Therefore you must be content with homely polldavie ware from me, for you must not expect from us country folk such urbanities and quaint invention that you, who are daily conversant with the wits of the court, and of the Inns of Court, abound withal.

Touching your intention to travel beyond the seas the next spring, and the intimation you make how happy you would be in my company, I let you know that I am glad of the one, and much thank you for the other, and will think upon it, but I cannot resolve yet upon anything. I am now here at the Earl Rivers, a noble and great knowing lord, who hath seen much of the world abroad. My Lady Savage, his daughter, is also here with divers of her children. I hope this Hilary term to be merry in London, and amongst others to re-enjoy your conversation principally, for I esteem the society of no soul upon earth more than yours. Till then I bid you farewell, and as the season invites me I wish you a merry Christmas, resting yours while

JAM. HOWELL.

*December 20, 1621.*

## XI

*To Captain Thomas Porter upon his return  
from Algiers Voyage*

NOBLE CAPTAIN,

I CONGRATULATE your safe return from the Straits, but am sorry you were so straitened in your commission that you could not attempt what such a brave naval power of twenty men-of-war, such a gallant general and other choice knowing commanders might have performed if they

had had line enough. I know the lightness and nimbleness of Algiers ships ; when I lived lately in Alicante and other places upon the Mediterranean, we would every week hear some of them chased, but very seldom taken ; for a great ship following one of them may be said to be as a mastiff dog running after a hare. I wonder the Spaniard came short of the promised supply for furtherance of that notable adventurous design you had to fire the ships and galleys in Algiers road. And according to the relation you pleased to send me it was one of the bravest enterprises and had proved such a glorious exploit that no story could have paralleled ; but it seems their hoggies, magicians and maribots were tampering with the ill spirit of the air all the while, which brought down such a still cataract of rain waters suddenly upon you to hinder the working of your fireworks. Such a disaster, the story tells us, befell Charles the Emperor, but far worse than yours, for he lost ships and multitudes of men, who were made slaves, but you came off with loss of eight men only, and Algiers is anothergets thing now than she was then, being, I believe, a hundred degrees stronger by land and sea, and for the latter strength we may thank our countryman Ward, and Danskey the butterbag Hollander, which may be said to have been two of the fatalest and most infamous men that ever Christendom bred ; for the one taking all Englishmen, and the other all Dutchmen, and bringing the ships and ordnance to Algiers, they may be

said to have been the chief raisers of those pica-rooms to be pirates, which are now come to that height of strength that they daily endamage and affront all Christendom. When I consider all the circumstances and success of this your voyage; when I consider the narrowness of your commission, which was as lame as the Clerk that kept it; when I find that you secured the seas and traffic all the while, for I did not hear of one ship taken while you were abroad; when I hear how you brought back all the fleet without the least disgrace or damage by foe or foul weather to any ship, I conclude, and so do far better judgments than mine, that you did what possibly could be done. Let those that repine at the one in the hundred (which was imposed upon all the Levant merchants for the support of this fleet) mutter what they will, that you went first to Gravesend, then to the Land's End, and after to no end.

I have sent you for your welcome home (in part) two barrels of Colchester oysters which were provided for my Lord of Colchester himself, therefore I presume they are good and all green finned. I shall shortly follow, but not to stay long in England, for I think I must over again speedily to push on my fortunes. So, my dear Tom, I am *de todas mis entranas*, from the centre of my heart  
I am, yours,

J. H.

St Osith, *December* 1622.

## XII

*To my Father upon my second going to Travel*

I AM lately returned to London, having been all this while in a very noble family in the country where I found far greater respects than I deserved. I was to go with two of my Lord Savage's sons to travel, but finding myself too young for such a charge, and our religion differing, I have made choice to go over comrade to a very worthy gentleman, Baron Altham's son, whom I knew in Staines, when my brother was there. Truly I hold him to be one of the hopefulest young men of this kingdom for parts and person; he is full of excellent solid knowledge, as the mathematics, the law, and other material studies; besides I should have been tied to have stayed three years abroad in the other employment at least; but I hope to go back from this by God's grace before a twelve-month be at an end, at which time I hope the hand of Providence will settle me in some stable home-fortune.

The news is that the Prince Palsgrave, with his lady and children, are come to the Hague in Holland, having made a long progress or rather a pilgrimage about Germany from Prague. The old Duke of Bavaria, his uncle, is chosen elector and arch-sewer of the Roman Empire in his place (but as they say in an imperfect diet), and with this



proviso, that the transferring of this election upon the Bavarian shall not prejudice the next heir. There is one Count Mansfelt that begins to get a great name in Germany, and he with the Duke of Brunswick, who is a temporal Bishop of Halverstadt, have a considerable army on foot for the Lady Elizabeth, which in the Low Countries and some parts of Germany is called the Queen of Bohemia, and for her winning, princely comportment, the Queen of Hearts. Sir Arthur Chichester is come back from the Palatinate, much complaining of the small army that was sent thither under Sir Horace Vere, which should have been greater, or none at all.

My Lord of Buckingham, having been long since Master of the Horse at Court, is now made master also of all the wooden horses of the kingdom, which indeed are our best horses, for he is to be High Admiral of England, so he is become *dominus equorum et aquarum*. The late Lord Treasurer Cranfield grows also very powerful, but the city hates him for having betrayed their greatest secrets, which he was capable to know more than another, having been formerly a merchant.

I think I shall have no opportunity to write to you again till I be the other side of the sea; therefore I humbly take my leave, and ask your blessing, that I may the better prosper in my proceedings. So I am, your dutiful son,

J. H.

March 19, 1622.

## XIII

*To Sir John Smith, Knight*

THE first ground I set foot upon after this my second trans-marine voyage was Trevere (the Scots staple) in Zealand, thence we sailed to Holland, in which passage we might see divers steeples and turrets under water, of towns that, as we were told, were swallowed up by a deluge within the memory of man. We went afterwards to the Hague, where there are hard by, though in several places, two wonderful things to be seen—the one of art the other of nature. That of art is a waggon or ship, or a monster mixed of both, like the hippocentaur, who was half man and half horse. This engine hath wheels and sails, that will hold above twenty people, and goes with the wind, being drawn or moved by nothing else, and will run, the wind being good and the sails hoisted up, above fifteen miles an hour upon the even hard sands. They say this invention was found out to entertain Spinola when he came hither to treat of the last truce. That wonder of nature is a church monument, where an earl and a lady are engraven with 365 children about them, which were all delivered at one birth; they were half male, half female; the basin hangs in the church which carried them to be christened, and the bishop's name who did it; and the story of

this miracle, with the year and the day of the month mentioned, which is not yet 200 years ago; and the story is this: That countess walking about her door after dinner, there came a beggar-woman with two children upon her back to beg alms; the countess asking whether those children were her own, she answered she had them both at one birth, and by one father, who was her husband. The countess would not only not give her any alms, but reviled her bitterly, saying it was impossible for one man to get two children at once. The beggar-woman being thus provoked with ill words, and without alms, fell to imprecations, that it should please God to show His judgment upon her, and that she might bear at one birth as many children as there be days in the year, which she did before the same year's end, having never borne child before. We are now in North Holland, where I never saw so many, among so few, sick of leprosy; and the reason is, because they commonly eat abundance of fresh fish. A gentleman told me that the women of this country when they are delivered, there comes out of the womb a living creature besides the child, called zucchie, likest a bat of any other creature, which the midwives throw into the fire, holding sheets before the chimney lest it should fly away. Master Altham desires his service be presented to you and your lady, to Sir John Franklin and all at the Hill, the like do I humbly crave at your hands. The Italian and

French manuscripts you pleased to favour me withal, I left at Mr Scil's the stationer, whence if you have them not already, you may please to send for them. So in all affection I kiss your hands and am your humble servitor.

J. H.

Trevere, 10 of April, 1623.

XIV

*To the Right Honourable, the Lord Viscount  
Colchester, after Earl Rivers*

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

THE commands your lordship pleased to impose upon me when I left England, and those high favours wherein I stand bound to your lordship, call upon me at this time to send your lordship some small fruits of my foreign travel. Marquis Spinola is returned from the Palatinate, where he was so fortunate, that (like Cæsar) he came, saw, and overcame, notwithstanding that huge army of the Princes of the Union, consisting of 40,000 men, whereas his was under twenty, but made up of old tough blades and veteran commanders. He hath now changed his coat, and taken up his old commission again from Don Philipppo, whereas during that expedition, he called himself Cæsar's servant. I hear the Emperor hath transmitted the upper Palatinate to the Duke of Bavaria, as cau-

tion for those moneys he hath expended in those wars. And the King of Spain is the Emperor's commissary for the lower Palatinate. They both pretend that they were bound to obey the imperial summons to assist Cæsar in these wars; the one as he was Duke of Burgundy, the other of Bavaria, both which countries are feudatory to the empire, else they had incurred the imperial ban. It is feared this German war will be as the Frenchman saith, *de longue haleine*, long breathed, for there are great powers on both sides, and they say the King of Denmark is arming.

Having made a leisurely sojourn in this town, I had spare hours to couch in writing a survey of these countries which I have now traversed the second time, but in regard it would be a great bulk for a letter, I send it your lordship apart, and when I return to England, I shall be bold to attend your lordship for correction of my faults. In the interim I rest, my lord, your thrice humble servitor,  
J. H.

Antwerp, *May* 1, 1623.

## XV

### *A Survey of the Seventeen Provinces*

MY LORD,

**T**O attempt a precise description of each of the seventeen provinces, and of its progression, privileges and primitive government, were

a task of no less confusion than labour. Let it suffice to know that since Flanders and Holland were erected to earldoms, and so left to be an appendix of the Crown of France, some of them have had absolute and supreme governors, some subaltern and subject to a superior power. Amongst the rest the Earls of Flanders and Holland were most considerable; but of them two he of Holland being homageable to none, and having Friesland and Zealand added, was the more potent. In process of time all the seventeen met in one; some by conquest, others by donation and legacy, but most by alliance. In the House of Burgundy this union received most growth, but in the House of Austria it came to its full perfection; for in Charles the Fifth they all met as so many lines drawn from the circumference to the centre, who lording as supreme head not only over the fifteen temporal, but the two spiritual, Liége and Utrecht, had a design to reduce them to a kingdom, which his son Philip the Second attempted after him, but they could not bring their intents home to their aim; the cause is imputed to that multiplicity and difference of privileges which they are so eager to maintain, and whereof some cannot stand with a monarchy without incongruity. Philip the Second at his inauguration was sworn to observe them, and at his departure he obliged himself by an oath, to send still one of his own blood to govern them. Moreover, at the request of the Knights of the

Golden Fleece, he promised that all foreign soldiers should retire, and that he himself would come to visit them once every seventh year, but being once gone, and leaving in lieu of a sword a distaff, an unwieldy woman, to govern, he came not only short of his promise, but procured a dispensation from the Pope to be absolved of his oath, and all this by the counsel of the Cardinal Granvill, who, as the States Chronicler writes, was the first firebrand that kindled that lamentable and longsome war wherein the Netherlands have traded above fifty years in blood. For intending to increase the number of bishops, to establish the decrees of the Council of Trent, and to clip the power of the Council of State composed of the natives of the land, by making it appealable to the Council of Spain, and by adding to the former oath of allegiance (all which conduced to settle the Inquisition, and to curb the conscience), the broils began ; to appease which ambassadors were dispatched to Spain, whereof the two first came to violent deaths, the one being beheaded, the other poisoned. But the two last, Egmont and Horn, were nourished still with hopes, until Philip the Second had prepared an army under the conduct of the Duke of Alva to compose the difference by arms. For as soon as he came to the government he established the *Bloet-rad*, as the complainants termed it, a council of blood, made up most of Spaniards. Egmont and Horn were apprehended and afterwards beheaded. Citadels



were erected, and the oath of allegiance with the political government of the country in divers things altered. This poured oil on the fire formerly kindled, and put all in combustion. The Prince of Orange retires, thereupon his eldest son was surprised and sent as hostage to Spain, and above 5000 families quit the country, many towns revolted but were afterwards reduced to obedience; which made the Duke of Alva say, that the Netherlands appertained to the King of Spain not only by descent but conquest, and for cumble of his victories when he attempted to impose the tenth penny for maintenance of the garrisons in the citadels he had erected at Grave, Utrecht, and Antwerp (where he caused his statue, made of cannon brass, to be erected, trampling the Belgians under his feet), all the towns withstood this imposition, so that at last, matters succeeding ill with him, and having had his cousin, Paccio, hanged at Flushing Gates, after he had traced out the platform of a citadel in that town also, he received letters of revocation from Spain. Him succeeded Don Luys de Requiluis, who came short of his predecessor in exploits, and dying suddenly in the field, the government was invested for the time in the Council of State. The Spanish soldiers, being without a head, gathered together to the number of 1600, and committed such outrages up and down, that they were proclaimed enemies to the state. Hereupon, the pacification of Ghent was



transacted, whereof, amongst other articles one was, that all foreign soldiers should quit the country; this was ratified by the King, and observed by Don John of Austria, who succeeded in the government; yet Don John retained the landsknechts at his devotion still for some secret design, and, as some conjectured, for the invasion of England, he kept the Spaniards also still hovering about the frontiers ready upon all occasion. Certain letters were intercepted that made a discovery of some projects which made the war to bleed afresh. Don John was proclaimed enemy to the state; so the Archduke Matthias was sent for, who, being a man of small importance and improper for the times, was dismissed, but upon honourable terms. Don John, a little after, dies, and, as some gave out, of the pox; then comes in the Duke of Parma, a man as of a different nation, being an Italian, so of a different temper and more moderate spirit and of greater performance than all the rest, for, whereas all the provinces except Luxemburg and Hainault had revolted, he reduced Ghent, Tournay, Bruges, Malines, Brussels, Antwerp (which three last he beleaguered at one time), and divers other great towns to the Spanish obedience again; he had 60,000 men in pay, and the choicest which Spain and Italy could afford. The French and English ambassadors, interceding for a peace, had a short answer of Philip the Second, who said that he needed not the help of any to reconcile himself

to his own subjects and reduce them to conformity, but the difference that was he would refer to his cousin the Emperor. Hereupon, the business was agitated at Cologne, where the Spaniard stood as high a-tiptoe as ever, and notwithstanding the vast expense of treasure and blood he had been at for so many years, and that matters began to exasperate more and more which were like to prolong the wars *in infinitum*, he would abate nothing in point of ecclesiastical government. Hereupon, the States perceived that King Philip could not be wrought either by the solicitations of other princes or their own supplications so often reiterated, that they might enjoy the freedom of religion with other enfranchisements, and finding him inexorable, being incited also by that ban which was published against the Prince of Orange, that whosoever killed him should have 5000 crowns, they at last absolutely renounced and abjured the King of Spain for their sovereign; they broke his seals, changed the oath of allegiance, and fled to France for shelter. They inaugurated the Duke of Anjou (recommended unto them by the Queen of England, to whom he was a suitor) for their prince, who attempted to render himself absolute and so thought to surprise Antwerp, where he received an ill-favoured repulse; yet nevertheless the United Provinces, for so they termed themselves ever after, fearing to distaste their next great neighbour France, made a second proffer of their protection and

sovereignty to that king, who having too many irons in the fire at his own home, the League growing stronger, and stronger, he answered them that his shirt was nearer to him than his doublet. Then had they recourse to Queen Elizabeth, who, partly for her own security, partly for interest in religion, reached them a supporting hand and so sent them men, money, and a governor, the Earl of Leicester, who not symbolising with their humour was quickly revoked, yet without any outward dislike on the Queen's side, for she left her forces still with them, but upon their expense. She lent them afterwards some considerable sums of money and she received Flushing and the Brill for caution. Ever since the English have been the best sinews of their war and achievers of the greatest exploits amongst them. Having thus made sure work with the English, they made young Count Maurice their governor, who for twenty-five years together held task with the Spaniard, and during those traverses of war was very fortunate; an overture of peace was then propounded, which the States would not hearken unto singly, with the King of Spain, unless the Provinces that yet remained under him would engage themselves for performance of what was articed; besides they would not treat either of peace or truce, unless they were declared Free States, all which was granted. So by the intervention of the English and French ambassadors, a truce was concluded for twelve years.

These wars did so drain and discommodate the

King of Spain by reason of his distance (every soldier that he sent either from Spain or Italy costing him near upon a hundred crowns before he could be rendered in Flanders), that notwithstanding his mines of Mexico and Peru, it plunged him so deeply in debt, that having taken up moneys in all the chief banks of Christendom, he was forced to publish a diploma wherein he dispensed with himself (as the Holland story hath it) from payment alleging that he had employed those moneys for the public peace of Christendom. This broke many great bankers, and they say his credit was not current in Seville or Lisbon, his own towns; and which was worse, while he stood wrestling thus with his own subjects, the Turk took his opportunity to get from him Tunis and the Goletta, the trophies of Charles the Fifth, his father. So eager he was in this quarrel, that he employed the utmost of his strength and industry to reduce this people to his will, in regard he had an intent to make these provinces his main rendezvous and magazine of men-of-war, which his neighbours perceiving, and that he had a kind of aim to be Western monarch, being led not so much for love as reasons of state, they stuck close to the revolted provinces, and this was the bone that Secretary Walsingham told Queen Elizabeth he would cast the King of Spain that should last him twenty years, and perhaps make his teeth shake in his head.

But to return to my first discourse whence this

digression has snatched me. The Netherlands, who had been formerly knit and concentrated under one sovereign prince, were thus dismembered ; and as they subsist now, they are a state and a province. The province having ten of the seventeen, at least, is far greater, more populous, better soiled, and more stored with gentry. The state is richer and stronger, the one proceeding from their vast navigation and commerce, the other from the quality of their country, being defensible by rivers and sluices, by means whereof they can suddenly overwhelm all the whole country, witness that stupendous siege of Leyden and Haarlem, for most of their towns, the marks being taken away, are inaccessible by reason of shelves of sands. Touching the transaction of these provinces which the King of Spain made as a dowry to the Archduke Albertus, upon marriage with the Infanta (who thereupon left his red hat and Toledo mitre, the chiefest spiritual dignity in Christendom for revenue after the Papacy), it was fringed with such cautelous restraints, that he was sure to keep the better end of the staff still to himself, for he was to have the tutelage and ward of his children ; that they were to marry with one of the Austrian family recommended by Spain, and in default of issue, and in case Albertus should survive the Infanta, he should be but governor only. Add hereunto that King Philip reserved still to himself all the citadels and castles, with the Order of the Golden Fleece, whereof he is Master, as he is Duke of Burgundy.

The Archduke for the time hath a very princely command. All coins bear his stamp, all placards or edicts are published in his name, he hath the election of all civil officers and magistrates. He nominates also bishops and abbots, for the Pope hath only the confirmation of them here, nor can he adjourn any out of the country to answer anything, neither are his Bulls of any strength without the Prince's placet, which makes him have always some commissioners to execute his authority. The people here grow hotter and hotter in the Roman cause by reason of the mixture with Spaniards and Italians, as also by the example of the Archduke and the Infanta, who are devout in an intense degree. There are two supreme councils, the Privy Council and that of the State ; this treats of confederations and intelligence with foreign princes, of peace and war, of entertaining or of dismissing colonels and captains, of fortifications, and they have the superintendency of the highest affairs that concern the Prince and the policy of the provinces. The primate hath the granting of all patents and bequests, the publishing of all edicts and proclamations, the prizing of coin, the looking to the confines and extent of the provinces, and the enacting of all new ordinances. Of these two councils there is never a Spaniard, but in the actual Council of War their voices are predominant. There is also a Court of Finance or Exchequer, whence all they that have the fingering of the King's money must draw a discharge. Touching matters of justice, their law is

mixed between civil and common, with some clauses of canonical. The High Court of Parliament is at Malines, whither all civil causes may be brought by appeal from other towns, except some that have municipal privileges, and are sovereign in their own jurisdictions, as Mons in Hainault, and a few more.

The prime province for dignity is Brabant, which, amongst many other privileges it enjoyeth, hath this for one, not to appear upon any summons out of its own precinct, which is one of the reasons why the Prince makes his residence there: but the prime for extent and fame is Flanders, the chiefest earldom in Christendom, which is three days' journey in length; Ghent, its metropolis, is reputed the greatest town of Europe, whence arose the proverb, "Les flamene tient un Gan, qui tiendra Paris dedans." But the beautifullest, richest, strongest, and most privileged city is Antwerp in Brabant, being the marquisate of the Holy Empire, and drawing near to the nature of a Hans-Town, for she pays the Prince no other tax but the impost. Before the dissociation of the seventeen provinces, this town was one of the greatest marts of Europe, and greatest bank this side the Alps, most princes having their factors here to take up or let out moneys, and here our Gresham got all his wealth, and built our Royal Exchange by model of that here. The merchandise brought hither from Germany, France, and Italy by land, and from England, Spain, and the Hans-Towns by sea, was estimated at above twenty millions of



crowns every year; but as no violent thing is long lasting, and as it is fatal to all kingdoms, states, towns, and languages to have their period, so this renowned mart hath suffered a shrewd eclipse, yet no utter downfall, the exchange of the King of Spain's money and some small land traffic keeping still life in her, though nothing so full of vigour as it was. Therefore, there is no town under the Archduke where the States have more concealed friends than in Antwerp, who would willingly make them her masters in hope to recover her former commerce, which, after the last twelve years' truce, began to revive a little, the States permitting to pass by Lillo's sponce, which commands the river of Scheld, and lyeth in the teeth of the town, some small cross-sailed ships to pass hither. There is no place hath been more passive than this, and more often pillaged; amongst other times she was once plundered most miserably by the Spaniards under the conduct of a priest, immediately upon Don John of Austria's death; she had then her Stadt-House burned, which had cost a few years before above twenty thousand crowns the building, and the spoils that were carried away thence amounted to forty tuns of gold. Thus she was reduced not only to poverty but a kind of captivity, being commanded by a citadel, which she preferred before a garrison; this made the merchants retire and seek a more free rendezvous, some in Zealand, some in Holland, specially in Amsterdam, which rose upon the fall of this town, as Lis-



bon did from Venice upon the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope, though Venice be not near so much crestfallen.

I will now steer my discourse to the United Provinces, as they term themselves, which are six in number, viz., Holland, Zealand, Friesland, Overysse, Groningen, and Utrecht, three parts of Gelderland, and some frontier towns and places of contribution in Brabant and Flanders. In all these there is no innovation at all introduced, notwithstanding this great change in point of government, except that the College of States represents the duke or earl in times passed; which college consists of the chiefest gentry of the country, superintendents of towns, and the principal magistrates. Every province and great town chooses yearly certain deputies, to whom they give plenary power to deliberate with the other states of all affairs touching the public welfare of the whole province, and what they vote stands for law. These being assembled, consult of all matters of state, justice and war; the advocate who is prime in the assembly propounds the business, and after collects the suffrages, first of the provinces, then of the towns, which being put in form, he delivers in pregnant and moving speeches; and in case there be a dissonance and reluctancy of opinions, he labours to accord and reconcile them; concluding always with the major voices.

Touching the administration of justice, the

President, who is monthly changed, with the great council, have the supreme judicature, from whose decrees there's no appeal, but a revision; and then some of the choicest lawyers amongst them are appointed.

For their Oppidan government they have variety of offices, a Scout, Burgomasters, a Bailie, and Vroetschoppens. The Scout is chosen by the States, who with the bailies have the judging of all criminal matters in last resort without appeal, they have also the determining of civil causes, but those are appealable to the Hague. Touching their chiefest governor (or general rather now), having made proof of the Spaniard, German, French, and English, and agreeing with none of them, they lighted at last upon a man of their own mould, Prince Maurice, now their general, in whom concurred divers parts suitable to such a charge, having been trained up in the wars by his father, who, with three of his uncles and divers of his kindred, sacrificed their lives in the States' quarrel; he hath thriven well since he came to the government; he cleared Friesland, Overysse, and Groningen in less than eighteen months. He hath now continued their governor and general by sea and land above thirty-three years; he hath the election of magistrates, the pardoning of malefactors, and divers other prerogatives, yet they are short of the reach of sovereignty, and of the authority of the ancient Counts of Holland, though I cannot say it is a mercenary employ-

ment, yet he hath a limited allowance, nor hath he any implicit command when he goes to the field, for either the council of war marcheth with him, or else he receives daily directions from them. Moreover, the States themselves reserve the power of nominating all commanders in the army, which, being of sundry nations, deprive him of those advantages he might have to make himself absolute. Martial discipline is nowhere so regular as amongst the States; nowhere are there lesser insolences committed upon the burgher, nor robberies upon the country boors, nor are the officers permitted to insult over the common soldier. When the army marcheth, not one dares take so much as an apple off a tree, or a root out of the earth, in their passage; and the reason is, that they are punctually paid their pay, else I believe they would be insolent enough, and were not the pay so certain, I think few or none would serve them. They speak of sixty thousand they have in perpetual pay by land and sea, at home and in the Indies. The King of France was used to maintain a regiment, but since Henry the Great's death the payment hath been neglected. The means they have to maintain these forces, to pay their governor, to discharge all other expense, as the preservation of their dikes which comes to a vast expense yearly, is the ancient revenue of the Counts of Holland, the impropriate church-livings, imposts upon all merchandise, which is greater upon exported than imported goods,

excise upon all commodities, as well for necessity as pleasure, taxes upon every acre of ground, which is such that the whole country returns into their hands every three years. Add hereunto the art they use in their bank by the rise and fall of money, the fishing upon our coasts; whither they send every autumn above 700 hulks or busses, which, in the voyages they make, return above a million in herrings; moreover their fishing for green fish and salmon amounts to so much more; and for their cheese and butter it is thought they vend as much every year as Lisbon doth spices. This keeps the common treasury always full, that upon any extraordinary service or design there is seldom any new tax upon the people. Traffic is their general profession, being all either merchants or mariners, and, having no land to manure, they furrow the sea for their living; and this universality of trade, and their banks of adventures, distributes the wealth so equally, that few amongst them are exceeding rich or exceeding poor. Gentry amongst them are very thin, and, as in all democracies, little respected, and, coming to dwell in towns, they soon mingle with the merchant, and so degenerate. Their soil, being all betwixt marsh and meadow, is so fat in pasturage that one cow will give eight quarts of milk a day, so that, as a boor told me, in four little dorps near Harlem it is thought there is as much milk milked in the year as there is Rhenish wine brought to Dort, which is the sole staple of

it. Their towns are beautiful and neatly built, and with uniformity, that who sees one sees all. In some places, as in Amsterdam, the foundation costs more than the superstructure, for, the ground being soft, they are constrained to ram in huge stakes of timber (with wool about it to preserve it from putrefaction) till they come to a firm basis; so that, as one said, whosoever could see Amsterdam under ground should see a huge winter forest.

Amongst all the confederate provinces Holland is most predominant, which, being but six hours' journey in breadth, contains nine-and-forty walled towns, and all these within a day's journey one of another. Amsterdam for the present is one of the greatest mercantile towns in Europe. To her is appropriated the East and West Indies trade, whither she sends yearly forty great ships, with another fleet to the Baltic Sea, but they send not near so many to the Mediterranean as England. Other towns are passably rich and stored with shipping, but not one very poor, which proceeds from the wholesome policy they use, to assign every town some firm staple commodity, as to (their maiden town) Dort the German wines and corn, to Middleburg the French and Spanish wines, to Trevere (the Prince of Orange's town) the Scots trade. Leyden, in recompense of her long siege, was erected to an university, which, with Franiker in Friesland, is all they have; Harlem for knitting and weaving hath some privilege; Rotterdam hath the

English cloth, and this renders their towns so equally rich and populous. They allow free harbour to all nations with liberty of religion (the Roman only excepted), as far as the Jew who hath two synagogues allowed him, but only in Amsterdam, which piece of policy they borrow of the Venetian, with whom they have very intimate intelligence; only the Jews in Venice, in Rome and other places go with some outward mark of distinction, but here they wear none; and these two republics, that in the east and this in the west, are the two remoras that stick to the great vessel of Spain, that it cannot sail to the Western monarchy.

I have been long in the survey of these provinces, yet not long enough, for much more might be said which is fitter for a story than a survey. I will conclude with a mot or two of the people, whereof some have been renowned in times past for feats of war. Amongst the States, the Hollander or Batavian hath been most known, for some of the Roman emperors have had a selected guard of them about their persons for their fidelity and valour, as now the King of France hath of the Swiss. The Frisians also have been famous for those large privileges wherewith Charlemagne endowed them. The Flemings also have been illustrious for the martial exploits they achieved in the East, where two of the Earls of Flanders were crowned emperors. They have all a genius inclined to commerce, very inventive and witty in manufactures, witness the art of printing, painting, and

colouring in glass ; those curious quadrants, chimes and dials ; those kind of waggons which are used up and down Christendom were first used by them ; and for the mariner's compass, though the matter be disputable betwixt the Neapolitan, the Portugal, and them, yet there is a strong argument on their side in regard they were the first that subdivided the four cardinal winds to two and thirty, others naming them in their language.

There is no part of Europe so haunted with all sorts of foreigners as the Netherlands, which makes the inhabitants, as well women as men, so well versed in all sorts of languages, so that in Exchange time one may hear seven or eight sorts of tongues spoken upon their bourses. Nor are the men only expert herein, but the women and maids also in their common hostelries, and in Holland the wives are so well versed in bargaining, ciphering and writing, that in the absence of their husbands in long sea voyages they beat the trade at home, and their words will pass in equal credit. These women are wonderfully sober, though their husbands make commonly their bargains in drink, and then are they most cautelous. This confluence of strangers makes them very populous, which was the cause that Charles the Emperor said that all the Netherlands seemed to him but as one continued town. He and his grandfather Maximilian, notwithstanding the choice of kingdoms they had, kept their courts most frequently in them, which showed how highly they esteemed them, and I believe if Philip



the Second had visited them sometimes matters had not gone so ill.

There is no part of the earth, considering the small circuit of country, which is estimated to be but as big as the fifth part of Italy, where one may find more differing customs, tempers, and humours of people than in the Netherlands. The Walloon is quick and sprightly, accostable and full of compliment, and gaudy in apparel, like his next neighbour the French; the Fleming and Brabanter somewhat more slow and sparing of speech; the Hollander slower than he, more surly and disrespectful of gentry and strangers, homely in his clothing, of very few words, and heavy in action, which may be well imputed to the quality of the soil, which works so strongly upon the humours that when people of a more vivacious and nimble temper come to mingle with them, their children are observed to partake rather of the soil than the sire. And so it is in all animals besides.

Thus I have huddled up some observations of the Low Countries, beseeching your lordship would be pleased to pardon the imperfections and correct the errors of them, for I know none so capable to do it as your lordship, to whom I am a most humble and ready servitor,

J. H.

Antwerp, 1 *May* 1622 [3].



## XVI

*To my Brother, Mr Hugh Penry, upon his  
Marriage*

YOU have had a good while the interest of a friend in me, but you have me now in a straighter tie, for I am your brother by your late marriage, which hath turned friendship into an alliance. You have in your arms one of my dearest sisters, who I hope, nay I know, will make a good wife. I heartily congratulate this marriage, and pray that a blessing may descend upon it from that place where all marriages are made, which is from heaven, the fountain of all felicity. To this prayer I think it no profaneness to add the saying of the lyric poet Horace, in whom I know you delight much, and I send it you as a kind of epithalamium, and wish it may be verified in you both:

Faelices ter et amplius  
Quos irrupta tenet copula, nec malis  
Divulsus querimoniis  
Suprema citius solvet amor die.

Thus Englished :

That couple 's more than trebly blest  
Which nuptial bonds do so combine,  
That no distaste can them untwine  
Till the last day send both to rest.

So, dear brother, I much rejoice for this alliance,

and wish you may increase and multiply to your heart's content. — Your affectionate brother,

J. H.

*May the 20, 1622.*

XVII

*To my Brother, Dr Howell; from Brussels*

I HAD yours in Latin at Rotterdam, whence I corresponded with you in the same language. I heard, though not from you, since I came to Brussels, that our sister Anne is lately married to Mr Hugh Penry. I am heartily glad of it, and wish the rest of our sisters were so well bestowed, for I know Mr Penry to be a gentleman of a great deal of solid worth and integrity, and one that will prove a great husband and a good economist.

Here is news that Mansfelt hath received a foil lately in Germany, and that the Duke of Brunswick, *alias* Bishop of Halverstadt, hath lost one of his arms. This makes them vapour here extremely, and the last week I heard of a play the Jesuits of Antwerp made, in derogation, or rather derision, of the proceedings of the Prince Palsgrave, where, amongst divers other passages, they feigned a post to come puffing upon the stage, and being asked what news, he answered how the Palsgrave was like to have shortly a huge formidable army, for the King of Denmark was to send him a hundred thousand, the Hollanders a hundred thou-

sand, and the King of Great Britain a hundred thousand; but being asked thousands of what? he replied the first would send a hundred thousand red herrings, the second a hundred thousand cheeses, and the last a hundred thousand ambassadors, alluding to Sir Richard Weston and Sir Edward Conway, my Lord Carlisle, Sir Arthur Chichester, and lastly, the Lord Digby, who have been all employed in quality of ambassadors in less than two years — since the beginning of these German broils. Touching the last, having been with the Emperor and the Duke of Bavaria, and carried himself with such high wisdom in his negotiations with the one and stoutness with the other, and having preserved Count Mansfelt's troops from disbanding, by pawning his own argentry and jewels, he passed this way, where they say the Archduke did esteem him more than any ambassador that ever was in this court, and the report is yet very fresh of his high abilities.

We are to remove hence in coach towards Paris the next week, where we intend to winter, or hard by. When you have opportunity to write to Wales, I pray present my duty to my father, and my love to the rest. I pray remember me also to all at the Hill and the Dale, especially to that most virtuous gentleman, Sir John Franklin. So, my dear brother, I pray God continue and improve His blessings to us both, and bring us again together with comfort. — Your brother, J. H.

*June 10, 1622.*

## XVIII

*To Dr Tho. Prichard, at Worcester House*

**F**RIENDSHIP is the great chain of human society, and intercourse of letters is one of the chiefest links of that chain. You know this as well as I, therefore I pray let our friendship, let our love, that nationality of British love, that virtuous tie of academic love, be still strengthened (as heretofore), and receive daily more and more vigour. I am now in Paris, and there is weekly opportunity to receive and send; and if you please to send, you shall be sure to receive, for I make it a kind of religion to be punctual in this kind of payment. I am heartily glad to hear that you are become a domestic member to that most noble family of the Worcesters, and I hold it to be a very good foundation for future preferment; I wish you may be as happy in them, as I know they will be happy in you. France is now barren of news, only there was a shrewd brush lately betwixt the young king and his mother, who, having the Duke of Epernon and others for her companions, met him in open field about Pont de Cé, but she went away with the worst; such was the rare dutifulness of the king, that he forgave her upon his knees, and pardoned all her complices. And now there is an universal peace in this coun-

try, which it is thought will not last long, for there is a war intended against them of the reformed religion; for this king, though he be slow in speech, yet is he active in spirit, and loves motion. I am here comrade to a gallant young gentleman, my old acquaintance, who is full of excellent parts, which he hath acquired by a choice breeding, the baron his father gave him both in the University and in the Inns of Court, so that for the time I envy no man's happiness. So, with my hearty commends, and much endeared love unto you, I rest yours whiles,

JAM. HOWELL.

Paris, 3 *August* 1622.

## XIX

*To the Honourable Sir Tho. Savage (after Lord Savage), at his house upon Tower Hill*

**T**HOSE many undeserved favours for which I stand obliged to yourself and my noble lady, since the time I had the happiness to come first under your roof, and the command you pleased to lay upon me at my departure thence, call upon me at this time to give you account how matters pass in France.

That which for the present affords most plenty of news is Rochelle, which the King threateneth to block up this spring with an army by sea,

under the command of the Duke of Nevers, and by a land army under his own conduct : both sides prepare, he to assault, the Rochellers to defend. The King declares that he proceeds not against them for their religion, which he is still contented to tolerate, but for holding an assembly against his declarations. They answer, that their assembly is grounded upon His Majesty's royal warrant, given at the dissolution of the last assembly at Lodun, where he solemnly gave his word to permit them to reassemble when they would six months after, if the breaches of their liberty and grievances which they then propounded were not redressed ; and they say this being unperformed, it stands not with the sacred person of a king to violate his promise, being the first that ever he made them. The King is so incensed against them that their deputies can have neither access to his person nor audience of his council, as they style themselves the deputies of the assembly at Rochelle ; but if they say they come from the whole body of them of the pretended reformed religion he will hear them. The breach between them is grown so wide that the King resolves upon a siege. This resolution of the King's is much fomented by the Roman clergy, specially by the Celestines, who have 200,000 crowns of gold in the Arsenal of Paris which they would sacrifice all to this service ; besides the Pope sent him a bull to levy what sums he would of the Gallican Church for the advancement of his design. This resolution also is much pushed on by the gen-

try, who, besides the particular employments and pay they shall receive hereby, are glad to have their young king trained up in arms to make him a martial man. But for the merchant and poor peasant, they tremble at the name of this war, fearing their teeth should be set on edge with those sour grapes their fathers tasted in the time of the League, for if the King begin with Rochelle it is feared all the four corners of the kingdom will be set on fire.

Of all the towns of surety which they of the religion hold, Rochelle is the chiefest; a place strong by nature but stronger by art. It is a maritime town, and landward they can by sluices drown a league's distance; it is fortified with mighty thick walls, bastions and counterscarps, and those according to the modern rules of enginry. This amongst other cautionary towns was granted by Henry the Fourth to them of the religion for a certain term of years, which being expired the King saith they are devolved again to the Crown and so demands them. They of the religion pretend to have divers grievances; first, they have not been paid these two years the 160,000 crowns which the last king gave them annually to maintain their ministers and garrisons; they complain of the King's carriage lately at Bearn (Henry the Great's country), which was merely Protestant, where he hath introduced two years since the public exercise of the mass, which had not been sung there fifty years before. He altered also there the government of the country,

and in lieu of a viceroy left a governor only ; and whereas Navarrin was formerly a Court of Parliament for the whole kingdom of Navaar (that's under France), he hath put it down and published an edict that the Navarrois should come to Toulouse the chief town of Languedoc ; and lastly, he left behind him a garrison in the said town of Navarrin. These and other grievances they of the religion proposed to the King lately, desiring His Majesty would let them enjoy still those privileges his predecessor, Henry the Third, and his father, Henry the Fourth, afforded them by Act of Pacification. But he made them a short answer : That what the one did in this point, he did it out of fear ; what the other did, he did it out of love ; but he would have them know that he neither loved them nor feared them ; so the business is like to bleed sore on both sides ; nor is there yet any appearance of prevention.

There was a scuffle lately here betwixt the Duke of Nevers and the Cardinal of Guise, who have had a long suit-in-law about an abbey, and, meeting the last week about the palace, from words they fell to blows ; the Cardinal struck the Duke first and so were parted ; but in the afternoon there appeared on both sides no less than 3000 horse in a field hard by, which shows the populousness and sudden strength of this huge city ; but the matter was taken up by the King, himself, and the Cardinal clapped up in the



Bastile, where the King saith he shall abide to ripen; for he is but young, and they speak of a bull that is to come from Rome to decardinalize him. I fear to have trespassed too much upon your patience, therefore I will conclude for the present, but will never cease to profess myself your thrice humble and ready servitor,

J. H.

Paris, *August* 18, 1622.

XX

*To D. Caldwell, Esq.; from Poissy*

MY DEAR D.,

**T**O be free from English, and to have the more conveniency to fall close to our business, Mr Altham and I are lately retired from Paris to this town of Poissy, a pretty genteel place at the foot of the great forest of Saint Germain upon the river Sequana, and within a mile of one of the King's chiefest standing houses, and about fifteen miles from Paris. Here is one of the prime nunneries of all France. Lewis the Ninth, who in the catalogue of the French kings is called St Lewis, which title was confirmed by the Pope, was baptised in this little town, and after his return from Egypt and other places against the Saracens, being asked by what title he would be distinguished from the rest of his predecessors after his death, he answered that

he desired to be called Lewis of Poissy ; reply being made that there were divers other places and cities of renown, where he had performed brave exploits, and obtained famous victories, therefore it was more fitting that some of those places should denominate him. "No," said he, "I desire to be called Louis of Poissy, because there I got the most glorious victory that ever I had, for there I overcame the devil," meaning that he was christened there.

I sent you from Antwerp a silver Dutch table-book. I desire to hear of the receipt of it in your next. I must desire you (as I did once at Rouen) to send me a dozen pair of the whitest kidskin gloves for women, and half a dozen pair of knives, by the merchant's post ; and if you want anything that France can afford, I hope you know what power you have to dispose of.

Yours,

J. H.

Poissy, *September 7, 1622.*

## XXI

*To my Father ; from Paris*

I WAS afraid I should never have had ability to write to you again, I had lately such a dangerous fit of sickness ; but I have now passed the brunt of it. God hath been pleased to relieve me and reserve me for more days, which I hope to have grace to number better. Mr Altham and

I having retired to a small town from Paris for more privacy and sole conversation with the nation, I tied myself to a task for the reading of so many books in such a compass of time, and thereupon to make good my word to myself, I used to watch many nights together, though it was in the depth of winter; but returning to this town, I took cold in the head, and so that mass of rheum which had gathered by my former watching, turned to an imposthume in my head, whereof I was sick above forty days; at the end they cauterised and made an issue in my cheek to make vent for the imposthume, and that saved my life. At first they let me blood, and I parted with above fifty ounces in less than a fortnight, for phlebotomy is so much practised here, that if one's little finger ache, they presently open a vein, and so balance the blood on both sides; they usually let the blood in both arms. And the commonness of the thing seems to take away all fear, insomuch that the very women, when they find themselves indisposed, will open a vein themselves; for they hold that the blood which hath a circulation and fetcheth a round every twenty-four hours about the body is quickly repaired again. I was eighteen days and nights that I had no sleep but short imperfect slumbers, and those, too, procured by potions. The tumour at last came so about my throat, that I had scarce vent left for respiration, and my body was brought so low with all sorts of physic, that I appeared like a mere

skeleton. When I was indifferently well recovered, some of the doctors and chirurgeons that tended me gave me a visit, and amongst other things they fell in discourse of wines which was the best, and so by degrees they fell upon other beverages. And one doctor in the company who had been in England, told me that we have a drink in England called ale, which he thought was the wholsomest liquor that could go into one's guts, for whereas the body of man is supported by two columns, viz. the natural heat and radical moisture, he said, there is no drink conduceth more to the preservation of the one and the increase of the other than ale, for while the Englishmen drank only ale, they were strong brawny able men, and could draw an arrow an ell long; but when they fell to wine and beer, they are found to be much impaired in their strength and age. So the ale bore away the bell among the doctors.

The next week we advance our course farther into France towards the river of Loire to Orleans, whence I shall continue to convey my duty to you. In the meantime I humbly crave your blessing and your acknowledgment to God Almighty for my recovery. Be pleased further to impart my love amongst my brothers and sisters with all my kinsmen and friends in the country,— So I rest your dutiful son,

J. H.

Paris, *December* 10, 1622.

## XXII

*To Sir Thomas Savage, Knight and Baronet*

THAT of the fifth of this present which you pleased to send me was received, and I begin to think myself something more than I was, that you value so much the slender endeavours of my pen to do you service. I shall continue to improve your good opinion of me as opportunity shall serve.

Touching the great threats against Rochelle, whereof I gave you an ample relation in my last, matters are become now more calm and rather inclining to an accommodation, for it is thought a sum of money will make up the breach; and to this end some think all these bravadoes were made. The Duke of Luynes is at last made Lord High Constable of France, the prime officer of the crown. He hath a peculiar court to himself, a guard of a hundred men in rich liveries, and a hundred thousand livres every year pension. The old Duke of Lesdiguières, one of the ancientest soldiers of France, and a Protestant, is made his lieutenant.

But in regard all Christendom rings of this favourite, being the greatest that ever was in France since the Maires of the palace, who came to be kings afterwards, I will send you herein his legend. He was born in Province, and is a gentleman by descent, though of a petty extraction; in the last

king's time he was preferred to be one of his pages, who, finding him industrious and a good waiter, allowed him 300 crowns pension per annum, which he husbanded so well that he maintained himself and his two brothers in passable good fashion therewith. The King observing that, doubled his pension, and taking notice that he was a serviceable instrument and apt to please, he thought him fit to be about his son, in whose service he hath continued above fifteen years, and he has flown so high into his favour by a singular dexterity and art he hath in falconry, and by shooting at birds flying wherein the King took great pleasure, that he hath soared to this pitch of honour. He is a man of a passable good understanding and forecast, of a mild comportment, humble and debonair to all, and of a winning conversation. He hath about him choice and solid heads, who prescribe unto him rules of policy, by whose compass he steers his course, which is likely will make him subsist long. He is now come to that transcendant altitude, that he seems to have mounted above the reach of envy, and made all hopes of supplanting him frustrate, both by the politic guidance of his own actions and the powerful alliances he hath got for himself and his two brothers. He is married to the Duke of Montbazon's daughter, one of the prime peers of France. His second brother, Cadenet (who is reputed the wisest of the three), married the heiress of Picardy, with whom he had £9000 lands a year; his third brother, Brand, to the great heiress of Luxemburg,

of which house there have been five emperors, so that these three brothers and their allies would be able to counterbalance any one faction in France, the eldest and youngest being made dukes and peers of France, the other marshal. There are lately two Ambassadors Extraordinary come hither from Venice about the Valtolin, but their negotiation is at a stand until the return of an Ambassador Extraordinary which is gone to Spain. Ambassadors also are come from the Hague for payment of the French regiment there, which hath been neglected these ten years, and to know whether His Majesty will be pleased to continue their pay any longer; but their answer is yet suspended. They have brought news that the seven ships which were built for His Majesty in the Tessel are ready. To this he answered that he desires to have ten more built, for he intends to finish that design which his father had afoot a little before his death to establish a royal company of merchants.

This is all the news that France affords for the present, the relation whereof, if it prove as acceptable as my endeavours to serve you herein are pleasing unto me, I shall esteem myself happy. So wishing you and my noble lady continuance of health and increase of honour, I rest your most humble servitor,

J. H.

Paris, 15 December 1622.

## XXIII

*To Sir John North, Knight*

I CONFESS you have made a perfect conquest of me by your late favours, and I yield myself your captive. A day may come that will enable me to pay my ransom; in the interim let a most thankful acknowledgment be my bail and main-prize.

I am now removed from off the Seine to the Loire to the fair town of Orleans. There was here lately a mixed procession betwixt military and ecclesiastic for the Maid of Orleans, which is performed every year very solemnly. Her statue stands upon the bridge, and her clothes are preserved to this day, which a young man wore in the procession, which makes me think that her story though it sound like a romance is very true, and I read it thus in two or three chronicles. When the English had made such firm invasions in France, that their armies had marched into the heart of the country, besieged Orleans and driven Charles the Seventh to Bourges in Berry, which made him to be called, for the time, King of Berry, there came to his army a shepherdess, one Anne de Arque, who with a confident look and language told the King that she was designed by heaven to beat the English and drive them out of France. Therefore she desired a command



in the army, which by her extraordinary confidence and importunity she obtained, and putting on man's apparel she proved so prosperous that the siege was raised from before Orleans, and the English were pursued to Paris and forced to quit that, and driven to Normandy. She used to go on with marvellous courage and resolution, and her word was *bara ba*. But in Normandy she was taken prisoner, and the English had a fair revenge upon her, for by an arrest of the Parliament of Rouen she was burnt for a witch. There is a great business now afoot in Paris called the Polette, which if it take effect will tend to correct, at leastwise to cover a great error in the French government. The custom is that all the chief places of justice throughout all the eight courts of Parliament in France, besides a great number of other offices, are set to sale by the King, and they return to him unless the buyer liveth forty days after his resignation to another. It is now propounded that these casual offices shall be absolutely hereditary, provided that every officer pay a yearly revenue unto the King, according to the valuation of and perquisites of the office. This business is now in hot agitation, but the issue is yet doubtful.

The last you sent I received by Vacandary in Paris. So highly honouring your excellent parts and merit, I rest, now that I understand French indifferent well, no more your (she) servant, but your most faithful servitor,

J. H.

Orleans, 3 *March* 1622

## XXIV

*To Sir James Crofts, Knight*

WERE I to freight a letter with compliments, this country would furnish me with variety, but of news a small store at this present; and for compliment it is dangerous to use any to you who have such a piercing judgment to discern semblances from realities.

The queen mother is come at last to Paris, where she hath not been since Ancre's death. The King is also returned post from Bordeaux, having traversed most part of his kingdom; he settled peace everywhere he passed, and quashed divers insurrections, and by his obedience to his mother, and his lenity towards all his partisans at Pont de Cé, where above 400 were slain, and notwithstanding that he was victorious, yet he gave a general pardon; he hath gained much upon the affections of his people. His Council of State went ambulatory always with him, and as they say here, never did men manage things with more wisdom. There is a war questionless a-fermenting against the Protestants, the Duke of Epernon, in a kind of rodomontado way, desired leave of the King to block up Rochelle, and in six weeks he would undertake to deliver her to his hands, but I believe he reckons without his host. I was told a merry passage of this little Gascon duke, who is now the oldest soldier of France.

Having come lately to Paris he treated with a pander to procure him a courtesan, and if she was a damosel (a gentlewoman) he would give so much, and if a citizen he would give so much. The pander did his office, but brought him a citizen clad in damosel's apparel, so she and her maquerel were paid accordingly. The next day after, some of his familiars having understood hereof, began to be pleasant with the duke and to jeer him, that he being a *vieil routier*, an old tried soldier, should suffer himself to be so cozened as to pay for a citizen after the rate of a gentlewoman; the little duke grew half wild hereupon, and commenced an action of fraud against the pander, but what became of it I cannot tell you, but all Paris rung of it. I hope to return now very shortly to England, where amongst the rest of my noble friends I shall much rejoice to see and serve you, whom I honour with no vulgar affection, so I am, your true servitor, J. H.

Orleans, 5 *March* 1622.

XXV

*To my Cousin, Mr Will Martin at Brussels;  
from Paris*

DEAR COUSIN,

I FIND you are very punctual in your performances, and a precise observer of the promise you made here to correspond with Mr Altham and

me by letters. I thank you for the variety of German news you imparted unto me, which was so neatly couched and curiously knit together, that your letter might serve for a pattern to the best intelligencer. I am sorry the affairs of the Prince Palsgrave go so untowardly ; the wheel of war may turn, and that spoke which is now up may down again. For French occurrences, there is a war certainly intended against them of the religion here ; and there are visible preparations afoot already. Amongst others that shrink in the shoulders at it, the King's servants are not very well pleased with it, in regard besides Scots and Swissers, there are divers of the King's servants that are Protestants. If a man go to *ragion' di stato*, to reason of state, the French King hath something to justify this design ; for the Protestants being so numerous, and having near upon fifty presidiary walled towns in their hands for caution, they have power to disturb France when they please, and being abetted by a foreign prince to give the King law ; and you know as well as I how they have been made use of to kindle a fire in France. Therefore rather than they should be utterly suppressed, I believe the Spaniard himself would reach them his ragged-staff to defend them.

I send you here inclosed another from Master Altham, who respects you dearly, and we remembered you lately at *La pomme du pin* in the best liquor of the French grape. I shall be shortly for London, where I shall not rejoice a little to meet

you ; the English air may confirm what foreign begun, I mean our friendship and affections, and in me (that I may return you in English the Latin verses you sent me) :

As soon a little, little ant  
Shall bib the ocean dry,  
A snail shall creep about the world,  
Ere these affections die.

So, my dear cousin, may Virtue be your guide  
and Fortune your companion. — Yours while  
JAM. HOWELL.

Paris, 18 *March* 1662.



EPISTOLÆ HO-ELIANÆ

SECTION III





## SECTION III

### I

#### *To my Father*

I AM safely returned now the second time from beyond the seas, but I have yet no employment. God and good friends I hope will shortly provide one for me.

The Spanish Ambassador, Count Gondamar, doth strongly negotiate a match betwixt our Prince and the Infanta of Spain, but at his first audience there happened an ill-favoured accident (I pray God it prove no ill augury), for my Lord of Arundell being sent to accompany him to Whitehall upon a Sunday in the afternoon, as they were going over the terrasse, it broke under them, but only one was hurt in the arm. Gondamar said that he had not cared to have died in so good company. He saith there is no other way to regain the Palatinate but by this match, and to settle an eternal peace in Christendom.

The Marquis of Buckingham continueth still in fulness of grace and favour. The countess, his mother, sways also much at court. She brought Sir Henry Montague from delivering law on the King's Bench to look to his bags in the Exchequer, for she made him Lord High Treasurer of Eng-

land ; but he parted with his white staff before the year's end, though his purse had bled deeply for it (above £20,000), which made a lord of this land to ask him at his return from court "whether he did not find that wood was extremely dear at Newmarket," for there he received the white staff. There is now a notable stirring man in the place, my Lord Cranfield, who, from walking about the Exchange, is come to sit Chief Judge in the Exchequer Chamber, and to have one of the highest places at the council table. He is married to one of the tribe of Fortune, a kinswoman of the Marquis of Buckingham. Thus there is rising and falling at court, and as in our natural pace one foot cannot be up till the other be down, so it is in the affairs of the world commonly — one man riseth at the fall of the other.

I have no more to write at this time, but that with tender of my duty to you, I desire a continuance of your blessing and prayers. Your dutiful son,

J. H.

London, *March 22, 1622.*

## II

*To the Honourable Mr John Savage (now Earl Rivers) at Florence*

**M**Y love is not so short but it can reach as far as Florence to find you out, and further, too, if occasion required, nor are these affections

I have to serve you so dull but they can clamber over the Alps and Apennines to wait upon you, as they have adventured to do now in this paper. I am sorry I was not in London to kiss your hands before you set to sea, and much more sorry that I had not the happiness to meet you in Holland or Brabant, for we went the very same road, and lay in Dort and Antwerp in the same lodgings you had lain in a fortnight before. I presume you have by this time tasted of the sweetness of travel, and that you have weaned your affections from England for a good while. You must now think upon home as (one said) good men think upon heaven, aiming still to go thither, but not till they finish their course; and yours, I understand, will be three years. In the meantime you must not suffer any melting tenderness of thoughts, or longing desires, to distract or interrupt you in that fair road you are in to virtue, and to beautify within that comely edifice which nature hath built without you. I know your reputation is precious to you, as it should be to every noble mind; you have exposed it now to the hazard, therefore you must be careful it receive no taint at your return by not answering that expectation which your Prince and noble parents have of you. You are now under the chiefest clime of wisdom, fair Italy, the darling of nature, the nurse of policy, the theatre of virtue. But though Italy give milk to Virtue with one dug, she often suffers Vice to suck at the other;

therefore you must take heed you mistake not the dug, for there is an ill-favoured saying that “Inglese Italionato è diavolo incarnato” (an Englishman-Italian is a devil incarnate). I fear no such thing of you, I have had such pregnant proofs of your ingenuity and noble inclinations to virtue and honour: I know you have a mind to both, but I must tell you that you will hardly get the goodwill of the latter unless the first speak a good word for you. When you go to Rome you may haply see the ruins of two temples, one dedicated to Virtue, the other to Honour, and there was no way to enter into the last but through the first. Noble sir, I wish your good very seriously, and if you please to call to memory, and examine the circumstance of things, and my carriage towards you since I had the happiness to be known first to your honourable family, I know you will conclude that I love and honour you in no vulgar way.

My lord, your grandfather, was complaining lately that he had not heard from you a good while. By the next shipping to Leghorn, amongst other things, he intends to send you a whole brawn in collars. I pray be pleased to remember my affectionate service to Mr Thomas Savage, and my kind respects to Mr Bold. For English news I know this packet comes freighted to you, therefore I forbear at this time to send any. Farewell, noble heir of honour, and command always your true servitor,

J. H.

London, *March* 24, 1622.

## III

*To Sir James Crofts, Knight, at Saint Osith  
in Essex*

I HAD yours upon Tuesday last, and whereas you are desirous to know the proceedings of the Parliament, I am sorry I must write to you that matters begin to grow boisterous. The King retired not long since to Newmarket not very well pleased, and this week there went thither twelve from the House of Commons, to whom Sir Richard Weston was the mouth. The King, not liking the message they brought, called them his ambassadors, and in the large answer which he hath sent to the Speaker, he saith that he must apply unto them a speech of Queen Elizabeth's to an ambassador of Poland, "*Legatum expectavimus, Heraldum accepimus*" (We expected an ambassador, we have received a herald). He takes it not well that they should meddle with the match betwixt his son and the Infanta, alleging an example of one of the kings of France, who would not marry his son without the advice of his Parliament; but afterwards that king grew so despicable abroad that no foreign state would treat with him about anything without his Parliament. Sundry other high passages there were; as a caveat he gave them not to touch the honour of the King of Spain, with whom he was so far

engaged in a matrimonial treaty that he could not go back. He gave them also a check for taking cognizance of those things which had their motion in the ordinary courts of justice, and that Sir Edward Coke (though these words were not inserted in the answer), whom he thought to be the fittest instrument for a tyrant that ever was in England, should be so bold as to call the prerogative of the crown a great monster. The Parliament after this was not long lived, but broke up in discontent, and upon the point of dissolution they made a protest against divers particulars in the aforesaid answer of His Majesty's. My Lord Digby is preparing for Spain in quality of Ambassador Extraordinary, to perfect the match betwixt our Prince and the Lady Infanta, in which business Gondamar hath waded already very deep, and been very active, and ingratiated himself with divers persons of quality, ladies especially, yet he could do no good upon the Lady Hatton, whom he desired lately that in regard he was her next neighbour (at Ely-House) he might have the benefit of her back gate to go abroad into the fields; but she put him off with a compliment, whereupon in a private audience lately with the King amongst other passages of merriment, he told him that my Lady Hatton was a strange lady, for she would not suffer her husband Sir Edward Coke, to come in at her fore door, nor him to go out at her back door, and so related the whole business. He was also dispatching a post lately for Spain, and the post

having received his packet and kissed his hands, he called him back and told him he had forgot one thing, which was, that when he came to Spain he should commend him to the sun, for he had not seen him a great while, and in Spain he should be sure to find him.—So with my most humble service to my Lord of Colchester, I rest your most humble servitor,

J. H.

London, *March* 24, 1622.

#### IV

*To my Brother, Mr Hugh Penry*

THE Welsh nag you sent me was delivered me in a very good plight, and I give you a thousand thanks for him. I had occasion lately to try his mettle and his lungs, and every one tells me he is right, and of no mongrel race, but a true mountaineer; for besides his toughness and strength of lungs up a hill, he is quickly curried, and content with short commons. I believe he hath not been long a highway traveller, for whereas other horses when they pass by an inn or alehouse use to make towards them to give them a friendly visit, this nag roundly goes on, and scorns to cast as much as a glance upon any of them, which I know not whether I shall impute it to his ignorance or height of spirit, but conversing with the soft horses of England, I believe he will quickly be brought to be more courteous.

The greatest news we have now is the return of the Lord Bishop of Landaff, Davenant, Ward, and Belcanquell from the Synod of Dort, where the bishop had precedence given him according to his episcopal dignity. Arminius and Vorstius were sore baited there concerning predestination, election, and reprobation, as also touching Christ's death and man's redemption by it; then concerning man's corruption and conversion; lastly, concerning the perseverance of the saints. I shall have shortly the transaction of the Synod. The Jesuits have put out a jeering libel against it, and these two verses I remember in it.

Dordrecti Synodus? nodus; chorus integer? aeger;  
 Conventus? ventus; Sessio stramen? Amen.

But I will confront this distich with another I read in France of the Jesuits in the town of Dole, towards Lorraine. They had a great house given them called L'Arc (*arcum*), and upon the river of Loire, Henry the Fourth gave them *La Flèche*, *sagittam* in Latin, where they have two stately convents, that is, bow and arrow; whereupon one made these verses:

Arcum Dola dedit, dedit illis alma sagittam  
 Francia; quis chordam, quāam meruere, dabit?  
 Fair France the arrow, Dole gave them the bow,  
 Who shall the string which they deserve bestow.

No more now, but that with my dear love to my sister, I rest your most affectionate brother,

J. H.

London, *April* 16, 1622.



## V

*To the Lord Viscount Colchester*

MY GOOD LORD,

I RECEIVED your lordship's of the last week, and according to your command, I send here enclosed the *Venetian Gazette*. Of foreign avisos, they write that Mansfeldt hath been beaten out of Germany and is come to Sedan, and it is thought that the Duke of Bovillon will set him up again with a new army. Marquis Spinola hath newly sat down before Berghen-op-Zoom. Your lordship knows well what consequence that town is of, therefore it is likely this will be a hot summer in the Netherlands. The French King is in open war against them of the religion; he hath already cleared the Loire by taking Jerseau and Saumur, where Monsieur du Plessis sent him the keys, which are promised to be delivered him again, but I think *ad Graecas Calendas*. He hath been also before Saint John d'Angeli, where the young Cardinal of Guyse died, being struck down by the puff of a cannon bullet, which put him in a burning fever and made an end of him. The last town that was taken was Clerac, which was put to 50,000 crowns ransom. Many were put to the sword and divers gentlemen drowned as they thought to escape. This is the fifteenth cautionary town the King hath taken, and now they say

he marcheth towards Montauban, and so to Montpellier and Nismes, and then have at Rochelle. My Lord Hays is by this time, it is thought, with the army, for Sir Edward Herbert is returned, having had some clashings and counterbuffs with the favourite Luynes, wherein he comported himself gallantly. There is a fresh report blown over that Luynes is lately dead in the army of the plague, some say of the purples, the next cousin german to it, which the Protestants give out to be the just judgment of heaven fallen upon him, because he incited his master to these wars against them. If he be not dead, let him die when he will, he will leave a fame behind him to have been the greatest favourite for the time that ever was in France, having from a simple falconer come to be High Constable, and made himself and his younger brother Grand Dukes and peers, and his second brother Cadenet, Marshal, and all three married to princely families.

No more now, but that I most humbly kiss your lordship's hands, and shall be always most ready and cheerful to receive your commandments, because I am your lordship's obliged servitor,

J. H.

London, 12 *August* 1623.

## VI

*To my Father from London*

I WAS at a dead stand in the course of my fortunes when it pleased God to provide me lately an employment to Spain, whence I hope there may arise both repute and profit. Some of the Cape merchants of the Turkey Company, amongst whom the chiefest were Sir Robert Napper, and Captain Leat proposed unto me that they had a great business in the Court of Spain in agitation many years, nor was it now their business but the King's, in whose name it is followed. They could have gentlemen of good quality that would undertake it. Yet if I would take it upon me they would employ no other, and assured me that the employment should tend both to my benefit and credit. Now the business is this: There was a great Turkey ship called the *Vineyard*, sailing through the straits towards Constantinople, but by distress of weather she was forced to put into a little port called Milo, in Sardinia. The searchers came aboard of her, and finding her richly laden, for her cargazon of broad-cloth was worth the first penny near upon £30,000, they cavilled at some small proportion of lead and tin, which they had only for the use of the ship, which the searchers alleged to be *ropa de contrabando*, prohibited goods, for by Article of Peace nothing is to be carried to

Turkey that may arm or victual. The Viceroy of Sardinia hereupon seized upon the whole ship and all her goods, landed the master and men in Spain, who coming to Sir Charles Cornwall's, then ambassador at the court, Sir Charles could do them little good at present, therefore they came to England and complained to the King and Council. His Majesty was so sensible hereof that he sent a particular commission in his own royal name to demand a restitution of the ship and goods, and justice upon the Viceroy of Sardinia, who had so apparently broke the peace and wronged his subjects. Sir Charles (with Sir Paul Pindar a while) laboured in the business, and commenced a suit in law, but he was called home before he could do anything to purpose. After him Sir John Digby (now Lord Digby) went ambassador to Spain, and amongst other things he had that particular commission from His Majesty invested in him to prosecute the suit in his own royal name. Thereupon he sent a well qualified gentleman, Mr Walsingham Gresley, to Sardinia, who, unfortunately, meeting with some men-of-war in the passage, was carried prisoner to Algiers. My Lord Digby being remanded home, left the business in Mr Cottington's hands, then agent, but resumed it at his return; yet it proved such a tedious, intricate suit that he returned again without finishing the work, in regard of the remoteness of the island of Sardinia, whence the witnesses and other dispatches were to be fetched. The Lord Digby

is going now Ambassador Extraordinary to the Court of Spain upon the business of the match, the restitution of the Palatinate, and other high affairs of state, therefore he is desirous to transmit the King's commission touching this particular business to any gentleman that is capable to follow it, and promiseth to assist him with the utmost of his power, and i' faith, he hath good reason to do so, in regard he hath now a good round share himself in it. About this business I am now preparing to go to Spain, in company of the Ambassador, and I shall kiss the King's hands, as his agent touching this particular commission. I humbly entreat that your blessing and prayers may accompany me in this my new employment, which I have undertaken upon very good terms, touching expenses and reward. So with my dear love to my brothers and sisters, with other kindred and friends in the country, I rest your dutiful son,

J. H.

London, 8 *September* 1622.

## VII

*To Sir Tho. Savage, Knight and Baronet, at  
his house in Long-Melford*

I RECEIVED your commands in a letter which you sent me by Sir John North, and I shall not fail to serve you in those particulars. It hath pleased God to dispose of me once more for Spain,

upon a business which I hope will make me good returns. There have two ambassadors and a royal agent followed it hitherto, and I am the fourth that is employed in it. I defer to trouble you with the particulars of it, in regard I hope to have the happiness to kiss your hand at Tower Hill before my departure, which will not be till my Lord Digby sets forward. He goes in a gallant, splendid equipage, and one of the King's ships is to take him in at Plymouth; and transport him to the Corunna or Saint Anderas.

Since that sad disaster which befel Archbishop Abbott, to kill the man by the glancing of an arrow as he was shooting at a deer (which kind of death befel one of our kings once in New Forest), there had been a commission awarded to debate whether upon this fact, whereby he hath shed human blood, he be not to be deprived of his archbishopric, and pronounced irregular; some were against him, but Bishop Andrews and Sir Henry Martin stood stiffly for him, that in regard it was no spontaneous act, but a mere contingency, and that there is no degree of men but is subject to misfortunes and casualties, they declared positively that he was not to fall from his dignity or function, but should still remain a regular, and in *statu quo prius*; during this debate he petitioned the King that he might be permitted to retire to his almshouse at Guildford, where he was born, to pass the remainder of his life; but he is now come to be again *rectus in curia*, absolutely quitted and

restored to all things. But for the wife of him which was killed, it was no misfortune to her, for he hath endowed herself and her children with such an estate, that they say her husband could never have got.—So I humbly kiss your hands, and rest your most obliged servitor,

J. H.

London, 9 *November* 1622.

### VIII

*To Captain Nich. Leat, from Madrid, at his  
house in London*

I AM safely come to the Court of Spain, and although by reason of that misfortune which befel Mr Altham and me, of wounding the sergeants in Lombard Street, we stayed three weeks behind my Lord Ambassador, yet we came hither time enough to attend him to Court at his first audience.

The English nation is better looked on now in Spain than ordinary, because of the hopes there are of a match, which the merchant and community much desire, though the nobility and gentry be not so forward for it. So that in this point the pulse of Spain beats quite contrary to that of England, where the people are averse to this match, and the nobility with most part of the gentry inclinable.

I have perused all the papers I could get into my hands touching the business of the ship *Vineyard*, and I find that they are higher than I in bulk, though closely prest together; I have cast up what is awarded by all the sentences of view and review, by the Council of State and War, and I find the whole sum, as well principal as interest upon interest, all sorts of damages, and processal charges, come to above two hundred and fifty thousand crowns. The *Conde del Real*, *quondam* Viceroy of Sardinia, who is adjudged to pay most part of the money, is here, and he is major-domo, Lord Steward to the Infante Cardinal. If he hath wherewith, I doubt not but to recover the money, for I hope to have come in a favourable conjuncture of time, and my Lord Ambassador, who is so highly esteemed here, doth assure me of his best furtherance. So praying I may prove as successful, as I shall be faithful in this great business, I rest yours to dispose of,

J. H.

Madrid, 28 *December* 1622.

## IX

*To Mr Arthur Hopton, from Madrid*

SINCE I was made happy with your acquaintance, I have received sundry strong evidences of your love and good wishes unto me, which have tied me unto you in no common obligation of thanks. I am in despair ever to cancel this



bond, nor would I do it, but rather endear the engagement more and more.

The treaty of the match betwixt our Prince and the Lady Infanta is now strongly afoot. She is a very comely lady, rather of a Flemish complexion than Spanish, fair haired, and carrieth a most pure mixture of red and white in her face; she is full and big lipped, which is held a beauty rather than a blemish or any excess in the Austrian family, it being a thing incident to most of that race. She goes now upon sixteen, and is of a tallness agreeable to those years. The King is also of such a complexion and is under twenty. He hath two brothers, Don Carlos and Don Hernando, who though a youth of twelve, yet he is Cardinal and Archbishop of Toledo, which, in regard it hath the Chancellorship of Castile annexed to it, is the greatest spiritual dignity in Christendom after the Papacy, for it is valued at 300,000 crowns per annum. Don Carlos is of a different complexion from all the rest, for he is black-haired and of a Spanish hue. He hath neither office, command, dignity or title, but is an individual companion to the King, and what clothes soever are provided for the King he hath the very same, and as often, from top to toe. He is the better beloved of the people for his complexion; for one shall hear the Spaniard sigh and lament, saying, "O, when shall we have a king again of our own colour!"

I pray commend me kindly to all at your house, and send me word when the young gentlemen

return from Italy. So with my most affectionate respects to yourself, I rest your true friend to serve you,

J. H.

Madrid, 5 *January* 1622.

X

*To Captain Nic. Leat, from Madrid*

**Y**OURS of the 10th of this present I received by Mr Simon Digby, with the inclosed to your son in Alicant, which is safely sent. Since my last unto you I had access to Olivares, the favourite that rules all. I had also audience of the King, to whom I delivered two memorials since, in His Majesty's name of Great Britain, that a particular Junta of some of the Council of State and War might be appointed to determine the business. The last memorial had so good success that the referees are nominated, whereof the chiefest is the Duke of Infantado. Here it is not the style to claw and compliment with the King or idolize him by Sacred Sovereign and Most Excellent Majesty, but the Spaniard when he petitions to his king gives him no other character but "Sir," and so relating his business; at the end he doth ask and demand justice of him. When I have done with the Viceroy here, I shall hasten my dispatches for Sardinia. Since my last I went to liquidate the account more particularly, and I find that of the 250,000 crowns there are above 40,000

due unto you, which might serve for a good alderman's estate.

Your son in Alicante writes to me of another mischance that is befallen the ship *Amitie* about Majorca, whereof you were one of the proprietaries. I am very sorry to hear of it, and touching any dispatches that are to be had hence, I shall endeavour to procure you them according to instructions.

Your cousin, Richard Altham, remembers his kind respects unto you, and sends you many thanks for the pains you took in freeing us from that trouble which the scuffle with the sergeants brought upon us. So I rest yours ready to serve you,

J. H.

Madrid, 5 *January* 1622.

## XI

*To the Lord Viscount Colchester, from Madrid*

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

THE grand business of the match goes so fairly on that a special Junta is appointed to treat of it, the names whereof I send you here inclosed. They have proceeded so far that most of the articles are agreed upon. Mr George Gage is lately come hither from Rome, a polite and prudent gentleman, who hath negotiated some things in that Court for the advance of the business with the Cardinals Bandino, Lodovisio, and La Susanna,

who are the main men there to whom the drawing of the dispensation is referred.

The late taking of Ormus by the Persians from the Crown of Portugal keeps a great noise here, and the rather because the exploit was done by the assistance of the English ships that were then thereabouts. My Lord Digby went to Court and gave a round satisfaction in this point; for it was no voluntary but a constrained act in the English, who being in the Persian's port were suddenly embarked for the service; and the Persian herein did no more than what is usual amongst Christian princes themselves, and which is oftener put in practice by the King of Spain and his viceroys, than by any other, viz., to make an embargo of any stranger's ship that rides within his ports upon all occasions. It was feared this surprisal of Ormus, which was the greatest mart in all the Orient for all sorts of jewels, would have bred ill blood, and prejudiced the proceedings of the match, but the Spaniard is a rational man, and will be satisfied with reason. Count Olivares is the main man who sways all, and 'tis thought he is not so much affected to an alliance with England as his predecessor the Duke of Lerma was, who set it first afoot betwixt Prince Henry and this Queen of France. The Duke of Lerma was the greatest *privado*, the greatest favourite, that ever was in Spain since Don Alvaro de Luna. He brought, himself, the Duke of Uzeda his son, and the Duke of Cea his grandchild, to be all Grandees

of Spain, which is the greatest title that a Spanish subject is capable of; they have a privilege to stand covered before the King, and at their election there is no other ceremony but only these three words by the King, "Cobrese por Grande" (cover yourself for a Grandee), and that is all. The Cardinal Duke of Lerma lives at Valladolid; he officiates and sings mass, and passeth his old age in devotion and exercises of piety. It is a common and, indeed, a commendable custom amongst the Spaniard when he hath passed his *grand climacteric*, and is grown decrepit, to make a voluntary resignation of offices be they never so great and profitable (though I cannot say Lerma did so), and sequestering and weaning themselves, as it were, from all mundane negotiations and incumbrances, to retire to some place of devotion, and spend the residue of their days in meditation and in preparing themselves for another world. Charles the Emperor shewed them the way, who left the empire to his brother, and all the rest of his dominions to his son Philip the Second, and so, taking with him his two sisters, he retired into a monastery, they into a nunnery. This doth not suit well with the genius of an Englishman, who loves not to pull off his clothes till he goes to bed. I will conclude with some verses I saw under a huge Rodomontado picture of the Duke of Lerma, wherein he is painted like a giant bearing up the monarchy of Spain, that of France, and the Popedom, upon his shoulders, with this stanza—

Sobre los ombres d'este Atlante  
 Yazen en aquestos dias  
 Estas tres Monarquias.

Upon the shoulders of this Atlas lies  
 The Popedom and two mighty Monarchies.

So I most humbly kiss your Lordship's hands,  
 and rest ever most ready at your Lordship's com-  
 mand, J. H.

Madrid, 3 *February* 1622.

## XII

*To my Father*

ALL affairs went on fairly here, specially that of the match when Master Endymion Porter brought lately my Lord of Bristol a dispatch from England of a high nature, wherein the earl is commanded to represent unto this King how much His Majesty of Great Britain since the beginning of these German wars hath laboured to merit well of this crown, and of the whole House of Austria, by a long and lingering patience, grounded still upon assurances hence, that care should be had of his honour, his daughter's jointure, and grandchildren's patrimony; yet how crossly all things had proceeded in the treaty at Brussels, managed by Sir Richard Weston, as also that in the Palatinate by the Lord Chichester;

how in treating-time the town and castle of Heidelberg were taken, Manheim besieged, and all acts of hostility used, notwithstanding the fair professions made by this King, the Infanta at Brussels, and other his ministers; how merely out of respect to this King he had neglected all martial means which probably might have preserved the Palatinate; those thin garrisons which he had sent thither being rather for honour's sake to keep a footing until a general accommodation, than that he relied any way upon their strength; and since that there are no other fruits of all this but reproach and scorn, and that those good offices which he used towards the Emperor on the behalf of his son-in-law, which he was so much encouraged by letters from hence should take effect, have not sorted to any other issue, than to a plain affront and a high injuring of both their Majesties, though in a different degree; the earl is to tell him that His Majesty of Great Britain hopes and desires that out of a true apprehension of these wrongs offered unto them both, he will as his dear and loving brother faithfully promise and undertake upon his honour, confirming the same under his hand and seal, either that Heidelberg shall be within seventy days rendered into his hands; as also that there shall be within the said term of seventy days a suspension of arms in the Palatinate, and that a treaty shall recommence upon such terms as he propounded in November last, which this King held then to be reasonable; and in case that this be not



yielded unto by the Emperor, that then this King join forces with His Majesty of England, for the recovery of the Palatinate, which upon this trust hath been lost; or in case his forces at this time be otherwise employed, that they cannot give His Majesty that assistance he desires and deserves, that at least he will permit a free and friendly passage through his territories such forces as His Majesty of Great Britain shall employ in Germany. Of all which, if the Earl of Bristol hath not from the King of Spain a direct assurance under his hand and seal ten days after his audience, that then he take his leave and return to England to His Majesty's presence, also to proceed in the negotiation of the match according to former instructions.

This was the main substance of His Majesty's late letter, yet there was a postscript added that in case a rupture happen betwixt the two crowns the earl should not come instantly and abruptly away, but that he should send advice first to England and carry the business so that the world should not presently know of it.

Notwithstanding all these traverses we are confident here that the match will take, otherwise my cake is dough. There was a great difference in one of the capitulations betwixt the two kings how long the children which should issue of this marriage were to continue *sub regimine matris*, under the tutelage of the mother. This King demanded fourteen years at first, then twelve, but now he is come



to nine, which is newly condescended unto. I received yours of the 1st of September in another from Sir James Crofts, wherein it was no small comfort to me to hear of your health. I am to go hence shortly for Sardinia, a dangerous voyage, by reason of Algier pirates. I humbly desire your prayers may accompany your dutiful son,

J. H.

Madrid, 23 *February* 1622.

### XIII

*To Sir James Crofts, Knight*

**Y**OURS of the 2nd of October came to safe hand with the enclosed. You write that there came despatches lately from Rome, wherein the Pope seems to endeavour to insinuate himself into a direct treaty with England, and to negotiate immediately with our King touching the dispensation, which he not only labours to evade, but utterly disclaims, it being by article the task of this King to procure all despatches thence. I thank you for sending me this news. You shall understand there came lately an express from Rome also to this court, touching the business of the match, which gave very good content, but the dispatch and new instructions which Mr Endymion Porter brought my Lord of Bristol lately from England, touching the Prince Palatine, filled us with apprehension of fear. Our ambassadors here have had audience

of this King already about those propositions, and we hope that Master Porter will carry back such things as will satisfy. Touching the two points in the treaty wherein the two kings differed most, viz., about the education of the children, and the exemption of the Infanta's ecclesiastic servants from secular jurisdiction, both these points are cleared, for the Spaniard is come from fourteen years to ten, and for so long time the infant princes shall remain under the mother's government. And for the other point the ecclesiastical superior shall first take notice of the offence that shall be committed by any spiritual person belonging to the Infanta's family, and according to the merit thereof either deliver him by degradation to the secular justice, or banish him the kingdom according to the quality of the delict, and it is the same that is practised in this kingdom and other parts that adhere to Rome.

The Conde de Monterre goes Viceroy to Naples, the Marquis de Montesclaros being put by, the gallanter man of the two. I was told of a witty saying of his when the Duke of Lerma had the vogue in this court; for going one morning to speak with the duke, and having danced attendance a long time, he peeped through a slit in the hanging, and spied Don Rodrigo Calderon, a great man (who was lately beheaded here for poisoning the late Queen Dowager), delivering the duke a paper upon his knees, whereat the marquis smiled and said, "Voto a tal, aquel hombre sube mas a

las rodillas, que yo no hago a los pies ” (I swear that man climbs higher upon his knees than I can upon my feet). Indeed I have read it to be a true court rule that *descendendo ascendendum est in Aula*, descending is the way to ascend at court. There is a kind of humility and compliance that is far from any servile baseness or sordid flattery, and may be termed discretion rather than adulation. I intend, God willing, to go for Sardinia this spring. I hope to have better luck than Master Walsingham Gresley had, who some few years since in his passage thither upon the same business that I have in agitation met with some Turkish men-of-war, and so was carried a slave to Algiers. — So with my true respects to you, I rest your faithful servant,

J. H.

Madrid, 12 *March* 1622.

#### XIV

*To Sir Francis Cottington, Secretary to His Highness the Prince of Wales, at Saint James*

I BELIEVE it will not be displeasing unto you to hear of the procedure and success of that business wherein yourself hath been so long versed — I mean the great suit against the quondam Viceroy of Sardinia, the Conde del a Real. Count Gondomar's coming was a great advantage unto me, who hath done me many favours, besides a

confirmation of the two sentences of view and review, and of the execution against the Viceroy. I have procured a royal schedule, which I caused to be printed, and whereof I send you here enclosed a copy, by which schedule I have power to arrest his very person ; and my lawyers tell me there was never such a schedule granted before. I have also by virtue of it priority of all other his creditors. He hath made an imperfect overture of a composition, and showed me some trivial old-fashioned jewels, but nothing equivalent to the debt. And now that I speak of jewels, the late surprisal of Ormus, by the assistance of our ships, sinks deep in their stomachs here, and we were afraid it would have spoiled all proceedings ; but my Lord Digby, now Earl of Bristol (for Count Gondomar brought him over his patent), hath calmed all things at his last audience.

There were luminaries of joy lately here for the victory that Don Gonzalez de Cordova got over Count Mansfelt in the Netherlands with that army which the Duke of Bouillon had levied for him ; but some say they have not much reason to rejoice, for though the infantry suffered, yet Mansfelt got clear with all his horse by a notable retreat, and they say here it was the greatest piece of service and art he ever did, it being a maxim that there is nothing so difficult in the art of war as an honourable retreat. Besides, the report of his coming to Breda caused Marquis Spinola to raise the siege before Berghen, to burn his tents,

and to pack away suddenly, for which he is much censured here.

Captain Leat and others have written to me of the favourable report you pleased to make of my endeavours here, for which I return you humble thanks. And though you have left behind you a multitude of servants in this court, yet if occasion were offered, none should be more forward to go on your errand than your humble and faithful servitor,

J. H.

Madrid, 15 *March* 1622.

XV

*To the Honourable Sir Thos. Savage, Knight  
and Baronet*

THE great business of the match was tending to a period, the articles reflecting both upon Church and State being capitulated and interchangeably accorded on both sides, and there wanted nothing to consummate all things, when to the wonderment of the world the Prince and the Marquis of Buckingham arrived at this court on Friday last upon the close of the evening. They alighted at my Lord of Bristol's house, and the Marquis (Mr Thomas Smith) came in first with a portmanteau under his arm, then (Mr John Smith) the Prince was sent for, who stayed a while the other side of the street in the dark. My Lord of Bristol, in a kind of astonish-

ment, brought him up to his bedchamber, where he presently called for pen and ink, and despatched a post that night to England to acquaint His Majesty how in less than sixteen days he was come safely to the court of Spain. That post went lightly laden, for he carried but three letters. The next day came Sir Francis Cottington and Mr Porter, and dark rumours ran in every corner how some great man was come from England, and some would not stick to say amongst the vulgar it was the King. But towards the evening on Saturday the Marquis went in a close coach to court, where he had private audience of this King, who sent Olivares to accompany him back to the Prince, where he kneeled and kissed his hands, and hugged his thighs, and delivered how unmeasurably glad his Catholic Majesty was of his coming, with other high compliments, which Mr Porter did interpret. About ten o'clock that night the King himself came in a close coach with intent to visit the Prince, who, hearing of it, met him half way, and after salutations and divers embraces which passed in the first interview they parted late. I forgot to tell you that Count Gondomar, being sworn Councillor of State that morning, having been before but one of the Council of War, he came in great haste to visit the Prince, saying he had strange news to tell him, which was that an Englishman was sworn Privy Councillor of Spain, meaning himself, who he said was an Englishman in his heart. On Sunday following, the King in the after-

noon came abroad to take the air with the Queen, his two brothers, and the Infanta, who were all in one coach ; but the Infanta sat in the bootikin with a blue riband about her arm, of purpose that the Prince might distinguish her. There were above twenty coaches besides of grandees, noblemen, and ladies that attended them. And now it was publicly known amongst the vulgar that it was the Prince of Wales who had come, and the confluence of people before my Lord of Bristol's house was so great and greedy to see the Prince, that to clear the way Sir Lewis Dives went out and took coach, and all the crowd of people went after him. So the Prince himself a little after took coach, wherein there were the Earl of Bristol, Sir Walter Ashton, and Count Gondomar, and so went to the Prado, a place hard by, of purpose to take the air, where they stayed till the King passed by. As soon as the Infanta saw the Prince her colour rose very high, which we hold to be an impression of love and affection, for the face is oftentimes a true index of the heart. Upon Monday morning after the King sent some of his prime nobles and other gentlemen to attend the Prince in quality of officers, as one to be his major-domo (his steward), another to be master of the horse, and so too inferior officers, so that there is a complete court now at my Lord of Bristol's house. But upon Sunday next the Prince is to remove to the King's palace, where there is one of the chief quarters of the house providing for him. By the



next opportunity you shall hear more.—In the interim I take my leave and rest your most humble and ready servitor,

J. H.

Madrid, *March* 27, 1623.

## XVI

*To Sir Eubule Thelwall, Knight, at Gray's Inn*

I KNOW the eyes of all England are earnestly fixed now upon Spain, her best jewel being here; but his journey was like to be spoiled in France, for if he had stayed but a little longer at Bayonne, the last town of that kingdom hitherwards, he had been discovered, for Monsieur Gramond, the governor, had notice of him not long after he had taken post. The people here do mightily magnify the gallantry of the journey, and cry out that he deserved to have the Infanta thrown into his arms the first night he came. He hath been entertained with all the magnificence that possibly could be devised. On Sunday last, in the morning betimes, he went to Saint Hierom's monastery, whence the Kings of Spain used to be fetched the day they are crowned; and thither the King came in person with his two brothers, his eight counsels, and the flower of the nobility. He rode upon the King's right hand through the heart of the town under a great canopy, and was brought so into his lodgings in the King's palace, and the King himself accompanied him to his very



bedchamber. It was a very glorious sight to behold, for the custom of the Spaniard is, though he go plain in his ordinary habit, yet upon some festival or cause of triumph, there's none goes beyond him in gaudiness.

We daily hope for the Pope's breve or dispensation to perfect the business, though there be dark whispers abroad that it has come already, but that upon this unexpected coming of the Prince, it was sent back to Rome, and some new clauses thrust in for their further advantage. Till this despatch comes matters are at a kind of stand; yet His Highness makes account to be back in England about the latter end of May. God Almighty turn all to the best, and to what shall be most conducive to his glory.— So with my due respects unto you, I rest, your much obliged servitor,

J. H.

Madrid, *April* 1, 1623.

## XVII

### *To Captain Leat*

HAVING brought up the law to the highest point against the Viceroy of Sardinia, and that in an extraordinary manner, as may appear unto you by that printed schedule I sent to you in my last, and finding an apparent disability in him to satisfy the debt, I thought upon a new design, and framed a memorial to the King, and

wrought good strong means to have it seconded : that in regard that predatory act of seizing upon the ship *Vineyard* in Sardinia with all her goods, was done by His Majesty's viceroy, his sovereign minister of state, one that immediately represented his own royal person, and that the said viceroy was insolvent, I desired His Majesty would be pleased to grant a warrant for the relief of both parties to load so many thousand sterils or measures of corn out of Sardinia and Sicily custom-free. I had gone far in the business when Sir Francis Cottington sent for me, and required me in the Prince his name to proceed no further herein till he was departed. So His Highness' presence here hath turned rather to my disadvantage than otherwise. Amongst other grandezas which the King of Spain conferred upon our Prince, one was the releasement of prisoners, and that all petitions of grace should come to him for the first month, but he hath been wonderful sparing in receiving any, specially from any English, Irish, or Scot. Your son Nicholas is come hither from Alicante about the ship *Amity*, and I shall be ready to second him in getting satisfaction.—So I rest yours ready to serve you,

J. H.

Madrid, *June* 3, 1623.

## XVIII

*To Captain Tho. Porter*

NOBLE CAPTAIN,

MY last unto you was in Spanish, in answer to one of yours in the same language, and amongst that confluence of English gallants, which upon the occasion of His Highness being here, are come to this court, I fed myself with hopes a long while to have seen you, but I find now that those hopes were impeded with false feathers. I know your heart is here and your best affections, therefore I wonder what keeps back your person; but I conceive the reason to be that you intend to come like yourself, to come commander-in-chief of one of the castles of the crown, one of the ships royal. If you come so to this shore side, I hope you will have time to come to the court. I have at any time a good lodging for you, and my landlady is none of the meanest, and her husband hath many good parts. I heard her setting him forth one day and giving this character of him: "Mi marido es buen musico, buen esgrimidor, buen escrivano, excelente arithmetico, salvo que no multiplica" (My husband is a good musician, a good fencer, a good horseman, a good penman, and an excellent arithmetician, only he cannot multiply). For outward usage there is all industry used to give the Prince and his servants all possible con-

tentment, and some of the King's own servants wait upon them at table in the palace, where I am sorry to hear some of them jeer at the Spanish fare, and use other slighting speeches and demeanour. There are many excellent poems made here since the Prince's arrival, which are too long to couch in a letter, yet I will venture to send you this one stanza of Lope de Vega's :

Carlos Estuardo Soy  
 Que siendo Amor mi guia  
 Al cielo d'España voy  
 Por ver mi Estrella Maria.

There are comedians once a week come to the palace, where under a great canopy the Queen and the Infanta sit in the middle, our Prince and Don Carlos on the Queen's right hand, the King and the little cardinal on the Infanta's left hand. I have seen the Prince have his eyes immovably fixed upon the Infanta half-an-hour together in a thoughtful, speculative posture, which sure would needs be tedious, unless affection did sweeten it ; it was no handsome comparison of Olivares, that he watched her as a cat doth a mouse. Not long since the Prince, understanding that the Infanta was used to go some mornings to the Casa de Campo, a summer house the King hath on the other side the river, to gather May dew, he did rise betimes and went thither, taking your brother with him. They were let into the house and into the garden, but the Infanta was in the orchard, and there being a high partition wall between and

the door doubly bolted, the Prince got on the top of the wall and sprang down a great height, and so made towards her; but she, spying him first of all the rest, gave a shriek, and ran back. The old marquis that was then her guardian came towards the Prince and fell on his knees, conjuring His Highness to retire, in regard he hazarded his head if he admitted any to her company. So the door was opened, and he came out under that wall over which he had got in. I have seen him watch a long hour together in a close coach in the open street to see her as she went abroad. I cannot say that the Prince did ever talk with her privately, yet publicly often, my Lord of Bristol being interpreter, but the King always sat hard by to overhear all. Our cousin Archy hath more privilege than any, for he often goes with his fool's coat where the Infanta is with her meninas and ladies of honour, and keeps a-blowing and blustering amongst them, and flurts out what he list.

One day they were discoursing what a marvellous thing it was that the Duke of Bavaria with less than 15,000 men, after a long toilsome march, should dare to encounter the Palsgrave's army consisting of above 25,000, and to give them an utter discomfiture, and take Prague presently after. Whereunto Archy answered that he would tell them a stranger thing than that. Was it not a strange thing, quoth he, that in the year '88 there should come a fleet of 140 sail from Spain to invade England, and that ten of these could

not go back to tell what became of the rest? By the next opportunity I will send you the Cordovan pockets and gloves you wrote for of Francesco Moreno's perfuming. — So may my dear captain live long and love his  
J. H.

Madrid, *July* 10, 1623.

XIX

*To my cousin Tho. Guin, Esq., at his house  
 Trecastle*

COUSIN,

**I** RECEIVED lately one of yours, which I cannot compare more properly than to a posy of curious flowers, there was therein such variety of sweet strains and dainty expressions of love. And though it bore an old date, for it was forty days before it came to safe hand, yet the flowers were still fresh, and not a whit faded, but cast as strong and as fragrant a scent as when your hands bound them up first together, only there was one flower that did not savour so well, which was the undeserved character you please to give of my small abilities, which in regard you look upon me through the prospective of affection, appear greater unto you than they are of themselves; yet as small as they are, I would be glad to employ them all to serve you upon any occasion.

Whereas you desire to know how matters pass here, you shall understand that we are rather in

assurance than hopes that the match will take effect, when one despatch more is brought from Rome which we greedily expect. The Spaniards generally desire it. They are much taken with our Prince, with the bravery of his journey, and his discreet comportment since; and they confess there was never princess courted with more gallantry. The wits of the court here have made divers encomiums of him and of his affection to the Lady Infanta. Amongst others I send you a Latin poem of one Marnierius, a Valencian, to which I add this ensuing hexastich, which, in regard to the difficulty of the verse, consisting of all ternaries (which is the hardest way of versifying), and of the exactness of the translation, I believe will give you content.

Fax grata est, gratum est vulnus, mihi grata catena est.  
 Me quibus astringit, laedit & urit Amor ;  
 Sed flammam extinguere, sanari vulnera, solvi  
 Vincla, etiam ut possem non ego posse velim :  
 Mirum equidem genus hoc morbi est, incendia & ictus  
 Vinclaque, vinctus adhuc, laesus & ustus, amo.

Grateful 's to me the fire, the wound, the chain,  
 By which love burns, love binds and giveth pain ;  
 But for to quench this fire, these bonds to loose,  
 These wounds to heal, I would not could I choose :  
 Strange sickness, where the wounds, the bonds, the fire  
 That burns, that bind, that hurt, I must desire.

In your next I pray send me your opinion of these verses, for I know you are a critic in poetry. Mr Vaughan of the Golden Grove and I were com-

rades and bedfellows here many months together. His father, Sir John Vaughan, the Prince, his controller, is lately come to attend his master. My Lord of Carlisle, my Lord of Holland, my Lord of Rochfort, my Lord of Denbigh, and divers others are here, so that we have a very flourishing court, and I could wish you were here to make one of the number. So, my dear cousin, I wish you all happiness, and our noble Prince a safe and successful return to England.—Your most affectionate cousin,

J. H.

Madrid, 13 *August* 1623.

XX

*To my Noble Friend Sir John North*

THE long looked for dispensation is come from Rome, but I hear it is clogged with new clauses; and one is, that the Pope, who allegeth that the only aim of the Apostolical See in granting this dispensation was the advantage and ease of the Catholics in the King of Great Britain's dominions, therefore he desired a valuable caution for the performance of those articles which were stipulated in their favour. This hath much puzzled the business, and Sir Francis Cottington comes now over about it. Besides there is some distaste taken at the Duke of Buckingham here, and I heard this King should say he will treat no more with him



but with the ambassadors, who, he saith, have a more plenary commission, and understand the business better. As there is some darkness happened betwixt the two favourites, so matters stand not right betwixt the Duke and the Earl of Bristol; but God forbid that a business of so high a consequence as this, which is likely to tend so much to the universal good of Christendom, to the restitution of the Palatinate, and the composing those broils in Germany, should be ranversed by differences betwixt a few private subjects, though now public ministers.

Mr Washington, the Prince's page, is lately dead of a calenture; and I was at his burial under a fig-tree behind my Lord of Bristol's house. A little before his death one Ballard, an English priest, went to tamper with him, and Sir Edmund Varney, meeting him coming down the stairs out of Washington's chamber, they fell from words to blows; but they were parted. The business was like to gather very ill blood and come to a great height had not Count Gondomar quashed it, which I believe he could not have done unless the times had been favourable; for such is the reverence they bear to the Church here, and so holy a conceit they have of all ecclesiastics, that the greatest don in Spain will tremble to offer the meanest of them any outrage or affront. Count Gondomar hath also helped to free some English that were in the Inquisition in Toledo and Seville, and I could allege many instances how ready and cheerful he is

to assist any Englishman whatsoever, notwithstanding the base affronts he hath often received of the London boys as he calls them. At his last return hither, I heard of a merry saying of his to the Queen, who discoursing with him about the greatness of London, and whether it was as populous as Madrid: "Yes, madam, and more populous when I came away, though I believe there is scarce a man left there now, but all women and children; for all the men both in court and city were ready booted and spurred to go away." And I am sorry to hear how other nations do much tax the English of their incivility to public ministers of state, and what ballads and pasquils, and fopperies and plays were made against Gondomar for doing his master's business. My Lord of Bristol coming from Germany to Brussels, notwithstanding that at his arrival thither the news was fresh that he had relieved Frankindale as he passed, yet was he not a whit the less welcome, but valued the more both by the archduchess herself and Spinola, with all the rest; as also that they knew well that the said earl had been the sole adviser of keeping Sir Robert Mansell abroad with that fleet upon the coast of Spain till the Palsgrave should be restored. I pray, sir, when you go to London Wall and Tower Hill, be pleased to remember my humble service, where you know it is due. — So I am, your most faithful servitor,

J. H.

Madrid, *August 15, 1623.*

## XXI

*To the right honourable the Lord Viscount  
Colchester*

MY VERY GOOD LORD,

I RECEIVED the letter and commands your lordship pleased to send me by Mr Walsingham Gresley, and touching the constitutions and orders of the contratation house of the West Indies in Seville, I cannot procure it for love or money upon any terms, though I have done all possible diligence therein. And some tell me it is dangerous, and no less than treason in him that gives the copy of them to any, in regard it is counted the greatest mystery of all the Spanish government.

That difficulty which happened in the business of the match of giving caution to the Pope is now overcome; for whereas our King answered that he could give no other caution than his royal word and his son's exemplified under the great seal of England, and confirmed by his Council of State, it being impossible to have it done by Parliament, in regard of the averseness the common people have to the alliance; and whereas this gave no satisfaction to Rome, the King of Spain now offers himself for caution, for putting in execution what is stipulated in behalf of the Roman Catholics throughout His Majesty of Great Britain's domin-

ions ; but he desires to consult his ghostly fathers to know whether he may do it without wronging his conscience ; hereupon there hath been a junta formed of bishops and Jesuits, who have been already a good while about it, and the Bishop of Segovia, who is, as it were, lord treasurer, having written a treatise lately against the match, was ousted of his office, banished the court, and confined to his diocese. The Duke of Buckingham hath been ill disposed a good while, and lies sick at court, where the Prince hath no public exercise of devotion, but only bedchamber prayers, and some think that his lodging in the King's house is like to prove a disadvantage to the main business ; for whereas most sorts of people here hardly hold us to be Christians, if the Prince had had a palace of his own, and been permitted to have used a room for an open chapel to exercise the liturgy of the Church of England, it would have brought them to have a better opinion of us ; and to this end there were some of our best church plate and vestments brought hither but never used. The slow pace of this Junta troubles us a little, and to the divines there are some civilians admitted lately, and the *quaere* is this, whether the King of Spain may bind himself by oath in the behalf of the King of England, to perform such and such articles that are agreed on in favour of the Roman Catholics by virtue of this match, whether the King may do this *salva conscientia*?

There was a great show lately here of baiting of bulls with men for the entertainment of the Prince. It is the chiefest of all Spanish sports; commonly there are men killed at it, therefore there are priests appointed to be there ready to confess them. It hath happened oftentimes that a bull hath taken up two men upon his horns with their guts dangling about them; the horsemen run with lances and swords, the foot with goads. As I am told the Pope hath sent divers Bulls against this sport of bulling, yet it will not be left, the nation hath taken such an habitual delight in it. There was an ill-favoured accident like to have happened lately at the King's house, in that part where my Lord of Carlisle and my Lord Denbigh were lodged; for my Lord Denbigh, late at night taking a pipe of tobacco in a balcony which hung over the King's garden, he blew down the ashes, which falling upon some parched combustible matter began to flame and spread, but Master Davis, my Lord of Carlisle's barber, leaped down a great height and quenched it. So with continuance of my most humble service, I rest ever ready, at your lordship's commands,

J. H.

Madrid, *August* 16, 1623.

## XXII

*To Sir James Crofts, from Madrid*

THE Court of Spain affords now little news ; for there is a remora sticks to the business of the match, till the Junta of divines give up their opinion. But from Turkey there came a letter this week wherein there is the strangest and most tragical news, that in my small reading no story can parallel, or show with more pregnancy the instability and tottering estate of human greatness, and the sandy foundation whereon the vast Ottoman Empire is reared upon, for Sultan Osman, the grand Turk, a man according to the humour of that nation, warlike and fleshed in blood and a violent hater of Christians, was, in the flower of his years, in the heat and height of his courage, knocked in the head by one of his own slaves, and one of the meanest of them, with a battle-axe, and the murderer never after proceeded against or questioned.

The ground of this tragedy was the late ill-success he had against the Pole, wherein he lost about 100,000 horse for want of forage, and 80,000 men for want of fighting, which he imputed to the cowardice of his janizaries, who rather than bear the brunt of the battle, were more willing to return home to their wives and merchandising, which they are now permitted to do contrary to

their first institution, which makes them more worldly and less venturous. This disgraceful return from Poland stuck in Osman's stomach, and so he studied a way how to be revenged of the janizaries. Therefore, by the advice of his grand vizier (a stout gallant man who had been one of the chief Beglerbegs in the East), he intended to erect a new soldiery in Asia about Damascus, of the Kurds, a frontier people, and consequently hardy and inured to arms. Of these he purposed to entertain 40,000 as a lifeguard for his person, though the main design was to suppress his lazy and lustful janizaries with men of fresh new spirits.

To disguise this plot he pretended a pilgrimage to Mecca, to visit Mahomet's tomb, and reconcile himself to the prophet, who he thought was angry with him because of his late ill-success in Poland. But this colour was not specious enough in regard he might have performed this pilgrimage with a smaller train and charge. Therefore it was propounded that the Emir of Sidon should be made to rise up in arms, that so he might go with a greater power and treasure. But this plot was held disadvantageous to him in regard his janizaries must then have attended him. So he pretends and prepares only for the pilgrimage, yet he makes ready as much treasure as he could make, and to that end he melts his plate, and furniture of horses, with divers church lamps. This fomented some jealousy in the janizaries, with certain words which



should drop from him, that he would find soldiers shortly should whip them. Hereupon he hath sent over to Asia's side his pavilions, many of his servants, with his jewels and treasure, resolving upon the voyage, notwithstanding that divers petitions were delivered him from the clergy, the civil magistrate and the soldiery that he should desist from the voyage; but all would not do. Thereupon, upon the point of his departure, the janizaries and spahies came in a tumultuary manner to the seraglio, and in a high insolent language dissuaded him from the pilgrimage, and demanded of him his ill counsellors. The first he granted, but for the second he said that it stood not with his honour to have his nearest servants torn from him so without any legal proceeding, but he assured them that they should appear in the divan the next day to answer for themselves; but this not satisfying they went away in a fury and plundered the grand vizier's palace with divers others. Osman hereupon was advised to go from his private gardens that night to the Asian shore, but his destiny kept him from it. So the next morning they came armed to the Court (but having made a covenant not to violate the imperial throne) and cut in pieces the grand vizier with divers other great officers, and not finding Osman, who had hid himself in a small lodge in one of his gardens, they cried out they must have a Mussulman Emperor. Therefore they broke into a dungeon and brought out Mustapha, Osman's uncle,



whom he had clapt there at the beginning of the tumult, and who had been king before, but was deposed for his simplicity, being a kind of santon or holy man, that is, betwixt an innocent and an idiot. This Mustapha they did reinthronise and place in the Ottoman Empire.

The next day they found out Osman, and brought him before Mustapha, who excused himself with tears in his eyes for his rash attempts, which wrought tenderness in some, but more scorn and fury in others, who fell upon the *capi aga*, with other officers, and cut them in pieces before his eyes. Osman thence was carried to prison, and as he was getting on horseback a common soldier took off his turban and clapt his upon Osman's head, who in his passage begged a draught of water at a fountain. The next day the new vizier went with an executioner to strangle him in regard there were two younger brothers more of his to preserve the Ottoman's race, where, after they had rushed in, he being newly awaked and staring upon them, and thinking to defend himself, a robust boisterous rogue knocked him down, and so the rest fell upon him and strangled him with much ado.

Thus fell one of the greatest potentates upon earth by the hands of a contemptible slave, for there is not a free-born subject in all that vast empire. Thus fell he that entitles himself most puissant and highest monarch of the Turks, king above all kings, a king that dwelleth upon the

earthly paradise, son of Mahomet, keeper of the grave of the Christian God, Lord of the Tree of Life and of the river Flisky, prior of the Earthly Paradise, conqueror of the Macedonians, the seed of great Alexander, Prince of the kingdoms of Tartary, Mesopotamia, Media and of the Martial Mammalucks, Anatolia, Bithynia, Asia, Armenia, Servia, Thracia, Morea, Valachia, Moldavia, and of all warlike Hungary, Sovereign Lord and Commander of all Greece, Persia, both the Arabias, the most noble kingdom of Egypt, Tremisen and African, Emperor of Trebisond and the most glorious Constantinople, lord of all the White and Black Seas, of the holy cities Mecca and Medina, shining with divine glory, commander of all things that are to be commanded, and the strongest and mightiest champion of the wide world, a warrior appointed by heaven in the edge of the sword, a persecutor of his enemies, a most perfect jewel of the blessed tree, the chiefest keeper of the crucified God, etc., with other such bombastical titles.

This Osman was a man of goodly constitution, an amiable aspect, and of excess of courage, but sordidly covetous, which drove him to violate the church and to melt the lamps thereof, which made the Mufti say that this was a due judgment fallen upon him from heaven for his sacrilege. He used also to make his person too cheap, for he would go ordinarily in the night time with two men after him like a petty constable and peep into the cauph-

houses and cabarets and apprehend soldiers there. And these two things it seems was the cause, that when he was so assaulted in the Seraglio, not one of his domestic servants, whereof he had 3000, would lift an arm to help him.

Some few days before his death he had a strange dream, for he dreamt that he was mounted upon a great camel, who would not go neither by fair nor foul means, and alighting off him and thinking to strike him with his scimitar, the body of the beast vanished, leaving the head and the bridle only in his hands. When the Mufti and the Hoggies could not interpret this dream, Mustapha, his uncle, did it, for he said the camel signified his empire, his mounting of him his excess in government, his alighting down his deposing. Another kind of prophetic speech dropped from the grand vizier to Sir Thomas Roe, our ambassador there, who having gone a little before this tragedy to visit the said vizier, told him what whisperings and mutterings there were in every corner for this Asiatic voyage, and what ill consequences might ensue from it, therefore it might well stand with his great wisdom to stay it; but if it held he desired him to leave a charge with the Chimacham, his deputy, that the English nation in the port should be free from outrages, whereunto the grand vizier answered, "Trouble not yourself about that, for I will not remove so far from Constantinople, but I will leave one of my legs behind to serve you," which proved too true, for he was murdered

afterwards and one of his legs was hung up in the hippodrome.

This fresh tragedy makes me to give over wondering at anything that ever I heard or read, to show the lubricity of mundane greatness, as also the fury of the vulgar, which, like an impetuous torrent, gathereth strength by degrees as it meets with divers dams, and being come to the height, cannot stop itself; for when this rage of the soldiers began first there was no design at all to violate or hurt the Emperor, but to take from him his ill counsellors; but being once afoot, it grew by insensible degrees to the utmost of outrages.

The bringing out of Mustapha from the dungeon, where he was prisoner, to be Emperor of the Musulmans, puts me in mind of what I read in Mr Camden of our late Queen Elizabeth, how she was brought from the scaffold to the English throne.

They who profess to be critics in policy here hope that this murdering of Osman may in time breed good blood, and prove advantageous to Christendom, for though this be the first emperor of the Turks that was dispatched so, he is not like to be the last, now that the soldiers have this precedent. Others think that if that design in Asia had taken, it had been very probable the Constantinopolians had hoisted up another king, and so the empire had been dismembered, and by this division had lost strength, as the Roman Empire did, when it was broken into east and west.

Excuse me that this my letter is become such a monster. I mean that it hath passed the size and ordinary proportions of a letter, for the matter it treats of is monstrous; besides, it is a rule that historical letters have more liberty to be long than others. In my next you shall hear how matters pass here. And in the meantime and always, I rest your lordship's most devoted servitor,

J. H.

Madrid, *August* 17, 1623.

### XXIII

*To the Right Honourable Sir Tho. Savage,  
Knight and Baronet*

HONOURABLE SIR,

THE procedure of things in relation to the grand business of the match was at a kind of stand when the long-winded Junta delivered their opinions and fell at last upon this result, that His Catholic Majesty, for the satisfaction of Saint Peter, might oblige himself in the behalf of England, for the performance of those capitulations which reflected upon the Roman Catholics in that kingdom; and in case of non-performance, then to right himself by war; since that, the matrimonial articles were solemnly sworn unto by the King of Spain and His Highness, the two favourites, our two ambassadors, the Duke of Infantado and other counsellors of state being present; here-

upon the eighth of the next September is appointed to be the day of Desposorios, the day of affiance, or the betrothing day. There was much gladness expressed here, and luminaries of joy were in every great street throughout the city. But there is an unlucky accident hath intervned, for the King gave the Prince a solemn visit since, and told him Pope Gregory was dead, who was so great a friend to the match, but in regard the business was not yet come to perfection, he could not proceed further in it till the former dispensation were ratified by the new Pope Urban, which to procure he would make it his own task, and that all possible expedition should be used in it, and therefore desired his patience in the interim. The Prince answered, and pressed the necessity of his speedy return with divers reasons. He said there was a general kind of murmuring in England for his so long absence, that the King his father was old and sickly, that the fleet of ships were all ready, he thought, at sea, to fetch him, the winter drew on, and withal that the articles of the match were signed in England, with this proviso, that if he be not come back by such a month, they should be of no validity. The King replied that, since His Highness was resolved upon so sudden a departure, he would please to leave a proxy behind to finish the marriage, and he would take it for a favour if he would depute him to personate him, and ten days after the ratification shall come from Rome the business shall be done, and afterwards he might

send for his wife when he pleased. The Prince rejoined that amongst those multitudes of royal favours which he had received from His Majesty, this transcended all the rest, therefore he would willingly leave a proxy for His Majesty and another for Don Carlos to this effect. So they parted for that time without the least umbrage of discontent, nor do I hear of any engendered since. The last month, it is true, the Junta of divines dwelt so long upon the business that there were whisperings that the Prince intended to go away disguised as he came, and the question being asked by a person of quality, there was a brave answer made, that if love brought him hither, it is not fear shall drive him away.

There are preparations already on foot for his return, and the two proxies are drawn and left in my Lord of Bristol's hands. Notwithstanding this ill-favoured stop, yet we are here all confident the business will take effect. In which hopes I rest your most humble and ready servitor,

J. H.

Madrid, 18 *August* 1623.

#### XXIV

*To Captain Nich. Leat at his House in London*

**T**HIS letter comes to you by Mr Richard Altham, of whose sudden departure hence I am very sorry, it being the late death of his



brother Sir James Altham. I have been at a stand in the business a good while, for His Highness coming hither was no advantage to me in the earth. He hath done the Spaniards divers courtesies, but he hath been very sparing in doing the English any. It may be perhaps because it may be a diminution of honour to be beholding to any foreign prince to do his own subjects favours, but my business requires no favour — all I desire is justice, which I have not obtained yet in reality.

The Prince is preparing for his journey. I shall to it again closely when he is gone, and make a shaft or a bolt of it. The Pope's death hath retarded the proceedings of the match, but we are so far from despairing of it that one may have wagers thirty to one it will take effect still. He that deals with this nation must have a great deal of phlegm, and if this grand business of state, the match, suffer such protractions and puttings off, you need not wonder that private negotiations, as mine is, should be subject to the same inconveniences. There shall be no means left unattempted that my best industry can find out to put a period to it, and when His Highness is gone I hope to find my Lord of Bristol more at leisure to continue his favour and furtherance, which hath been much already.—So I rest yours ready to serve you,

J. H.

Madrid, *August* 19, 1623.



## XXV

*To Sir James Crofts*

THE Prince is now upon his journey to the seaside, where my Lord of Rutland attends for him with a royal fleet. There are many here shrink in their shoulders, and are very sensible of his departure, and the Lady Infanta resents it more than any. She hath caused a Mass to be sung every day ever since for his good voyage. The Spaniards themselves confess there was never princess so bravely wooed. The King and his two brothers accompanied His Highness to the Escorial some twenty miles off, and would have brought him to the seaside, but that the Queen is big and hath not many days to go. When the King and he parted, there passed wonderful great endearments and embraces in divers postures between them a long time; and in that place there is a pillar to be erected as a monument to posterity. There are some grandees, and Count Gondomar, with a great train besides, gone with him to the marine, to the seaside, which will be many days' journey, and must needs put the King of Spain to a mighty expense, besides his seven months' entertainment here. We hear that when he passed through Valladolid, the Duke of Lerma was retired thence for the time by special command from the King, lest he might have discourse with the Prince,

whom he extremely desired to see. This sunk deep into the old duke, insomuch that he said, that of all the acts of malice which Olivares had ever done him, he resented this more than any. He bears up yet very well under his cardinal's habit, which hath kept him from many a foul storm that might have fallen upon him else from the temporal power. The Duke of Uzeda, his son, finding himself decline in favour at court, had retired to the country, and died soon after of discontentment. During his sickness the cardinal wrote this short weighty letter unto him: "Dizen me, que mareys de necio; por mi, mas temo mis años que mis enemigos.—LERMA." I shall not need to English it to you, who is so great a master of the language. Since I began this letter, we understand the Prince is safely embarked, but not without some danger of being cast away, had not Sir Sackville Trevor taken him up. I pray God send him a good voyage, and us no ill news from England. My most humble service at Tower Hill. So I am your humble servitor,

J. H.

Madrid, *August 21, 1623.*

## XXVI

*To my Brother, Dr Howell*

MY BROTHER,

SINCE our Prince's departure hence, the Lady Infanta studieth English apace, and one Mr Wadsworth and Father Boniface, two Englishmen, are appointed her teachers, and have access to her every day. We account her, as it were, our Princess now, and as we give, so she takes that title. Our ambassadors, my Lord of Bristol and Sir Walter Ashton, will not stand now covered before her when they have audience, because they hold her to be their Princess. She is preparing divers suits of rich clothes for His Highness of perfumed amber leather, some embroidered with pearl, some with gold, some with silver! Her family is a-settling apace, and most of her ladies and officers are known already. We want nothing now but one dispatch more from Rome, and then the marriage will be solemnised, and all things consummated. Yet there is one Mr Clerk (with the lame arm) that came hither from the seaside, as soon as the Prince was gone; he is one of the Duke of Buckingham's creatures, yet he lies at the Earl of Bristol's house, which we wonder at, considering the darkness that happened betwixt the duke and the earl. We fear that this Clerk hath brought something that may puzzle the business. Besides

having occasion to make my address lately to the Venetian ambassador, who is interested in some part of that great business for which I am here, he told me confidently it would be no match, nor did he think it was ever intended: But I want faith to believe him yet, for I know St Mark is no friend to it, nor France, nor any other prince or state, besides the King of Denmark, whose grandmother was of the house of Austria, being sister to Charles the Emperor. Touching the business of the Palatinate, our ambassadors were lately assured by Olivares and all the counsellors here, and that in this King's name, that he would procure His Majesty of Great Britain entire satisfaction herein; and Olivares, giving them the joy, entreated them to assure their King upon their honour, and upon their lives, of the reality hereof. For the Infanta herself (saith he) hath stirred in it, and makes it now her own business; for it was a firm peace and amity (which he confessed could never be without the accommodation of things in Germany) as much as an alliance, which His Catholic Majesty aimed at. But we shall know shortly now what to trust to, we shall walk no more in mists, though some give out yet that our Prince shall embrace a cloud for Juno at last.

I pray present my service to Sir John Franklin and Sir John Smith, with all at the Hill and Dale, and when you send to Wales, I pray convey the enclosed to my father. So, my dear brother, I pray

God bless us both, and bring us again joyfully together. — Your very loving brother, J. H.

Madrid, *August* 12, 1623.

## XXVII

*To my noble friend, Sir John North, Knight*

I RECEIVED lately one of yours, but it was of a very old date. We have our eyes here now all fixed upon Rome, greedily expecting the ratification, and lately a strong rumour ran it was come. In so much that Mr Clerk, who was sent hither from the Prince, being a shipboard (and now lies sick at my Lord of Bristol's house of a calenture), hearing of it, he desired to speak with him, for he had something to deliver him from the Prince. My Lord Ambassador being come to him, Mr Clerk delivered a letter from the Prince, the contents whereof were: That whereas he had left certain proxies in his hand to be delivered to the King of Spain after the ratification was come, he desired and required him not to do it till he should receive further order from England. My Lord of Bristol hereupon went to Sir Walter Aston, who was in joint commission with him for concluding the match, and showing him the letter, what my Lord Aston said I know not, but my Lord of Bristol told him that they had a commission royal under the broad seal of England to conclude the match. He knew as well as he how earnest the King their

master hath been any time this ten years to have it done. How there could not be a better pawn for the surrendry of the Palatinate than the Infanta in the Prince his arms, who could never rest till she did the work to merit love of our nation. He told him also how their own particular fortunes depended upon it; besides, if he should delay one moment to deliver the proxy after the ratification was come, according to agreement, the Infanta would hold herself so blemished in her honour that it might overthrow all things. Lastly, he told him that they incurred the hazard of their heads if they should suspend the executing His Majesty's commission upon any order but from that power which gave it, who was the King himself. Hereupon both the ambassadors proceeded still in preparing matters for the solemnising of the marriage. The Earl of Bristol had caused above thirty rich liveries to be made of watchet velvet, with silver lace up to the very capes of the cloaks; the best sorts whereof were valued at £80 a livery. My Lord Aston had also provided new liveries, and a fortnight after the said politic report was blown up the ratification came indeed complete and full. So the marriage day was appointed, a terrace covered all over with tapestry was raised from the King's palace to the next church, which might be about the same extent as from Whitehall to Westminster Abbey, and the King intended to make his sister a wife and his daughter (whereof the Queen was delivered a little before) a Christian

upon the same day. The grandees and great ladies had been invited to the marriage, and order was sent to all the port towns to discharge their great ordnance, and sundry other things were prepared to honour the solemnity; but when we were thus at the height of our hopes, a day or two before, there came Mr Killegree, Gresly, Wood and Davies, one upon the neck of another with a new commission to my Lord of Bristol immediately from His Majesty, countermanding him to deliver the proxy aforesaid, until a full and absolute satisfaction were had for the surrender of the Palatinate under this King's hand and seal. In regard he desired his son should be married to Spain, and his son-in-law remarried to the Palatinate at one time. Hereupon all was dashed in pieces, and that frame which was rearing so many years was ruined in a moment. This news struck a damp in the hearts of all people here, and they wished that the postillions that brought it had all broke their necks on the way.

My Lord of Bristol hereupon went to court to acquaint the King with his new commission, and so proposed the restitution of the Palatinate. The King answered it was none of his to give. It is true he had a few towns there, but he held them as commissioner only for the Emperor, and he could not command an Emperor; yet if His Majesty of Great Britain would put a treaty a foot, he would send his own ambassadors to join. In the interim the earl was commanded not to deliver the afore-



said proxy of the Prince for the dispensories or espousal until Christmas (and herein it seems His Majesty with you was not well informed, for those powers of proxies expired before). The King here said further that if his uncle the Emperor, or the Duke of Bavaria, would not be conformable to reason he would raise as great an army for the Prince Palsgrave as he did under Spinola when he first invaded the Palatinate; and to secure this he would engage his contratation house of the West Indies, with his Plate fleet, and give the most binding instrument that could be under his hand and seal. But this gave no satisfaction, therefore my Lord of Bristol, I believe, hath not long to stay here, for he is commanded to deliver no more letters to the Infanta nor demand any more audience, and that she should be no more styled Princess of England or Wales. The foresaid caution which this King offered to my Lord of Bristol made me think of what I read of his grandfather Philip the Second, who having been married to our Queen Mary, and it being thought she was with child of him, and was accordingly prayed for at Paul's Cross, though it proved afterwards but a tympany, King Philip proposed to our Parliament that they would pass an act that he might be regent during his or her minority that should be born, and he would give good caution to surrender the crown, when he or she should come to age; the motion was hotly canvassed in the House of Peers, and like to pass, when the Lord Paget rose up and said,



“Aye, but who shall sue the King’s bond,” so the business was dashed. I have no more news to send you now, and I am sorry I have so much, unless it were better; for we that have business to negotiate here are like to suffer much by this rupture. Welcome be the will of God, to whose benediction I commend you, and rest, your most humble servitor,

J. H.

Madrid, *August 25, 1623.*

## XXVIII

*To the Right Honourable the Lord Clifford*

MY GOOD LORD,

**T**HOUGH this court cannot afford now such comfortable news in relation to England as I could wish, yet such as it is you shall receive. My Lord of Bristol is preparing for England. I waited upon him lately when he went to take his leave at court, and the King washing his hands took a ring from off his finger and put it upon his, which was the greatest honour that ever he did any ambassador, as they say here; he gave him also a cupboard of plate, valued at 20,000 crowns. There were also large and high promises made him, that in case he feared to fall upon any rock in England, by reason of the power of those who maligned him, if he would stay in any of his dominions, he would give him means and honour equal

to the highest of his enemies. The earl did not only waive but disdained these propositions made unto him by Olivares, and said he was so confident of the King, his master's justice and high judgment, and of his own innocency, that he conceived no power could be able to do him hurt. There hath occurred nothing lately in this court worth the advertisement. They speak much of the strange carriage of that boisterous Bishop of Halverstadt (for so they term him here), that having taken a place where there were two monasteries of nuns and friars, he caused divers feather-beds to be ripped and all the feathers to be thrown in a great hall, whither the nuns and friars were thrust naked with their bodies oiled and pitched, and to tumble among these feathers, which makes them here presage him an ill death. So I most affectionately kiss your hands, and rest, your very humble servitor,

J. H.

Madrid, *August 26, 1623.*

XXIX

*To Sir John North*

I HAVE many thanks to render you for the favour you lately did to a kinsman of mine, Mr Vaughan, and for divers other which I defer till I return to that court, and that I hope will not be long. Touching the procedure of matters here, you shall understand, that my Lord Aston had

special audience lately of the King of Spain, and afterwards presented a memorial wherein there was a high complaint against the miscarriage of the two Spanish ambassadors now in England, the Marquis of Inojosa and Don Carlos Coloma. The substance of it was, that the said ambassadors in a private audience His Majesty of Great Britain had given them, informed him of a pernicious plot against his person and royal authority, which was, that at the beginning of your now parliament, the Duke of Buckingham, with other his accomplices, often met and consulted in a clandestine way how to break the treaty both of match and Palatinate. And in case His Majesty was unwilling thereunto, he should have a country house or two to retire unto for his recreation and health, in regard the Prince is now of years and judgment fit to govern. His Majesty so resented this, that the next day he sent them many thanks for the care they had of him, and desired them to perfect the work, and now that they had detected the treason, to discover also the traitors; but they were shy in that point. The King sent again, desiring them to send him the names of the conspirators in a paper, sealed up by one of their own confidants, which he would receive with his own hands, and no soul should see it else; advising them withal, that they should not prefer this discovery before their own honours, to be accounted false accusers. They replied that they had done enough already by instancing in the Duke of Buckingham, and it might easily be guessed

who were his confidants and creatures. Hereupon His Majesty put those whom he had any grounds to suspect to their oaths; and afterward sent my Lord Conway and Sir Francis Cottington to tell the ambassadors that he had left no means unassayed to discover the conspiracy, that he had found upon oath such a clearness of ingenuity in the Duke of Buckingham that satisfied him of his innocency. Therefore he had just cause to conceive that this information of theirs proceeded rather from malice and some political ends than from truth, and in regard they would not produce the authors of so dangerous a treason, they made themselves to be justly thought the authors of it. And therefore though he might by his own royal justice and the law of nations punish this excess and insolence of theirs, and high wrongs they had done to his best servants, yea, to the Prince his son, for through the sides of the duke they wounded him, in regard it was impossible that such a design should be attempted without his privity; yet he would not be his own judge herein, but would refer them to the King their master, whom he conceived to be so just, that he doubted not but he would see him satisfied, and therefore he would send an express unto him hereabouts to demand justice and reparation. This business is now in agitation, but we know not what will become of it. We are all here in a sad disconsolate condition, and the merchants shake their heads up and down out of an apprehension of some fearful war to

follow. — So I most affectionately kiss your hands,  
and rest your very humble and ready servitor,

J. H.

Madrid, *August* 26, 1623.

XXX

*To Sir Kenelme Digby, Knight*

YOU have had knowledge (none better) of the progression and growings of the Spanish match from time to time. I must acquaint you now with the rupture and utter dissolution of it, which was not long a-doing, for it was done in one audience that my Lord of Bristol had lately at court, whence it may be inferred that it is far more easy to pull down than rear up, for that structure which was so many years a-rearing was dashed as it were in a trice. Dissolution goeth a faster pace than composition. And it may be said that the civil actions of men, specially great affairs of monarchs (as this was) have much analogy in degrees of progression with the natural production of man. To make man there are many acts must proceed: first a meeting and copulation of the sexes, then conception, which requires a well disposed womb to retain the prolifical seed, by the constriction and occlusion of the orifice of the matrix, which seed being first, and afterwards cream, is by a gentle ebullition coagulated, and turned to a cruded lump, which the womb by virtue of its natural heat pre-

pares to be capable to receive form and to be organised, whereupon Nature falls a-working to delineate all the members, beginning with those that are most noble, as the heart, the brain; the liver, whereof Galen would have the liver, which is the shop and source of the blood, and Aristotle the heart, to be the first framed, in regard it is *primum vivens et ultimum moriens*. Nature continues in this labour until a perfect shape be introduced, and this is called formation, which is the third act, and is a production of an organical body out of the spermatic substance, caused by the plastic virtue of the vital spirits. And sometimes this act is finished thirty days after the conception, sometimes fifty, but most commonly in forty-two or forty-five, and is sooner done in the male. This being done, the embryo is animated with three souls: the first with that of plants, called the vegetable soul, then with a sensitive, which all brute animals have, and lastly, the rational soul is infused, and these three in man are like *trigonus in tetragono*. The two first are generated *ex traduce*, from the seed of the parents, but the last is by immediate infusion from God, and it is controverted betwixt philosophers and divines when this infusion is made.

This is the fourth act that goeth to make a man, and is called animation; and as the naturalists allow animation double the time that formation had from the conception, so they allow to the ripening of the embryo in the womb, and to the birth thereof, treble the time that animation had, which happen-

eth sometimes in nine, sometimes in ten months. This grand business of the Spanish match may be said to have had such degrees of progression. First there was a meeting and coupling on both sides, for a Junta in Spain and some select counsellors of state were appointed in England. After this conjunction the business was conceived, then it received form, then life (though the quickening was slow); but having had near upon ten years in lieu of ten months to be perfected, it was unfortunately strangled when it was ripe ready for birth; and I would they had never been born that did it, for it is like to be out of my way £3000. And as the embryo in the womb is wrapped in three membranes or tunics, so this great business, you know better than I, was involved in many difficulties, and died so entangled before it could break through them.

There is a buzz here of a match betwixt England and France; I pray God send it a speedier formation and animation than this had, and that it may not prove an abortive.

I send you herewith a letter from the paragon of the Spanish court, Donna Anna Maria Manrique, the Duke of Marqueda's sister, who respects you in a high degree. She told me this was the first letter she ever wrote to man in her life, except the duke her brother. She was much solicited to write to Mr Thomas Cary, but she would not. I did also your message to the Marquesa Inojosa, who put me to sit a good while with her upon



her estrado, which was no simple favour. You are much in both these ladies' books, and much spoken of by divers others in this court. I could not recover your diamond hatband which the pica-roon snatched from you in the coach, though I used all means possible, as far as book, bell and candle in point of excommunication against the party in all the churches of Madrid, by which means you know divers things are recovered. — So I most affectionately kiss your hands, and rest your most faithful servitor,

J. H.

*P. S.* — Yours of the 2nd of March came to safe hand.

Madrid.

### XXXI

*To my Cousin, Mr J. Price (now Knight), at  
the Middle Temple; from Madrid*

**C**OUSIN, suffer my letter to salute you first in this distich:

A Thamesi Tagus quot leucis flumine distat,  
Oscula tot manibus porto, pricae, tuis.

As many miles Thames lies from Tagus strands,  
I bring so many kisses to thy hands.

MY DEAR JACK,

**I**N the large register or almanac of my friends in England, you are one of the chiefest red letters, you are one of my festival rubrics, for whensoever



you fall upon my mind, or my mind falls upon you, I keep holy-day all the while, and this happens so often, that you leave me but few working days throughout the whole year, fewer far than this country affords, for in their calendar above five months of the twelve are dedicated to some saint or other, and kept festival; a religion that the London apprentices would like well.

I thank you for yours of the third current, and the ample relations you give me of London occurrences, but principally for the powerful and sweet assurances you give me of your love, both in verse and prose. All businesses here are off the hinges; for one late audience of my Lord of Bristol pulled down what was so many years a-raising. And as Thomas Aquinas told an artist of a costly curious statue in Rome, that by some accident, while he was a-trimming it, fell down and so broke to pieces, "*Opus triginta annorum destruxiti*" (Thou hast destroyed the work of thirty years). So it may be said that a work near upon ten years is now suddenly shattered to pieces. I hope by God's grace to be now speedily in England, and to re-enjoy your most dear society. In the meantime may all happiness attend you.

Ad literam.

Ocius ut grandire gradus oratio possis,  
Prosa, tibi binos jungimus ecce pedes.

That in thy journey thou mayest be more fleet,  
To my dull prose I adde these metric feet.

## FAMILIAR LETTERS

RESP.

Ad mare cum venio, quid agam ?

REPL.

Tum praepete penna

Te ferat, est lator nam levis ignis, Amor.

But when I come to sea how shall I shift ?

Let love transport thee then, for fire is swift.

— Your most affectionate cousin,

J. H.

*March 30, 1624.*

## XXXII

*To the Lord Viscount Colchester ; from Madrid*

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

**Y**OUR lordship's of the third current came to safe hand, and being now upon the point of parting with this court, I thought it worth the labour to send your lordship a short survey of the monarchy of Spain ; a bold undertaking your lordship will say, to comprehend within the narrow bounds of a letter such a huge bulk ; but as in the boss of a small diamond ring one may discern the image of a mighty mountain, so I will endeavour that your lordship may behold the power of this great King in this paper.

Spain hath been always esteemed a country of ancient renown, and as it is incident to all others, she hath had her vicissitudes and turns of fortune.

She hath been thrice overcome: by the Romans, by the Goths, and by the Moors. The middle conquest continueth to this day, for this King and most of the nobility profess themselves to have descended of the Goths. The Moors kept here about seven hundred years, and it is a remarkable story how they got in first, which was thus upon good record. There reigned in Spain Don Rodrigo, who kept his court then at Malaga. He employed the Conde Don Julian, ambassador to Barbary, who had a daughter (a young beautiful lady) that was maid of honour to the Queen. The King spying her one day refreshing herself under an arbour, fell enamoured with her, and never left till he had deflowered her. She resenting much the dishonour wrote a letter to her father in Barbary under this allegory: That there was a fair green apple upon the table, and the King's poi-gnard fell upon it and cleft it in two. Don Julian apprehending the meaning, got letters of revocation, and came back to Spain, where he so complied with the King, that he became his favourite. Amongst other things he advised the King, that in regard he was now in peace with all the world, he would dismiss his galleys and garrisons that were up and down the sea coasts, because it was a superfluous charge. This being done, and the country left open to any invader, he prevailed with the King to have leave to go with his lady to see their friends in Tarragona, which was 300 miles off. Having been there a while, his lady

made semblance to be sick, and so sent to petition the King, that her daughter, Donna Cava (whom they had left at court to satiate the King's lust), might come to comfort her a while. Cava came, and the gate through which she went forth is called after her name to this day in Malaga. Don Julian having all his chief kindred there, he sailed over to Barbary, and afterwards brought over the King of Morocco and others with an army, who suddenly invaded Spain, lying armless and open, and so conquered it. Don Rodrigo died gallantly in the field, but what became of Don Julian, who for a particular revenge betrayed his own country, no story makes mention. A few years before this happened Rodrigo came to Toledo, where under the great church there was a vault with huge iron doors, and none of his predecessors durst open it, because there was an old prophecy, that when that vault was opened Spain should be conquered. Rodrigo, slighting the prophecy, caused the doors to be broke open, hoping to find there some treasure; but when he entered there was nothing found but the pictures of Moors, of such men that a little after fulfilled the prophecy.

Yet this last conquest of Spain was not perfect, for divers parts north-west kept still under Christian kings, especially Biscay, which was never conquered, as Wales in Brittany; and the Biscayners have much analogy with the Welsh in divers things: they retain to this day the original language of Spain, they are the most mountainous

people, and they are reputed the ancientest gentry; so that when any is to take the order of knighthood, there are no inquisitors appointed to find whether he be clear of the blood of the Moors as in other places. The King, when he comes upon the confines, pulls off one shoe before he can tread upon any Biscay ground: and he hath good reason to esteem that province, in regard of divers advantages he hath by it; for he hath his best timber to build ships, his best marines, and all his iron thence.

There were divers bloody battles 'twixt the remnant of Christians and the Moors for seven hundred years together, and the Spaniards getting ground more and more, drove them at last to Granada, and thence also in the time of Ferdinand and Isabella, quite over to Barbary. Their last king was Chico, who when he fled from Granada crying and weeping, the people upbraided him, "That he might well weep like a woman, who could not defend himself and them like a man" (this was that Ferdinand who obtained from Rome the title of Catholic, though some stories say that many ages before Ricaredus, the first orthodox king of the Goths, was stiled Catholicus in a Provincial Synod held at Toledo, which was continued by Alphonsus the First, and then made hereditary by this Ferdinand). This absolute conquest of the Moors happened about Henry the Seventh's time, when the foresaid Ferdinand and Isabella had by alliance joined Castile and Aragon, which

with the discovery of the West Indies, which happened a little after, was the first foundation of that greatness whereunto Spain is now mounted. Afterwards there was an alliance with Burgundy and Austria. By the first House the seventeen provinces fell to Spain; by the second Charles the Fifth came to be Emperor: and remarkable it is how the House of Austria came to that height from a mean earl, the Earl of Hapsburg in Germany, who having been one day a-hunting, he overtook a priest who had been with the Sacrament to visit a poor, sick body; the priest being tired, the earl alighted off his horse, helped up the priest, and so waited upon him afoot all the while, till he brought him to the church: the priest, giving him his benediction at his going away, told him, that for this great act of humility and piety, his race should be one of the greatest that ever the world had; and ever since, which is some 240 years ago, the Empire hath continued in that House, which afterwards was called the House of Austria.

In Philip the Second's time the Spanish monarchy came to its highest pitch, by the conquest of Portugal, whereby the East Indies, sundry islands in the Atlantic Sea, and divers places in Barbary were added to the Crown of Spain. By these steps this crown came to this grandeur; and truly, give the Spaniard his due, he is a mighty monarch; he hath dominions in all parts of the world (which none of the four monarchies had),

both in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America (which he hath solely to himself), though our Henry the Seventh had the first proffer made him: so the sun shines all the four and twenty hours of the natural day upon some part or other of his countries, for part of the Antipodes are subject to him. He hath eight viceroys in Europe, two in the East Indies, two in the West, two in Africa, and about thirty provincial sovereign commanders more; yet as I was told lately, in a discourse 'twixt him and our Prince at his being here, when the Prince fell to magnifying his spacious dominions, the King answered, "Sir, 't is true it hath pleased God to trust me with divers nations and countries, but of all these there are but two which yield me any clear revenues, viz., Spain and my West Indies, nor all Spain neither, but Castile only, the rest do scarce quit cost, for all is drunk up 'twixt governors and garrisons; yet my advantage is to have the opportunity to propagate Christian religion, and to employ my subjects." For the last, it must be granted that no prince hath better means to breed brave men, and more variety of commands to heighten their spirits, with no petty but princely employments.

This King besides hath other means to oblige the gentry unto him by such a huge number of commendams which he hath in his gift to bestow on whom he please of any of the three Orders of Knighthood, which England and France want. Some noblemen in Spain can despend £50,000,



some £40,000, some £30,000, and divers £20,000 pound per annum. The Church here is exceeding rich both in revenues, plate, and buildings; one cannot go to the meanest country chapel but he will find chalices, lamps and candlesticks of silver. There are some bishopricks of £30,000 per annum, and divers of £10,000, and Toledo is £100,000 yearly revenue. As the Church is rich, so it is mightily revered here, and very powerful, which made Philip the Second rather depend upon the clergy than the secular power. Therefore I do not see how Spain can be called a poor country considering the revenues aforesaid of princes and prelates; nor is it so thin of people as the world makes it; and one reason may be that there are sixteen universities in Spain, and in one of these there were 15,000 students at one time when I was there, I mean Salamanca; and in this village of Madrid (for the King of Spain cannot keep his constant court in any city) there are ordinarily 600,000 souls. 'Tis true that the colonising of the Indies and the wars of Flanders have much drained this country of people. Since the expulsion of the Moors it is also grown thinner, and not so full of corn; for those Moors would grub up wheat out of the very tops of the craggy hills; yet they used another grain for their bread, so that the Spaniard had nought else to do but go with his ass to the market and buy corn of the Moors.

For the soil of Spain, the fruitfulness of their



valleys recompenses the sterility of their hills. Corn is their greatest want, and want of rain is the cause of that, which makes them have need of their neighbours ; yet as much as Spain bears is passing good, and so is everything else for the quality ; nor hath any one a better horse under him, a better cloak on his back, a better sword by his side, better shoes on his feet than the Spaniard, nor doth any drink better wine or eat better fruit than he, nor flesh for the quantity.

Touching the people, the Spaniard looks as high, though not so big as a German, his excess is in too much gravity, which some who know him not well hold to be pride ; he cares not how little he labours, for poor Gascons and Morisco slaves do most of his work in field and vineyard ; he can endure much in the war, yet he loves not to fight in the dark, but in open day or upon a stage, that all the world might be witness of his valour, so that you shall seldom hear of Spaniards employed in night service, nor shall one hear of a duel here in an age. He hath one good quality, that he is wonderfully obedient to government : for the proudest don of Spain, when he is prancing upon his ginet in the street, if an Alguazil (a sergeant) show him his vare, that is a little white staff he carrieth as a badge of his office, my don will down presently off his horse and yield himself his prisoner. He hath another commendable quality, that when he giveth alms he pulls off his hat and puts it in the beggar's hand with a great deal of humility. His

gravity is much lessened since the late proclamation came out against ruffs, and the King himself showed the first example. They were come to that height of excess herein that twenty shillings were used to be paid for starching of a ruff; and some, though perhaps he had never a shirt to his back, yet would he have a toting huge swelling ruff about his neck. He is sparing in his ordinary diet, but when he makes a feast he is free and bountiful. As to temporal authority, specially martial, so is he very obedient to the Church, and believes all with an implicit faith. He is a great servant of ladies, nor can he be blamed, for as I said before, he comes of a Goatish race, yet he never brags of nor blazes abroad his doings that way, but is exceedingly careful of the repute of any woman (a civility that we much want in England). He will speak high words of Don Phillippo his king, but will not endure a stranger should do so. I have heard a Biscayner make a rodomontado that he was as good a gentleman as Don Phillippo himself, for Don Phillippo was half a Spaniard, half a German, half an Italian, half a Frenchman, half I know not what, but he was a pure Biscayner without mixture. The Spaniard is not so smooth and oily in his compliments as the Italian, and though he will make strong protestations yet he will not swear out compliments like the French and English; as I heard when my Lord of Carlisle was ambassador in France, there came a great monsieur to see him, and having a long time bandied and

sworn compliments one to another who should go first out at a door, at last my Lord of Carlisle said: "O monseigneur, ayez pitie de mon âme" (O my lord, have pity upon my soul).

The Spaniard is generally given to gaming, and that in excess; he will say his prayers before, and if he win, he will thank God for his good fortune after. Their common game at cards (for they very seldom play at dice) is primera, at which the King never shows his game but throws his cards with their faces down on the table. He is merchant of all the cards and dice throughout the kingdom; he hath them made for a penny a pair, and he retails them for twelve pence, so that it is thought he hath £30,000 a year by this trick at cards. The Spaniard is very devout in his way, for I have seen him kneel in the very dirt when the Ave Maria bell rings; and some if they spy two straws or sticks lie crosswise in the street they will take them up and kiss them, and lay them down again. He walks as if he marched, and seldom looks on the ground, as if he contemned it. I was told of a Spaniard who having got a fall by a stumble and broke his nose, rose up, and in a disdainful manner said, "Voto a tal esto es caminar por la tierra" (This is to walk upon earth). The Labradors and country swains here are sturdy and rational men, nothing so simple or servile as the French peasant, who is born in chains. It is true the Spaniard is not so conversable as other nations (unless he hath travelled), else he is like Mars

among the planets, impatient of conjunction. Nor is he so free in his gifts and rewards: as the last summer it happened that Count Gondomar with Sir Francis Cottington went to see a curious house of the Constable of Castile's, which had been newly built here. The keeper of the house was very officious to show him every room, with the garden, grottos and aqueducts, and presented him with some fruit. Gondomar having been a long time in the house, coming out, put many compliments of thanks upon the man, and so was going away. Sir Francis whispered him in the ear and asked him whether he would give the man anything that took such pains. "Oh," quoth Gondomar, "well remembered, Don Francisco; have you ever a double pistole about you? If you have, you may give it him, and then you pay him after the English manner. I have paid him already after the Spanish." The Spaniard is much improved in policy since he took footing in Italy, and there is no nation agrees with him better. I will conclude this character with a saying that he hath —

No ay hombre debaxo d'el sol,  
Como el Italiano y el Español.

Whereunto a Frenchman answered —

Dizes la verdad, y tienes razon,  
El uno es puto, el otro ladron.

Englished thus —

Beneath the sun there's no such man,  
As is the Spaniard and Italian.

The Frenchman answers —

Thou tell'st the truth, and reason hast,  
The first 's a thief, a buggerer the last.

Touching their women, nature hath made a more visible distinction betwixt the two sexes here than elsewhere; for the men, for the most part, are swarthy and rough, but the women are of a far finer mould. They are commonly little. And whereas there is a saying that makes a complete woman, let her be English to the neck, French to the waist, and Dutch below; I may add for hands and feet let her be Spanish, for they have the least of any. They have another saying: a Frenchwoman in a dance, a Dutchwoman in the kitchen, an Italian in a window, an Englishwoman at board, and the Spanish a-bed. When they are married they have a privilege to wear high shoes, and to paint, which is generally practised here, and the Queen useth it herself. They are coy enough, but not so froward as our English, for if a lady go along the street (and all women going here veiled and their habit so generally alike, one can hardly distinguish a countess from a cobbler's wife), if one should cast out an odd ill-sounding word, and ask her a favour, she will not take it ill, but put it off and answer you with some witty retort. After thirty they are commonly past child-bearing, and I have seen women in England look as youthful at fifty as some here at twenty-five. Money will do miracles here in purchasing the favour of ladies, or anything else; though this be the

country of money, for it furnisheth well near all the world besides, yea, their very enemies, as the Turk and Hollander; insomuch that one may say the coin of Spain is as Catholic as her king. Yet though he be the greatest king of gold and silver mines in the world (I think), yet the common current coin here is copper, and herein I believe the Hollander hath done him more mischief by counterfeiting his copper coins than by their arms, bringing it in by strange surreptitious ways, as in hollow sows of tin and lead, hollow masts, in pitch buckets under water and other ways. But I fear to be injurious to this great king, to speak of him in so a narrow a compass: a great king indeed, though the French in a slighting way compare his monarchy to a beggar's cloak made up of patches. They are patches indeed, but such as he hath not the like. The East Indies is a patch embroidered with pearl, rubies, and diamonds. Peru is a patch embroidered with massive gold; Mexico with silver; Naples and Milan are patches of cloth of tissue; and if these patches were in one piece, what would become of his cloak embroidered with flower de luces?

So desiring your lordship to pardon this poor imperfect paper, considering the high quality of the subject, I rest, your lordship's most humble servitor,

J. H.

Madrid, 1 *February* 1623.

## XXXIII

*To Mr Walsingham Gresly; from Madrid*

DON BALTHASAR,

I THANK you for your letter in my lord's last packet, wherein among other passages you write unto me the circumstances of Marquis Spinola's raising his leaguer by flatting and firing his works before Berghen. He is much taxed here to have attempted it, and to have buried so much of the king's treasure before that town in such costly trenches. A gentleman came hither lately, who was at the siege all the while, and he told me one strange passage, how Sir Ferdinand Cary, a huge corpulent knight, was shot through his body, the bullet entering at the navel, and coming out at his back killed his man behind him, yet he lives still, and is like to recover. With this miraculous accident he told me also a merry one, how a captain that had a wooden leg booted over, had it shattered to pieces by a cannon bullet, his soldiers crying out "A surgeon, a surgeon, for the captain." "No, no," said he, "a carpenter, a carpenter will serve the turn." To this pleasant tale I'll add another that happened lately in Alcalá hard by of a Dominican friar, who in a solemn procession which was held there upon Ascension Day last, had his stones dangling under his habit cut off instead of his pocket by a cut-purse.



Before you return hither, which I understand will be speedily, I pray bestow a visit on our friends in Bishopsgate Street. So I am your faithful servitor,

J. H.

3 February 1623.

### XXXIV

*To Sir Robert Napier, Knight, at his house  
in Bishopsgate Street; from Madrid*

THE late breach of the match hath broke the neck of all businesses here, and mine suffers as much as any. I had access lately to Olivares, once or twice; I had audience also of the King, to whom I presented a memorial that intimated letters of mart, unless satisfaction were had from his viceroy the Conde del Real. The King gave me a gracious answer, but Olivares a churlish one, viz., that when the Spaniards had justice in England we should have justice here. So that notwithstanding I have brought it to the highest point and pitch of perfection in law that could be, and procured some dispatches, the like whereof were never granted in this court before, yet I am in despair now to do any good. I hope to be shortly in England, by God's grace, to give you and the rest of the proprietaries a punctual account of all things. And you may easily conceive how sorry I am that matters succeeded not according to your expectation and my endeavours; but I hope



you are none of those that measure things by the event. The Earl of Bristol, Count Gondomar, and my Lord Ambassador Aston did not only do courtesies, but they did co-operate with me in it, and contributed their utmost endeavours. — So I rest, yours to serve you,

J. H.

Madrid, *February* 18, 1623.

XXXV

*To Mr A. S., in Alicante*

MUCH·endeared sir, fire, you know, is the common emblem of love. But without any disparagement to so noble a passion, methinks it might be also compared to tinder, and letters are the properest matter whereof to make this tinder. Letters again are fittest to kindle and re-accend this tinder. They may serve both for flint, steel and match. This letter of mine comes therefore of set purpose to strike some sparkles into yours, that it may glow and burn and receive ignition, and not lie dead, as it hath done a great while. I make my pen to serve for an instrument to stir the cinders wherewith your old love to me hath been covered a long time, therefore I pray let no *couvre-feu bell* have power hereafter to rake up and choke with the ashes of oblivion that clear flame wherewith our affections did use to sparkle so long by correspondence of letters and other offices of love.

I think I shall sojourn yet in this court these three months, for I will not give over this great business while there is the least breath of hope remaining.

I know you have choice matters of intelligence sometimes from thence, therefore I pray impart some unto us, and you shall not fail to know how matters pass here weekly. So with my besamanos to Francisco Imperial, I rest yours most affectionately to serve you,

J. H.

Madrid, 3 *March* 1623.

### XXXVI

*To the Honourable Sir T. S., at Tower Hill*

I WAS yesterday at the Escorial to see the Monastery of Saint Laurence, the eighth wonder of the world; and truly considering the site of the place, the state of the thing, and the symmetry of the structure, with divers other rarities, it may be called so; for what I have seen in Italy, and other places, are but baubles to it. It is built amongst a company of craggy barren hills, which makes the air the hungrier and wholesomer; it is all built of freestone and marble, and that with such solidity and moderate height that surely Philip the Second's chief design was to make a sacrifice of it to eternity, and to contest with the meteors and time itself. It cost eight millions; it was twenty-four years a-building, and the founder himself saw

it furnished, and enjoyed it twelve years after, and carried his bones himself thither to be buried.

The reason that moved King Philip to waste so much treasure was a vow he had made at the battle of Saint Quentin, where he was forced to batter a monastery of Saint Laurence friars, and if he had the victory, he would erect such a monastery to Saint Laurence that the world had not the like ; therefore the form of it is like a grid-iron, the handle is a huge royal palace, and the body a vast monastery or assembly of quadrangular cloisters, for there are as many as there be months in the year. There be a hundred monks, and every one hath his man and his mule, and a multitude of officers ; besides, there are three libraries there, full of the choicest books for all sciences. It is beyond expression what grots, gardens, walks, and aqueducts there are there, and what curious fountains in the upper cloisters, for there be two stages of cloisters. In fine, there is nothing that's vulgar there. To take a view of every room in the house one must make account to go ten miles ; there is a vault called the Pantheon under the highest altar, which is all paved, walled, and arched with marble ; there be a number of huge silver candlesticks, taller than I am ; lamps three yards compass, and divers chalices and crosses of massive gold ; there is one choir made all of burnished brass ; pictures and statues like giants ; and a world of glorious things that purely ravished me. By this mighty monument,

it may be inferred that Philip the Second, though he was a little man, yet had he vast gigantic thoughts in him, to leave such a huge pile for posterity to gaze upon and admire his memory. No more now, but that I rest, your most humble servitor,

J. H.

Madrid, *March* 9, 1623.

### XXXVII

*To the Lord Viscount Colchester; from Madrid*

MY LORD,

YOU wrote to me not long since to send you an account of the Duke of Ossuna's death, a little man, but of great fame and fortunes, and much cried up, and known up and down the world. He was revoked from being Viceroy of Naples (the best employment the King of Spain hath for a subject) upon some disgust; and being come to this court where he was brought to give an account of his government, being troubled with the gout, he carried his sword in his hand instead of a staff. The King misliking the manner of his posture, turned his back to him, and so went away. Thereupon he was overheard to mutter, "Esto es par a servir muchachos" (This it is to serve boys). This coming to the King's ear, he was apprehended and committed prisoner to a monastery not far off, where he continued some

years until his beard came to his girdle, then growing very ill, he was permitted to come to his house in this town, being carried in a bed upon men's shoulders, and so died some years ago. There were divers accusations against him, amongst the rest, I remember these. That he had kept the Marquis de Campolataro's wife, sending her husband out of the way upon employment. That he had got a bastard of a Turkish woman, and suffered the child to be brought up in the Mohammedan religion. That being one day at high mass, when the host was elevated he drew out of his pocket a piece of gold, and held it up, intimating that that was his god. That he had invited some of the prime courtesans of Naples to a feast, and after dinner made a banquet for them in his garden, where he commanded them to strip themselves stark naked and go up and down, while he shot sugar plums at them out of a trunk, which they were to take up from off their high chapins, and such like extravagances. One (amongst divers others) witty passage was told me of him, which was, that when he was Viceroy of Sicily, there died a great rich duke, who left but one son, whom with his whole estate he bequeathed to the tutule of the Jesuits, and the words of the will were, "When he is past his minority" (*darete al mio figliuolo qualche voi volete*) "you shall give my son what you will." It seems the Jesuits took to themselves two parts of three of the estate, and gave the rest to the

heir. The young duke complaining hereof to the Duke of Ossuna (then viceroy), he commanded the Jesuits to appear before him. He asked them how much of the estate they would have, they answered two parts of three, which they had almost employed already to build monasteries and an hospital, to erect particular altars and masses, to sing dirges and refrigeriums for the soul of the deceased duke. Hereupon the Duke of Ossuna caused the will to be produced, and found therein the words afore-recited, "When he is passed his minority, you shall give my son of my estate what you will." Then he told the Jesuits, you must by virtue and tenor of these words, give what you will to the son, which by your own confession is two parts of three, and so he determined the business.

Thus have I in part satisfied your lordship's desire, which I shall do more amply when I shall be made happy to attend you in person, which I hope will be ere it be long. In the interim, I take my leave of you from Spain, and rest your lordship's most ready and humble servitor,

J. H.

Madrid, 13 *March* 1623.

## XXXVIII

*To Simon Digby, Esq.*

**I** THANK you for the several sorts of cyphers you sent me to write by, which were very choice ones and curious. Cryptology, or Epistolising in a Clandestine Way, is very ancient. I read in A. Gellius that C. Cæsar in his letters to Caius Oppius and Balbus Cornelius, who were two of his greatest confidants in managing his private affairs, did write in cyphers by a various transportation of the alphabet; whereof Proclus Grammaticus, *De occulta literarum significatione Epistolarum C. Cæsaris*, writes a curious commentary. But methinks that certain kind of hieroglyphics, the cælestial signs, the seven planets, and other constellations might make a curious kind of cypher, as I will more particularly demonstrate unto you in a scheme, when I shall be happy with your conversation. — So I rest, your assured servitor,

J. H.

Madrid, *March* 15, 1623.

## XXXIX

*To Sir James Crofts; from Bilbao*

**B**EING safely come to the Marine, in convoy of His Majesty's jewels, and being to sojourn

here some days, the conveniency of this gentleman (who knows, and much honoureth you), he being to ride post through France, invited me to send you this.

We were but five horsemen in all our seven days' journey from Madrid hither, and the charge Mr Wiches had is valued at four hundred thousand crowns; but it is such safe travelling in Spain, that one may carry gold in the palm of his hand, the government is so good. When we had gained Biscay ground, we passed one day through a forest, and lighting off our mules to take a little repast under a tree, we took down our alforjas and some bottles of wine (and you know it is ordinary here to ride with one's victuals about him), but as we were eating we spied two huge wolves, who stared upon us a while, but had the good manners to go away. It put me in mind of a pleasant tale I heard Sir Thomas Fairfax relate of a soldier in Ireland, who having got his passport to go for England, as he passed through a wood with his knapsack upon his back, being weary, he sat down under a tree, where he opened his knapsack, and fell to some victuals he had; but upon a sudden he was surprised with two or three wolves, who, coming towards him, he threw them scraps of bread and cheese, till all was done, then the wolves making a nearer approach unto him, he knew not what shift to make, but by taking a pair of bagpipes which he had, and as soon as he began to play upon them the wolves ran all away as if they had been scared

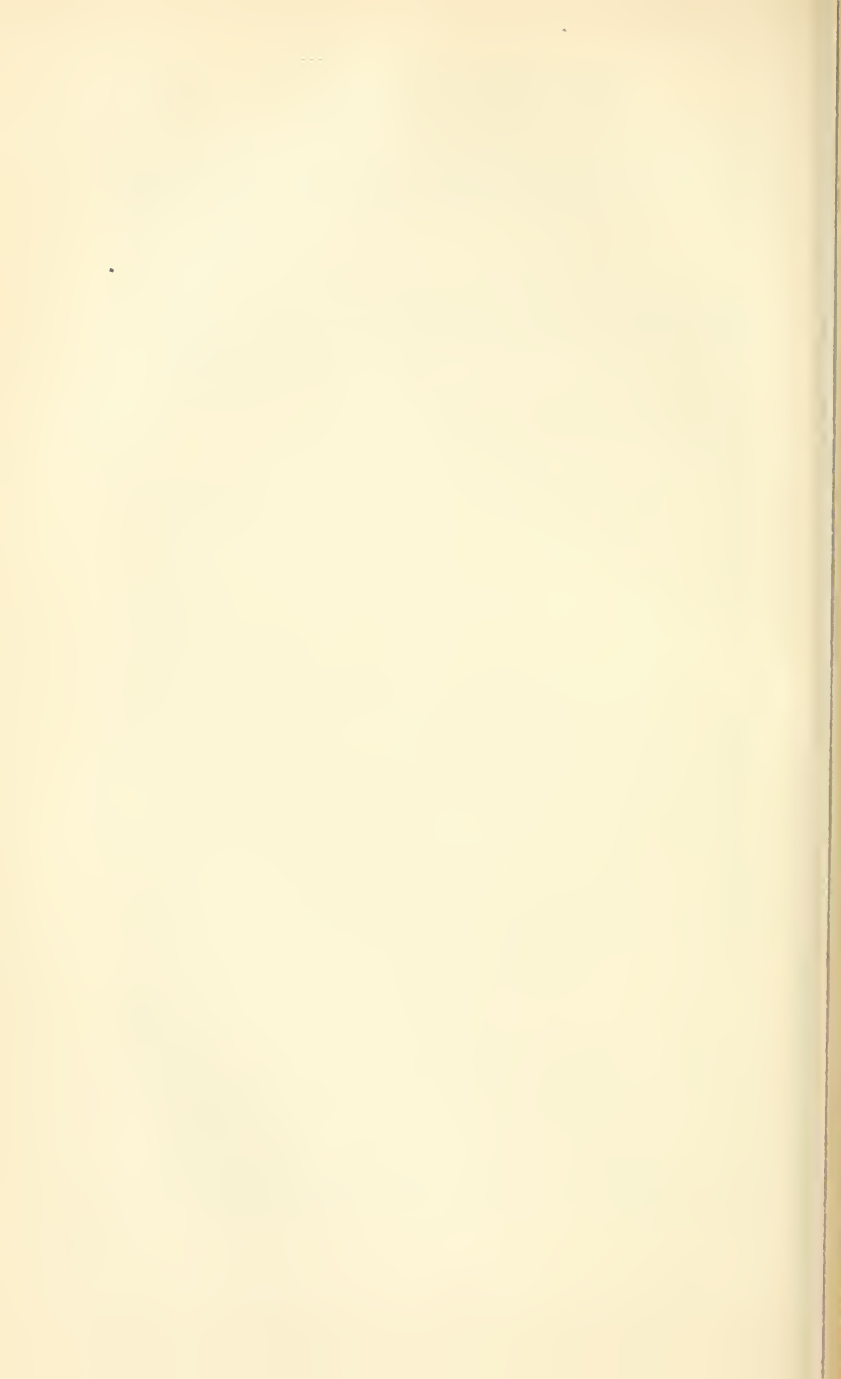


out of their wits ; whereupon the soldier said, " A pox take you all, if I had known you had loved music so well, you should have had it before dinner."

If there be a lodging void at the Three Halbards Heads, I pray be pleased to cause it to be reserved for me. So I rest, your humble servitor,

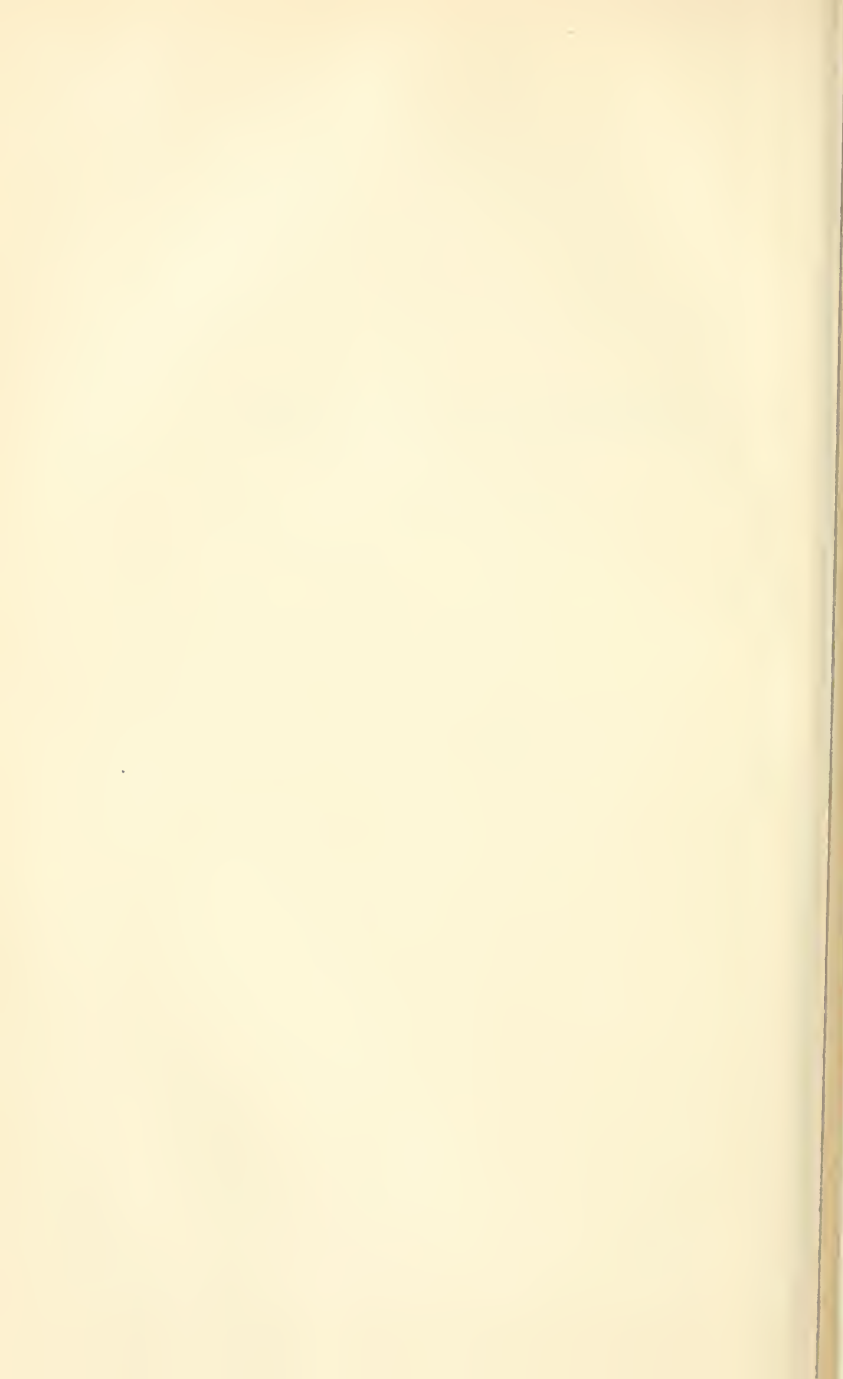
J. H.

Bilboa, *September 6, 1624.*



EPISTOLÆ HO-ELIANÆ

SECTION IV



## SECTION IV

### I

*To my Father; from London*

I AM newly returned from Spain. I came over in convoy of the Prince his jewels, for which one of the ships royal with the *Catch* were sent under the command of Captain Love. We landed at Plymouth, whence I came by post to Theobald's in less than two nights and a day, to bring His Majesty news of their safe arrival. The Prince had newly got a fall off a horse, and kept his chamber. The jewels were valued at above a hundred thousand pounds. Some of them a little before the Prince his departure had been presented to the Infanta, but she waiving to receive them, yet with a civil compliment they were left in the hands of one of the secretaries of state for her use upon the wedding day, and it was no unworthy thing in the Spaniard to deliver them back, notwithstanding that the treaties both of match and Palatinate had been dissolved a pretty while before by act of Parliament, that a war was threatened, and ambassadors revoked. There were jewels also amongst them to be presented to the King and

Queen of Spain, to most of the ladies of honour, and the grandees. There was a great table diamond for Olivares of 18 carats' weight; but the richest of all was to the Infanta herself, which was a chain of great orient pearls, to the number of 276, weighing nine ounces. The Spaniards, notwithstanding they are the masters of the staple of jewels, stood astonished at the beauty of these, and confessed themselves to be put down.

Touching the employment upon which I went to Spain, I had my charges borne all the while, and that was all. Had it taken effect, I had made a good business of it; but it is no wonder (nor can it be, I hope, any disrepute unto me) that I could not bring to pass what three ambassadors could not do before me.

I am now casting about for another fortune, and some hopes I have of employment about the Duke of Buckingham. He sways more than ever, for whereas he was before a favourite to the King, he is now a favourite to Parliament, people and city, for breaking the match with Spain. Touching his own interest, he had reason to do it, for the Spaniards love him not; but whether the public interest of the state will suffer in it or no, I dare not determine. For my part, I hold the Spanish match to be better than their powder, and their wares better than their wars; and I shall be ever of that mind, that no country is able to do England less hurt and more good than Spain, considering the large traffic and treasure that is to be got thereby.

I shall continue to give you account of my courses when opportunity serves, and to dispose of matters so that I may attend you this summer in the country. So desiring still your blessing and prayers, I rest your dutiful son, J. H.

London, *December* 10, 1624.

## II

*To R. Brown, Esq.*

**T**HERE is no seed so fruitful as that of love. I do not mean that gross carnal love which propagates the world, but that which preserves it, to wit, seeds of friendship, which hath little commerce with the body, but is a thing divine and spiritual. There cannot be a more pregnant proof hereof than those seeds of love which I have long since cast into your breast, which have thriven so well, and in that exuberance, that they have been more fruitful unto me than that field in Sicily called *le trecente cariche* (the field of three hundred loads), so called because it returns the sower three hundred for one yearly, so plentiful hath your love been unto me. But amongst other sweet fruits it hath born, those precious letters which you have sent me from time to time, both at home and abroad, are not of the least value. I did always hug and highly esteem them, and you in them, for they yielded me both profit and pleasure.

That seed which you have also sown in me hath

fructified something, but it hath not been able to make you such rich returns, nor afford so plentiful a crop; yet I daresay, this crop, how thin soever, was pure and free from tares, from cockle or darnell, from flattery or falsehood, and what it shall produce hereafter shall be so; nor shall any injury of the heavens, as tempests, or thunder and lightning (I mean no cross or affliction whatsoever) be able to blast and smut it, or hinder it to grow up and fructify still.

This is the third time God Almighty hath been pleased to bring me back to the sweet bosom of my dear country from beyond the seas. I have been already comforted with the sight of many of my choice friends, but I miss you extremely, therefore I pray make haste, for London streets which you and I have trod together so often will prove tedious to me else. Amongst other things, Blackfriars will entertain you with a play, "spick and span new," and the Cockpit with another. Nor I believe after so long absence, will it be an unpleasing object for you to see, yours,

J. H.

London, *January 20, 1624.*

### III

*To the Lord Viscount Colchester*

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

**M**Y last to your lordship was in Italian, with the *Venetian Gazette* enclosed. Count



Mansfelt is upon point of parting, having obtained it seems the sum of his desires. He was lodged all the while in the same quarter of St James, which was appointed for the Infanta. He supped yesternight with the council of war, and he hath a grant of 12,000 men, English and Scots, whom he will have ready in the body of an army against the next spring; and they say that England, France, Venice, and Savoy do contribute for the maintenance thereof 60,000 pounds a month. There can be no conjecture, much less any judgment made yet of his design; most think it will be for relieving Breda, which is straitly begirt by Spinola, who gives out that he hath her already as a bird in a cage, and will have her maugre all the opposition of Christendom. Yet there is fresh news come over that Prince Maurice hath got on the back of him, and hath beleaguered him, as he hath done the town, which I want faith to believe yet, in regard of the huge circuit of Spinola's works, for his circumvallations are cried up to be near upon twenty miles. But while the Spaniard is spending millions here for getting small towns, the Hollander gets kingdoms off him elsewhere. He hath invaded and taken lately from the Portugal part of Brazil, a rich country for sugars, cottons, balsams, dyeing-wood, and divers commodities besides.

The treaty of marriage betwixt our Prince and the youngest daughter of France goes on apace, and my Lords of Carlisle and Holland are in Paris

about it. We shall see now what difference there is betwixt the French and Spanish pace. The two Spanish ambassadors have been gone hence long since: they say that they are both in prison, one in Burgos in Spain, the other in Flanders, for the scandalous information they made here against the Duke of Buckingham, about which, the day before their departure hence, they desired to have one private audience more, but His Majesty denied them. I believe they will not continue long in disgrace, for matters grow daily worse and worse betwixt us and Spain; for divers letters of marque are granted our merchants, and letters of marque are commonly the forerunners of a war. Yet they say Gondomar will be on his way hither again about the Palatinate, for the King of Denmark appears now in his niece's quarrel, and arms apace.

No more now, but that I kiss your lordship's hands, and rest your most humble and ready servitor,

J. H.

London, 5 *February* 1624.

IV

*To my Cousin, Mr Roland Guin*

COUSIN,

I WAS lately sorry, and I was lately glad, that I heard you were ill, that I heard you are well.  
—Your affectionate cousin,

J. H.

## V

*To Thomas Jones, Esq.*

TOM,

**I**F you are in health, 'tis well ; we are here all so, and we should be better had we your company. Therefore, I pray, leave the smutty air of London and come hither to breathe sweeter, where you may pluck a rose and drink a cillibub. — Your faithful friend,

J. H.

Kentis, *June 1, 1625.*

## VI

*To D. C.*

**T**HE bearer hereof hath no other errand but to know how you do in the country, and this paper is his credential letter. Therefore, I pray, hasten his dispatch, and if you please send him back like the man in the moon, with a basket of your fruit on his back. — Your true friend,

J. H.

London, *this August 10, 1625.*

## VII

*To my father; from London*

I RECEIVED yours of the third of February by the hands of my cousin, Thomas Guin of Trecastle.

It was my fortune to be on Sunday was fortnight at Theobalds, where his late majesty King James departed this life and went to his last rest upon the day of rest, presently after sermon was done. A little before the break of day he sent for the Prince, who rose out of his bed and came in his nightgown; the King seemed to have some earnest thing to say unto him, and so endeavoured to raise himself upon his pillow, but his spirits were so spent that he had not strength to make his words audible. He died of a fever which began with an ague, and some Scotch doctors mutter at a plaster the Countess of Buckingham applied to the outside of his stomach. It is thought the last breach of the match with Spain, which for many years he had so vehemently desired, took too deep an impression on him, and that he was forced to rush into a war now in his declining age, having lived in a continual uninterrupted peace his whole life, except some collateral aids he had sent his son-in-law. As soon as he expired the Privy Council sat, and in less than a quarter of an hour, King Charles was proclaimed at Theo-

balds Court Gate by Sir Edward Zouch, Knight Marshal, Master Secretary Conway dictating unto him: "That whereas it hath pleased God to take to His mercy our most gracious sovereign King James of famous memory, we proclaim Prince Charles his rightful and indubitable heir to be King of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, etc." The Knight Marshal mistook, saying, "His rightful and dubitable heir," but he was rectified by the secretary. This being done, I took my horse instantly and came to London first, except one who was come a little before me, insomuch, that I found the gates shut. His now Majesty took coach and the Duke of Buckingham with him, and came to Saint James. In the evening he was proclaimed at Whitehall Gate, in Cheapside, and other places in a sad shower of rain; and the weather was suitable to the condition wherein he finds the kingdom which is cloudy; for he is left engaged in a war with a potent prince, the people by long desuetude unapt for arms, the fleet royal in quarter repair, himself without a queen, his sister without a country, the crown pitifully laden with debts, and the purse of the state lightly ballasted, though it never had better opportunity to be rich than it had these last twenty years. But God Almighty I hope will make him emerge and pull this island out of all these plunges, and preserve us from worser times.

The plague is begun in Whitechapel, and as they say, in the same house, at the same day of the

month, with the same number that died twenty-two years since when Queen Elizabeth departed.

There are great preparations for the funeral, and there is a design to buy all the cloth for mourning white and then to put it to the dyers in gross, which is like to save the crown a good deal of money ; the drapers murmur extremely at the Lord Cranfield for it.

I am not settled yet in any stable condition, but I lie windbound at the Cape of Good Hope, expecting some gentle gale to launch out into an employment.

So with my love to all my brothers and sisters at the Bryn, and near Brecknock, I humbly crave a continuance of your prayers and blessing to your dutiful son,

J. H.

London, *December 11, 1625.*

### VIII

*To Dr Prichard*

SINCE I was beholden to you for your many favours in Oxford, I have not heard from you (*ne gry quidem*). I pray let the wonted correspondence be now revived and receive new vigour between us.

My Lord Chancellor Bacon is lately dead of a long languishing weakness ; he died so poor, that he scarce left money to bury him, which, though he had a great wit, did argue no great wis-

dom, it being one of the essential properties of a wise man to provide for the main chance. I have read that it hath been the fortunes of all poets commonly to die beggars ; but for an orator, a lawyer, and philosopher, as he was, to die so, 't is rare. It seems the same fate befell him that attended Demosthenes, Seneca, and Cicero (all great men), of whom the two first fell by corruption. The fairest diamond may have a flaw in it, but I believe he died poor out of contempt of the pelf of fortune, as also out of an excess of generosity ; which appeared as in divers other passages, so once when the King had sent him a stag, he sent up for the underkeeper, and having drunk the King's health unto him in a great silver-gilt bowl, he gave it him for his fee.

He wrote a pitiful letter to King James not long before his death, and concludes, Help me, dear sovereign lord and master, and pity me so far, that I who have been born to a bag be not now in my age forced in effect to bear a wallet ; nor I that desire to live to study may be driven to study to live. Which words, in my opinion, argueth a little abjection of spirit, as his former letter to the Prince did of profaneness, wherein he hoped that as the Father was his creator the Son will be his redeemer. I write not this to derogate from the noble worth of the Lord Viscount Verulam, who was a rare man, a man *reconditae scientiae, et ad salutem literarum natus*, and I think the eloquentest that was born in this isle. They say

he shall be the last Lord Chancellor, as Sir Edward Coke was the last Lord Chief-Justice of England; for ever since they have been termed Lord Chief-Justices of the King's Bench, so hereafter they shall be only Keepers of the Great Seal, which for title and office are deposable, but they say the Lord Chancellor's title is indelible.

I was lately at Gray's Inn with Sir Eubule, and he desired me to remember him unto you, as I do also salute *Meum Prichardum ex imis praecordiis*, Vale κεφαλή μοι προσφιλεστάτη. — Yours most affectionately, while

J. H.

London, *January 6, 1625.*

## IX

*To my well-beloved Cousin, Mr T. V.*

COUSIN,

**Y**OU have a great work in hand, for you write unto me that you are upon a treaty of marriage. A great work indeed, and a work of such consequence that it may make you or mar you. It may make the whole remainder of your life uncouth or comfortable to you; for of all civil actions that are incident to man, there is not any that tends more to his infelicity or happiness. Therefore it concerns you not to be over-hasty herein, not to take the ball before the bound. You must be cautious how you thrust your neck



into such a yoke, whence you will never have power to withdraw it again, for the tongue useth to tie so hard a knot that the teeth can never untie, no not Alexander's sword can cut asunder among us Christians. If you are resolved to marry, choose where you love, and resolve to love your choice (let love rather than lucre be your guide in this election), though a concurrence of both be good, yet, for my part, I had rather the latter should be wanting than the first. The one is the pilot, the other but the ballast, of the ship which should carry us to the harbour of a happy life. If you are bent to wed I wish you another gess wife than Socrates had. And as I wish you may not light upon such a Zantippe (as the wisest men have had ill-luck in this kind, as I could instance in two of our most eminent lawyers, C., B.), so I pray that God may deliver you from a wife of such a generation that Strowd our cook here at Westminster said his wife was of, who, when (out of a mislike of the preacher) he had on a Sunday in the afternoon gone out of the church to a tavern, and returning towards the evening pretty well heated with canary to look to his roast, and his wife falling to read him a loud lesson in so furious a manner as if she would have basted him instead of the mutton, and amongst other revilings, telling him often, that the devil, the devil, would fetch him, at last he broke out of a long silence, and told her, I prithe, good wife, hold thyself content, for I know

the devil will do me no hurt, for I have married his kinswoman. If you light upon such a wife (a wife that hath more bone than flesh) I wish you may have the same measure of patience that Socrates and Strowd had, to suffer the gray mare sometimes to be the better horse. I remember a French proverb—

La maison est misérable et méchante  
Où la poule plus haut que le coq chante.

That house doth every day more wretched grow  
Where the hen louder than the cock doth crow.

Yet we have another English proverb almost counter to this, That it is better to marry a shrew than a sheep; for though silence be the dumb orator of beauty, and the best ornament of a woman, yet a phlegmatic dull wife is fulsome and fastidious.

Excuse me, cousin, that I jest with you in so serious a business. I know you need no counsel of mine herein. You are discreet enough of yourself, nor, I presume, do you want advice of parents, which by all means must go along with you. So wishing you all conjugal joy, and a happy confarreation, I rest, your affectionate cousin,

J. H.

London, *February 5, 1625.*

## X

*To my noble Lord, the Lord Clifford; from  
London*

MY LORD,

THE Duke of Buckingham is lately returned from Holland, having renewed the peace with the States and articed with them for a continuation of some naval forces for an expedition against Spain, as also having taken up some monies upon private jewels (not any of the Crown's), and lastly, having comforted the Lady Elizabeth for the decease of his late Majesty her father and of Prince Frederick, her eldest son, whose disastrous manner of death, amongst the rest of her sad afflictions, is not the least. For passing over Haarlem Mere, a huge inland lough, in company of his father, who had been in Amsterdam to look how his bank of money did thrive, and coming (for more frugality) in the common boat, which was upset with merchandise, and other passengers, in a thick fog the vessel turned over and so many perished. The Prince Palsgrave saved himself by swimming, but the young prince clinging to the mast, and being entangled amongst the tacklings, was half drowned and half frozen to death — a sad destiny.

There is an open rupture betwixt us and the Spaniard, though he gives out that he never broke with us to this day. Count Gondomar was on his

way to Flanders, and thence to England (as they say) with a large commission to treat for a surrender of the Palatinate, and so to piece matters together again, but he died on the journey, at a place called Bunnol, of pure apprehensions of grief, it is given out.

The match betwixt His Majesty and the Lady Henrietta Maria, youngest daughter to Henry the Great (the eldest being married to the King of Spain, and the second to the Duke of Savoy) goes roundly on, and is in a manner concluded; whereat the Count of Soissons is much discontented, who gave himself hopes to have her, but the hand of heaven hath predestined her for a far higher condition.

The French ambassadors who were sent hither to conclude the business, having private audience of his late Majesty a little before his death, he told them pleasantly that he would make war against the Lady Henrietta because she would not receive the two letters which were sent her, one from himself and the other from his son, but sent them to her mother; yet he thought he should easily make peace with her, because he understood she had afterwards put the latter letter in her bosom, and the first in her coshionet, whereby he gathered that she intended to reserve his son for her affection and him for counsel.

The Bishop of Luçon, now Cardinal de Richelieu, is grown to be the sole favourite of the King of France, being brought in by the queen mother.

He hath been very active in advancing the match, but it is thought the wars will break out afresh against them of the religion, notwithstanding the ill fortune the King had before Montauban a few years since, where he lost above 500 of his nobles, whereof the great Duke of Main was one, and having lain in person before the town many months, and received some affronts, as that inscription upon their gates shows, "Roy sans foy, ville sans peur" (a king without faith, a town without fear), yet he was forced to rase his works and raise his siege.

The letter which Mr Ellis Hicks brought them of Montauban from Rochelle, through so much danger and with so much gallantry, was an infinite advantage unto them; for whereas there was a politic report raised in the King's army and blown into Montauban that Rochelle was yielded to the Count of Soissons who lay then before her, this letter did inform the contrary, and that Rochelle was in as good a plight as ever. Whereupon they made a sally the next day upon the King's forces and did him a great deal of spoil.

There be summons out for a Parliament. I pray God it may prove more prosperous than the former.

I have been lately recommended to the Duke of Buckingham by some noble friends of mine that have intimacy with him, about whom, though he hath three secretaries already, I hope to have

some employment, for I am weary of walking up and down so idly upon London streets.

The plague begins to rage mightily ; God avert His judgments that menace so great a mortality, and turn not away His face from this poor island. So I kiss your lordship's hand, in quality of your lordship's most humble servitor,

J. H.

London, 25 *February* 1625.

## XI

*To Rich. Altham, Esquire*

THE echo wants but a face and the looking-glass a voice to make them both living creatures, and to become the same bodies they represent, the one by repercussion of sound, the other by reflection of sight. Your most ingenious letters to me from time to time do far more lively represent you than either echo or crystal can do. I mean they represent the better and nobler part of you, to wit, the inward man. They clearly set forth the notions of your mind and the motions of your soul, with the strength of your imagination ; for as I know your exterior person by your lineaments, so I know you as well inwardly by your lines and by those lively expressions you give of yourself, insomuch that I believe if the interior man within you were so visible as the outward (as once Plato wished that virtue might be seen

with the corporal eyes) you would draw all the world after you; or if your well-born thoughts and the words of your letters were echoed in any place where they might rebound and be made audible, they are composed of such sweet and charming strains of ingenuity and eloquence that all the nymphs of the woods and the valleys, the dryads, yea, the graces and muses, would pitch their pavilions there, nay, Apollo himself would dwell longer in that place with his rays and make them reverberate more strongly than either upon Pindus or Parnassus or Rhodes itself, whence he never removes his eye as long as he is above this hemisphere. I confess my letters to you, which I send by way of correspondence, come far short of such virtue, yet are they the true ideas of my mind and that real and inbred affection I bear you. One should never teach his letters or his lackey to lie. I observe that rule, but besides my letters I could wish there were a crystal casement in my breast, through which you might behold the motions of my heart: *Utinamque oculos in pectore posses incessere*, then should you clearly see, without any deception of sight, how truly I am, and how entirely, yours,

J. H.

27 of February 1625.

And to answer you in the same strain of verse you sent me.

First, shall the heaven's bright lamp forget to shine,  
The stars shall from the azured sky decline;

First, shall the Orient with the west shake hand,  
 The centre of the world shall cease to stand ;  
 First, wolves shall league with lambs, the dolphins fly,  
 The lawyer and physician fees deny,  
 The Thames with Tagus shall exchange her bed,  
 My mistress' locks with mine, shall first turn red ;  
 First, heaven shall lie below, and hell above,  
 Ere I inconstant to my Altham prove.

## XII

*To the Right Honourable my Lord of Carlingford, after Earl of Carberry, at Golden Grove, 28th May 1625*

MY LORD,

WE have gallant news now abroad, for we are sure to have a new queen ere it be long. Both the contract and marriage was lately solemnised in France, the one the second of this month in the Louvre, the other the eleventh day following in the great Church of Paris, by the Cardinal of Rochefoucauld. There was some clashing betwixt him and the Archbishop of Paris, who alleged it was his duty to officiate in that church, but the dignity of cardinal and the quality of his office, being the King's Great Almoner, which makes him chief curate of the court, gave him the prerogative. I doubt not but your lordship hath heard of the capitulations, but for better assurance I will run them over briefly.



The King of France obliged himself to procure the dispensation. The marriage should be celebrated in the same form as that of Queen Margaret and of the Duchess of Bar. Her dowry should be 40,000 crowns, six shillings apiece, the one moiety to be paid the day of the contract, the other twelve months after. The Queen shall have a chapel in all the King's royal houses and anywhere else where she shall reside within the dominions of His Majesty of Great Britain, with free exercise of the Roman religion, for herself, her officers and all her household, for the celebration of the Mass, the predication of the word, administration of the sacraments, and power to procure indulgences from the Holy Father. That to this end she shall be allowed twenty-eight priests or ecclesiastics in her house and a bishop in quality of Almoner, who shall have jurisdiction over all the rest, and that none of the King's officers shall have power over them, unless in case of treason. Therefore all her ecclesiastics shall take the oath of fidelity to His Majesty of Great Britain. There shall be a cemetery or churchyard close about to bury those of her family, that in consideration of this marriage all English Catholics, as well ecclesiastics as lay, which shall be in any prison merely for religion, since the last edict shall be set at liberty.

This is the eighth alliance we have had with France since the Conquest, and as it is the best that could be made in Christendom, so I hope it

will prove the happiest. — So I kiss your hands,  
being your lordship's most humble servitor,

J. H.

London, *March* 1, 1625.

### XIII

*To the Honourable Sir Tho. Sa.*

I CONVERSED lately with a gentleman that came from France, who amongst other things, discoursed much of the favourite Richelieu, who is like to be an active man, and hath great designs. The two first things he did was to make sure of England and the Hollander; he thinks to have us safe enough by this marriage; and Holland by a late league, which was bought with a great sum of money; for he hath furnished the States with a million of livres at two shillings a piece in present, and six hundred thousand livres every year of these two that are to come; provided that the States repay these sums two years after they are in peace or truce. The King pressed much for liberty of conscience to Roman Catholics amongst them, and the deputies promised to do all they could with the States General about it; they articed likewise for the French to be associated with them in the trade to the Indies.

Monsieur is lately married to Mary of Bourbon, the Duke of Monpensier's daughter. He told her "That he would be a better husband than he had

been a suitor to her;" for he hung off a good while. This marriage was made by the King, and Monsieur hath for his appenage 100,000 livres, annual rent from Chartres and Blois, 100,000 livres pension, and 500,000 to be charged yearly upon the general receipts of Orleans, in all about £70,000. There was much ado before this match could be brought about, for there were many opposers, and there be dark whispers that there was a deep plot to confine the King to a monastery, and that Monsieur should govern; and divers great ones have suffered for it, and more are like to be discovered. — So I take my leave for the present, and rest, your humble and ready servitor,

J. H.

London, *March* 10, 1626.

#### XIV

*To the Lady Jane Savage, Marchioness of  
Winchester*

EXCELLENT LADY,

I MAY say of your Grace, as it was said once of a rare Italian princess, that you are the greatest tyrant in the world, because you make all those that see you your slaves, much more them that know you, I mean those that are acquainted with your inward disposition, and with the faculties of your soul, as well as the phisnomy of your face; for

Virtue took as much pains to adorn the one, as Nature did to perfect the other. I have had the happiness to know both, when your Grace took pleasure to learn Spanish, at which time, when my betters far had offered their service in this kind, I had the honour to be commanded by you often. He that hath as much experience of you as I have had, will confess that the Handmaid of God Almighty was never so prodigal of her gifts to any, or laboured more to frame an exact model of female perfection; nor was dame Nature only busied in this work, but all the Graces did consult and co-operate with her, and they wasted so much of their treasure to enrich this one piece, that it may be a good reason why so many lame and defective fragments of women-kind are daily thrust into the world.

I return you here enclosed the sonnet your Grace pleased to send me lately, rendered into Spanish, and fitted for the same air it had in English, both for cadence and number of feet. With it I send my most humble thanks, that your Grace would descend to command me in anything that might conduce to your contentment and service; for there is nothing I desire with a greater ambition (and herein I have all the world my rival) than to be accounted, Madame, your Grace's most humble and ready servitor,

J. H.

London, *March* 15, 1626.

## XV

*To the Right Honourable the Lord Clifford*

MY LORD,

I PRAY be pleased to dispense with this slowness of mine in answering yours of the first of this present.

Touching the domestic occurrences, the gentleman who is bearer hereof is more capable to give you account by discourse than I can in paper.

For foreign tidings your lordship may understand that the town of Breda hath been a good while making her last will and testament, but now there is certain news come that she hath yielded up the ghost to Spinola's hands after a tough siege of thirteen months, and a circumvallation of near upon twenty miles' compass.

My Lord of Southampton and his eldest son sickened at the siege and died at Bergen. The adventurous Earl Henry of Oxford, seeming to tax the Prince of Orange with slackness to fight, was set upon a desperate work, where he melted his grease, and so being carried to the Hague he died also. I doubt not but you have heard of Grave Maurice's death, which happened when the town was past cure, which was his more than the State's, for he was Marquis of Breda, and had near upon thirty thousand dollars annual rent from her; therefore he seemed in a kind of sympathy to

sicken with his town, and died before her. He had provided plentifully for all his natural children; but could not, though much importuned by Doctor Roseus and other divines upon his death-bed, be induced to make them legitimate by marrying the mother of them, for the law there is, that if one hath got children of any woman, though unmarried to her, yet if he marry her never so little before his death, he makes her honest and them all legitimate. But it seems the prince postponed the love he bore to this woman and children to that which he bore to his brother Henry, for had he made the children legitimate, it had prejudiced the brother in point of command and fortunes. Yet he had provided very plentifully for them and the mother.

Grave Henry hath succeeded him in all things, and is a gallant gentleman of a French education and temper. He charged him at his death to marry a young lady, the Count of Solme's daughter, attending the Queen of Bohemia, whom he had long courted, which is thought will take speedy effect.

When the siege before Breda had grown hot, Sir Edward Vere being one day attending Prince Maurice, he pointed at a rising place called Terhay, where the enemy had built a fort (which might have been prevented); Sir Edward told him he feared that fort would be the cause of the loss of the town. The Grave spattered and shook his head, saying, "It was the greatest error he had committed since he knew what belonged to a

soldier, as also in managing the plot for surprising of the citadel of Antwerp, for he repented that he had not employed English and French in lieu of the slow Dutch, who aimed to have the sole honour of it, and were not so fit instruments for such a nimble piece of service. As soon as Sir Charles Morgan gave up the town, Spinola caused a new gate to be erected, with this inscription in great golden characters :

Philippo quarto regnante,  
 Clara Eugenia Isabella gubernante,  
 Ambrosio Spinola obsidente,  
 Quatuor Regibus contra conantibus.  
 Breda Capta fuit Idibus, etc.

It is thought that Spinola, now that he hath recovered the honour he had lost before Berghenop-Zoom three years since, will not long stay in Flanders, but retire.

No more now, but that I am resolved to continue ever your lordship's most humble servitor,  
 J. H.

London, *March* 19, 1626.

## XVI

*To Mr R. Sc., at York*

I SENT you one of third current, but it was not answered. I sent another of the thirteenth like a second arrow to find out the first, but I know not what's become of either. I send this to find

out the other two, and if this fail, there shall go no more out of my quiver. If you forget me I have cause to complain; and more, if you remember me. To forget may proceed from the frailty of memory; not to answer me when you mind me is pure neglect, and no less than a piacle.— So I rest, yours easily to be recovered, J. H.

Ira furor brevis, brevis est mea littera, cogor,  
Ira correptus, corripuisse stylum.

London, 19 of July, the first of  
the Dog Days, 1626

## XVII

*To Dr Field, Lord Bishop of Landaff*

MY LORD,

**I** SEND you my humble thanks for those worthy hospitable favours you were pleased to give me at your lodgings in Westminster. I had yours of the fifth of this present by the hand of Mr Jonathan Field. The news which fills every corner of the town at this time is the sorry and unsuccessful return that Wimbledon's fleet hath made from Spain. It was a fleet that deserved to have had a better destiny, considering the strength of it, and the huge charge the Crown was at. For besides a squadron of sixteen Hollanders, whereof Count William, one of Prince Maurice's natural sons, was admiral, there were above four score of



ours, the greatest joint naval power (of ships without galleys) that ever spread sail upon salt water, which makes the world abroad to stand astonished how so huge a fleet could be so suddenly made ready. The sinking of the *Long Robin* with 170 souls in her, in the Bay of Biscay, ere she had gone half the voyage was no good augury. And the critics of the time say there were many other things that promised no good fortune to this fleet; besides they would point at divers errors committed in the conduct of the main design; first the odd choice that was made of the admiral, who was a mere landman, which made the seamen much slight him, it belonging properly to Sir Robert Mansell, Vice-Admiral of England, to have gone in case the high admiral went not. Then they speak of the uncertainty of the enterprise, and that no place was pitched upon to be invaded, till they came to the height of the South Cape, and in sight of shore, where the Lord Wimbledon first called a council of war, wherein some would be for Malaga, others for Saint Mary Port, others for Gibraltar, but most for Calais; and while they were thus consulting the country had an alarm given them. Add hereunto the blazing abroad of this expedition ere the fleet went out of the Downs, for Mercurius Gallobelgicus had it in print that it was for the Straits mouth. Now it is a rule that great designs of State should be mysteries till they come to the very act of performance, and then they should turn to exploits. Moreover, when the

local attempt was resolved on, there were seven ships (by the advice of one Captain Love) suffered to go up the river which might have been easily taken, and being rich, it is thought they would have defrayed well-near the charge of our fleet, which ships did much infest us afterwards with their ordnance, when we had taken the Fort of Puntall. Moreover, the disorderly carriage and excess of our landmen (whereof there were 10,000) when they were put ashore, who broke into the Fryers Caves and other cellars of sweet wines, where many hundreds of them being surprised and found dead drunk, the Spaniards came and tore off their ears and noses and plucked out their eyes. And I was told of one merry fellow escaping that killed an ass for a buck. Lastly, it is laid to the admiral's charge that my Lord de la Ware's ship being infected, he gave order that the sick men should be scattered into divers ships, which dispersed the contagion exceedingly, so that some thousands died before the fleet returned, which was done in a confused manner without any observance of sea orders. Yet I do not hear of any that will be punished for these miscarriages, which will make the dishonour fall more foully upon the State. But the most unfortunate passage of all was, that though we did nothing by land that was considerable, yet if we had stayed but a day or two longer, and spent time at sea, the whole fleet of galleons from *Nova Hispania* had fallen into our own mouths, which came presently in, close along the

coasts of Barbaꝝ, and in all likelihood we might have had the opportunity to have taken the richest prize that ever was taken on salt water. Add hereunto, that while we were thus masters of those seas, a fleet of fifty sail of Brazilmen got safe into Lisbon with four of the richest carracks that ever came from the East Indies.

I hear my Lord of Saint David's is to be removed to Bath and Wells, and it were worth your lordship's coming up to endeavour the succeeding of him. — So I humbly rest your lordship's most ready servitor,

J. H.

London, 20 *November* 1626.

### XVIII

*To my Lord Duke of Buckingham's Grace at  
Newmarket*

**M**AY it please your Grace to peruse and pardon these few advertisements which I would not dare to present had I not hopes that the goodness which is concomitant with your greatness would make them venial.

My lord, a Parliament is at hand; the last was boisterous, God grant that this may prove more calm. A rumour runs that there are clouds already engendered which will break out into a storm in the lower region, and most of the drops are like to fall upon your Grace. This, though it be but vulgar astrology, is not altogether to be contemned,

though I believe that His Majesty's countenance reflecting so strongly upon your Grace, with the brightness of your own innocency, may be able to dispel and scatter them to nothing.

My lord, you are a great prince, and all eyes are upon your actions; this makes you more subject to envy, which, like the sunbeams, beats always upon rising grounds. I know your Grace hath many sage and solid heads about you; yet I trust it will prove no offence if, out of the late relation I have to your Grace by the recommendation of such noble personages, I put in also my mite.

My lord, under favour, it were not amiss if your Grace would be pleased to part with some of those places you hold which have least relation to the court, and it would take away the mutterings that run of multiplicity of offices, and in my shallow apprehension your Grace might stand more firm without an anchor. The office of High Admiral in these times of action requires one whole man to execute it; your Grace hath another sea of business to wade through, and the voluntary resigning of this office would fill all men, yea, even your enemies, with admiration and affection, and make you more a prince than detract from your greatness. If any ill successes happen at sea (as that of the Lord Wimbledon's lately), or if there be any murmur for pay, your Grace will be free from all imputations; besides it will afford your Grace more leisure to look into your own affairs, which lie confused and unsettled. Lastly (which is not the

least thing), this act will be so plausible that it may much advantage His Majesty in point of subsidy.

Secondly, it were expedient (under correction) that your Grace would be pleased to allot some set hours for audience and access of suitors, and it would be less cumber to yourself and your servants, and give more content to the world, which often mutters for difficulty of access.

Lastly, it were not amiss that your Grace would settle a standing mansion-house and family, that suitors may know whither to repair constantly, and that your servants, every one in his place, might know what belongs to his place, and attend accordingly; for though confusion in a great family carry a kind of state with it, yet order and regularity gains a greater opinion of virtue and wisdom. I know your Grace doth not (nor needs not) affect popularity. It is true that the people's love is the strongest citadel of a sovereign prince, but to a great subject it hath often proved fatal; for he who pulleth off his hat to the people giveth his head to the prince; and it is remarkable what was said of a late unfortunate earl, who a little before Queen Elizabeth's death had drawn the axe upon his own neck, "that he was grown so popular that he was too dangerous for the times, and the times for him."

My lord, now that your Grace is threatened to be heaved at, it should behove every one that oweth you duty and good will to reach out his hand some way or other to serve you. Amongst

these, I am one that presumes to do it, in this poor impertinent paper; for which I implore pardon, because I am, my lord, your Grace's most humble and faithful servant,

J. H.

London, 13 *February* 1626.

## XIX

*To Sir J. S., Knight*

**T**HERE is a saying which carrieth no little weight with it, that "parvus amor loquitur, ingens stupet" (small love speaks, whilst great love stands astonished with silence). The one keeps a-tattling, while the other is struck dumb with amazement; like deep rivers, which to the eye of the beholder seem to stand still, while small shallow rivulets keep a noise; or like empty casks that make an obstreperous hollow sound, which they would not do were they replenished and full of substance. It is the condition of my love to you, which is so great, and of that profoundness, that it hath been silent all this while, being stupefied with the contemplation of those high favours, and sundry sorts of civilities, wherewith I may say you have overwhelmed me. This deep ford of my affection and gratitude to you I intend to cut out hereafter into small currents (I mean into letters), that the course of it may be heard, though it make but a small bubbling noise, as also that the clearness of it may appear more visible.

I desire my service be presented to my noble lady, whose fair hands I humbly kiss ; and if she want anything that London can afford, she need but command her and your most faithful and ready servitor,

J. H.

London, 11 *February* 1626.

XX

*To the Right Honourable the Earl R.*

MY LORD,

ACCORDING to promise, and that portion of obedience I owe to your commands, I send your lordship these few avisos, some whereof I doubt not but you have received before, and that by abler pens than mine ; yet your lordship may happily find herein something which was omitted by others, or the former news made clearer by circumstance.

I hear Count Mansfelt is in Paris, having now received three routings in Germany ; it is thought the French king will piece him up again with new recruits. I was told that, as he was seeing the two queens one day at dinner, the queen-mother said, "They say Count Mansfelt is here amongst this crowd." "I do not believe it," quoth the young queen, "for whensoever he seeth a Spaniard he runs away."

Matters go untowardly on our side in Germany, but the King of Denmark will be shortly in the



field in person ; and Bethlem Gabor hath been long expected to do something, but some think he will prove but a bugbear. Sir Charles Morgan is to go to Germany with 6000 auxiliaries to join with the Danish army.

The Parliament is adjourned to Oxford, by reason of the sickness which increaseth exceedingly ; and before the King went out of town there died 1500 that very week, and two out of Whitehall itself.

There is high clashing again betwixt my lord duke and the Earl of Bristol ; they recriminate one another of divers things. The earl accuseth him, amongst other matters, of certain letters from Rome ; of putting His Majesty upon that hazardous journey to Spain, and of some miscarriages at his being in that court. There be articles also against the Lord Conway, which I send your lordship here enclosed.

I am for Oxford the next week, and thence for Wales, to fetch my good old father's blessing : at my return, if it shall please God to reprieve me in these dangerous times of contagion, I shall continue my wonted service to your lordship, if it may be done with safety ; so I rest, your lordship's most humble servitor,

J. H.

London, 15 of *March* 1626.



## XXI

*To the Honourable the Lord Viscount C.*

MY LORD,

SIR JOHN NORTH delivered me one lately from your lordship, and I send my humble thanks for the venison you intend me. I acquainted your lordship, as opportunity served, with the nimble pace the French match went on by the successful negotiation of the Earls of Carlisle and Holland (who outwent the monsieurs themselves in courtship), and how in less than nine moons this great business was proposed, pursued, and perfected, whereas the sun had leisure enough to finish his annual progress from one end of the Zodiac to the other so many years before that of Spain could come to any shape of perfection. This may serve to show the difference betwixt the two nations, the leaden-heeled pace of the one and the quicksilvered motions of the other. It shows also how the French is more generous in his proceedings, and not so full of scruples, reservations and jealousies as the Spaniard, but deals more frankly, and with a greater confidence and gallantry.

The Lord Duke of Buckingham is now in Paris, accompanied with the Earl of Montgomery, and he went in a very splendid equipage. The Venetian and Hollander, with other States that are no

friends to Spain, did some good offices to advance this alliance, and the new Pope propounded much towards it; but Richelieu, the new favourite of France, was the cardinal instrument in it.

This Pope Urban grows very active, not only in things present, but ripping up of old matters, for which there is a select committee appointed to examine accounts and errors passed, not only in the time of his immediate predecessor, but others. And one told me of a merry pasquil lately in Rome, that whereas there are two great statues, one of Peter, the other of Paul, opposite one to the other upon a bridge, one had clapt a pair of spurs upon St Peter's heels, and St Paul asking him whither he was bound, he answered, "I apprehend some danger to stay now in Rome, because of this new commission, for I fear they will question me for denying my Master." "Truly, brother Peter, I shall not stay long after you, for I have as much cause to doubt that they will question me for persecuting the Christians before I was converted." — So I take my leave, and rest, your lordship's most humble servitor,

J. H.

London, 3 *May* 1626.

## XXII

*To my Brother, Master Hugh Penry*

I THANK you for your late letter, and the several good tidings sent me from Wales. In requital I can send you gallant news, for we have now a most noble new Queen of England, who in true beauty is beyond the long-wooded Infanta, for she was of a fading flaxen hair, big-lipped, and somewhat heavy eyed; but this daughter of France, this youngest branch of Bourbon (being but in her cradle when the great Henry her father was put out of the world), is of a more lovely and lasting complexion, a dark brown; she hath eyes that sparkle like stars, and for her physiognomy she may be said to be a mirror of perfection. She had a rough passage in her transfretation to Dover Castle, and in Canterbury the King bedded first with her. There were a goodly train of choice ladies attended her coming upon the bowling-green on Barham Downs, upon the way, who divided themselves into two rows, and they appeared like so many constellations; but methought that the country ladies outshined the courtiers. She brought over with her two hundred thousand crowns in gold and silver as half her portion, and the other moiety is to be paid at the year's end. Her first suite of servants (by article) are to be French, and as they die English are to succeed. She is also allowed twenty-eight eccle-

siastics of any order except Jesuits, a bishop for her almoner, and to have private exercise of her religion for her and her servants.

I pray convey the enclosed to my father by the next conveniency, and pray present my dear love to my sister. I hope to see you at Dyvinnock about Michaelmas, for I intend to wait upon my father, and will take my mother in the way ; I mean Oxford. In the interim I rest your most affectionate brother,

J. H.

London, 16 *May* 1626.

### XXIII

*To my Uncle, Sir Sackville Trevor ; from  
Oxford*

I AM sorry I must write unto you the sad tidings of the dissolution of the Parliament here, which was done suddenly. Sir John Elliot was in the heat of a high speech against the Duke of Buckingham, when the Usher of the Black-Rod knocked at the door and signified the King's pleasure, which struck a kind of consternation in all the house. My Lord Keeper Williams hath parted with the broad seal, because, as some say, he went about to cut down the scale by which he rose ; for some, it seems, did ill offices betwixt the duke and him. Sir Thomas Coventry hath it now. I pray God he be tender of the King's conscience, whereof he is keeper, rather than of the seal.

I am bound to-morrow upon a journey towards the mountains to see some friends in Wales, and to bring back my father's blessing. For better assurance of lodging where I pass, in regard of the plague, I have a post warrant as far as Saint David's, which is far enough you'll say, for the King hath no ground further on this island. If the sickness rage in such extremity at London, the term will be held at Reading.

All your friends here are well, but many look blank because of this sudden rupture of the Parliament. God Almighty turn all to the best, and stay the fury of this contagion, and preserve us from further judgments; so I rest your most affectionate nephew,

J. H.

Oxford, 6 *August* 1626.

## XXIV

*To my Father; from London*

I WAS now the fourth time at a dead stand in the course of my fortunes; for though I was recommended to the duke and received many noble respects from him, yet I was told by some who are nearest him that somebody hath done me ill offices by whispering in his ear that I was too much Digbyfied, and so they told me positively that I must never expect any employment about him of any trust. While I was in this suspense, Mr Secretary Conway sent for me and proposed

unto me that the King had occasion to send a gentleman to Italy in nature of a moving agent, and though he might have choice of persons of good quality that would willingly undertake this employment, yet understanding of my breeding he made the first proffer to me, and that I should go as the King's servant and have allowance accordingly. I humbly thanked him for the good opinion he pleased to conceive of me being a stranger to him, and desired some time to consider of the proposition and of the nature of the employment; so he granted me four days to think upon it, and two of them are passed already. If I may have a support accordingly, I intend by God's Grace (desiring your consent and blessing to go along), to apply myself to this course; but before I part with England I intend to send you further notice.

The sickness is miraculously decreased in this city and suburbs, for from 5200, which was the greatest number that died in one week, and that was some forty days since, they are now fallen to 300. It was the violentest fit of contagion that ever was for the time in this island, and such as no story can parallel, but the ebb of it was more swift than the tide. My brother is well, and so are all your friends here, for I do not know of any of your acquaintance that's dead of this furious infection. Sir John Walter asked me lately how you did, and wished me to remember him to you.—So with my love to all my brothers and sisters, and the rest of

my friends which made so much of me lately in the  
country, I rest your dutiful son, J. H.

London, 7 August 1626.

## XXV

*To the Right Honourable the Lord Conway,  
Principal Secretary of State to His Majesty  
at Hampton Court*

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

SINCE I last attended your lordship here, I summoned my thoughts to council and canvassed to and fro within myself the business you pleased to impart unto me for going upon the King's service to Italy. I considered therein many particulars: First, the weight of the employment, and what maturity of judgment, discretion, and parts are required in him that will personate such a man; next, the difficulties of it, for one must send sometimes light out of darkness, and like the bee suck honey out of bad as out of good flowers; thirdly, the danger which the undertaker must converse withal, and which may fall upon him by interception of letters or other cross casualties; lastly, the great expense it will require, being not to remain sedentary in one place, as other agents, but to be often in itinerary motion.

Touching the first, I refer myself to your honour's favourable opinion and the character which

my Lord S. and others shall give of me ; for the second, I hope to overcome it ; for the third, I weigh it not, so that I may merit of my king and country ; for the last, I crave leave to deal plainly with your lordship that I am a cadet, and have no other patrimony or support but my breeding, therefore I must breathe by the employment. And, my lord, I shall not be able to perform what shall be expected at my hands under one hundred pounds a quarter, and to have bills of credit according. Upon these terms, my lord, I shall apply myself to this service, and by God's blessing hope to answer all expectations. — So referring the pemies to your noble consideration, I rest, my lord, your very humble and ready servitor,

J. H.

London, *September 8, 1626.*

XXVI

*To my Brother, Dr Howell, after Bishop of  
Bristol*

MY BROTHER,

**N**EXT to my father, it is fitting you should have cognisance of my affairs and fortunes. You heard how I was in agitation for an employment in Italy, but my Lord Conway demurred upon the salary I propounded. I have now waived this course. Yet I came off fairly with my lord ; for I



have a stable home employment proffered me by my Lord Scroop, Lord President of the North, who sent for me lately to Worcester House, though I never saw him before, and there the bargain was quickly made that I should go down with him to York for secretary, and his lordship hath promised me fairly. I will see you at your house in Horsley before I go, and leave the particular circumstances of this business till then.

The French that came over with Her Majesty, for their petulancy and some misdemeanours, and imposing some odd penances upon the Queen, are all cashiered this week, about a matter of six score, whereof the Bishop of Mende was one, who had stood to be steward of Her Majesty's courts, which office my Lord of Holland hath. It was a thing suddenly done, for about one of the clock, as they were at dinner, my Lord Conway and Sir Thomas Edmonds came with an order from the King that they must instantly away to Somerset House, for there were barges and coaches staying for them; and there they should have all their wages paid them to a penny, and so they must be content to quit the kingdom. This sudden undreamed of order struck an astonishment into them all, both men and women; and running to complain to the Queen, His Majesty had taken her before into his bedchamber, and locked the doors upon them until he had told her how matters stood. The Queen fell into a violent passion, broke the glass windows, and tore her hair; but she was calmed afterwards. Just

such a destiny happened in France some years since to the Queen's Spanish servants there, who were all dismissed in like manner for some miscarriages. The like was done in Spain to the French, therefore it is no new thing.

They are all now on their way to Dover ; but I fear this will breed ill-blood betwixt us and France, and may break out into an ill-favoured quarrel.

Master Montague is preparing to go to Paris as a messenger of honour, to prepossess the King and Council there with the truth of things.

So with my very kind respects to my sister, I  
rest your loving brother,

J. H.

London, 15 *March* 1626.

## XXVII

*To the Right Honourable the Lord S.*

MY LORD,

I AM bound shortly for York, where I am hopeful of a profitable employment. There is fearful news come from Germany, that since Sir Charles Morgan went thither with 6000 men for the assistance of the King of Denmark, the King hath received an utter overthrow by Tilly. He had received a fall off a horse from a wall five yards high a little before, yet it did him little hurt.

Tilly pursueth his victory strongly, and is got over the Elbe to Holsteinland, insomuch that they

write from Hamburg that Denmark is in danger to be utterly lost. The Danes and Germans seem to lay some fault upon our King, the King upon the Parliament that would not supply him with subsidies to assist his uncle and the Prince Palsgrave, both which was promised upon the rupture of the treaties with Spain, which was done by the advice of both Houses.

This is the ground that His Majesty hath lately sent out privy seals for loan moneys until a Parliament may be called, in regard that the King of Denmark is distressed, the Sound like to be lost, the Eastland trade and the staple at Hamburg in danger to be destroyed, and the English garrison under Sir Charles Morgan at Stoad ready to be starved.

These loan-moneys keep a great noise, and they are imprisoned that deny to conform themselves.

I fear I shall have no more opportunity to send to your lordship till I go to York, therefore I humbly take my leave, and kiss your hands, being ever, my lord, your obedient and ready servitor,

J. H.

## XXVIII

*To Mr R. L., Merchant*

**I** MET lately with J. Harris in London, and I had not seen him two years before, and then I took him, and knew him to be a man of thirty, but now one would take him by his hair to be near

threescore, for he is all turned gray. I wondered at such a metamorphosis in so short a time. He told me it was for the death of his wife that nature had thus antedated his years. It is true that a weighty settled sorrow is of that force that, besides the contradiction of the spirits, it will work upon the radical moisture, and dry it up, so that the hair can have no moisture at the root. This made me remember a story that a Spanish advocate told me, which is a thing very remarkable.

When the Duke of Alva was in Brussels, about the beginning of the tumults in the Netherlands, he had sat down before Hulst in Flanders, and there was a provost-marshal in his army, who was a favourite of his, and this provost had put some to death by secret commission from the duke. There was one Captain Bolea in the army, who was an intimate friend of the provost's, and one evening late he went to the said captain's tent, and brought with him a confessor and an executioner, as it was his custom. He told the captain that he was come to execute his excellency's commission and martial law upon him. The captain started up suddenly, his hair standing at an end, and being struck with amazement, asked him wherein he had offended the duke. The provost answered, Sir, I come not to expostulate the business with you, but to execute my commission. Therefore I pray prepare yourself, for there's your ghostly father and executioner. So he fell on his knees before the priest, and having done, the hangman going to put

the halter about his neck the provost threw it away, and breaking into a laughter told him there was no such thing, and that he had done this to try his courage, how he could bear the terror of death. The captain looked ghastly upon him, and said, Then, sir, get you out of my tent, for you have done me a very ill office. The next morning the said Captain Bolea, though a young man of about thirty, had his hair all turned gray, to the admiration of all the world and of the Duke of Alva himself, who questioned him about it, but he would confess nothing. The next year the duke was revoked, and in his journey to the court of Spain he was to pass by Saragossa, and this Captain Bolea and the provost went along with him as his domestics. The duke being to repose some days in Saragossa the young-old Captain Bolea told him that there was a thing in that town worthy to be seen by his excellency, which was a casa de locos, a bedlam-house, for there was not the like in Christendom. Well, said the duke, go and tell the warden I will be there to-morrow in the afternoon, and wish him to be in the way. The captain having obtained this went to the warden and told him that the duke would come to visit the house the next day, and the chiefest occasion that moved him to it was that he had an unruly provost about him who was subject oftentimes to fits of frenzy, and because he wisheth him well he had tried divers means to cure him, but all would not do, therefore he would try whether keeping him close in Bedlam for some

days would do him any good. The next day the duke came with a ruffling train of captains after him, amongst whom was the said provost, very shining brave ; being entered into the house about the duke's person, Captain Bolea told the warden, pointing at the provost, that 's the man. So he took him aside into a dark lobby, where he had placed some of his men, who muffled him in his cloak, seized upon his gilt sword with his hat and feather, and so hurried him down into a dungeon. My provost had lain there two nights and a day, and afterwards it happened that a gentleman coming out of curiosity to see the house peeped in at a small grate where the provost was. The provost conjured him, as he was a Christian, to go and tell the Duke of Alva his provost was there clapped up, nor could he imagine why. The gentleman did the errand, whereat the duke, being astonished, sent for the warden with his prisoner. So he brought my provost, *en cuerpo* madman-like, full of straws and feathers before the duke, who at the sight of him, breaking out into laughter, asked the warden why he had made him his prisoner. Sir, said the warden, it was by virtue of your excellency's commission brought me by Captain Bolea. Bolea stepped forth and told the duke, Sir, you have asked me oft how these hairs of mine grew so suddenly gray. I have not revealed it yet to any soul breathing, but now I'll tell your excellency, and so fell a-relating the passage in Flanders. And, sir, I have been ever since beating my brains how to get an equal

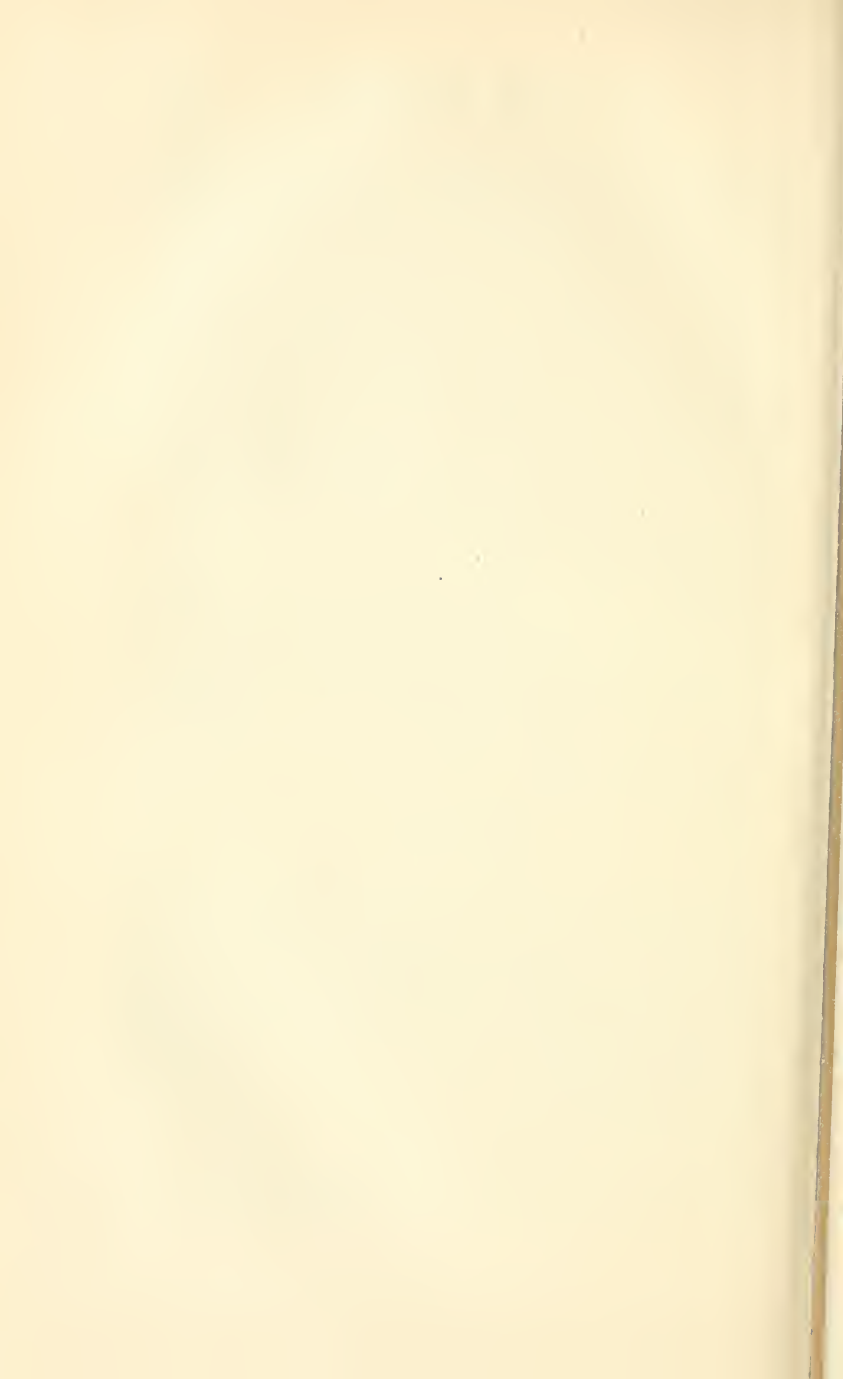
revenge of him ; and I thought no revenge to be more equal or corresponding, now that you see he hath made me old before my time, than to make him mad if I could, and had he stayed some days longer close prisoner in the bedlam-house, it might haply have wrought some impressions upon his pericranium. The duke was so well pleased with the story, and the wittiness of the revenge, that he made them both friends ; and the gentleman who told me this passage said that the said Captain Bolea was yet alive, so that he could not be less than ninety years of age.

I thank you a thousand times for the Cephalonia Muscadel and Botargo you sent me ; I hope to be shortly quit with you for all courtesies ; in the interim I am your obliged friend to serve you,  
J. H.

York, *this* 1 May 1626.

#### POSTSCRIPT

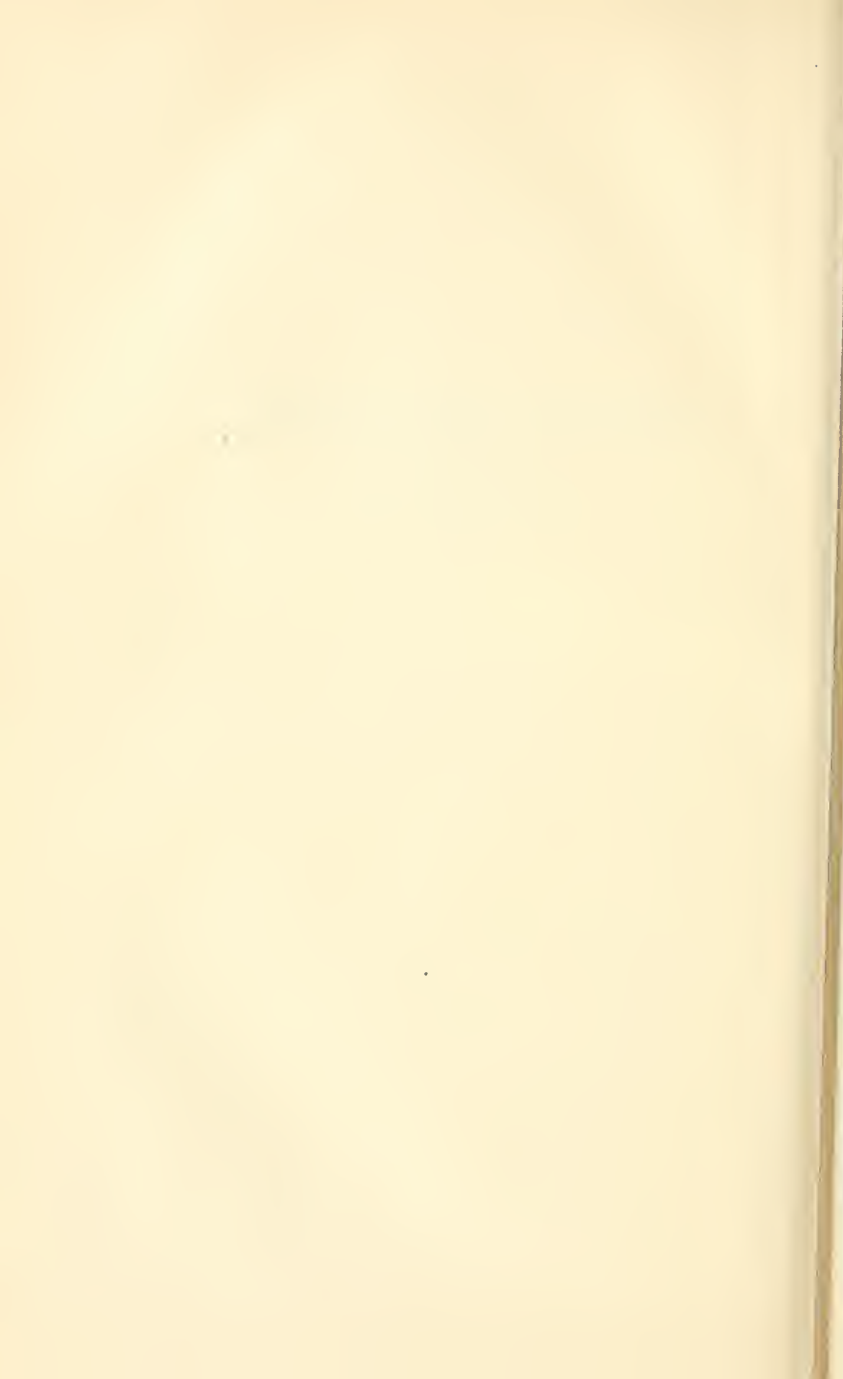
**I** AM sorry to hear of the trick that Sir John Ayres put upon the company by the box of hailshot, signed with the ambassador's seal, that he had sent so solemnly from Constantinople, which he made the world believe to be full of chequins and Turkey gold.





EPISTOLÆ HO-ELIANÆ

SECTION V



## SECTION V

### I

*To Dan Caldwell, Esq.; from York*

MY DEAR D.,

**T**HOUGH I may be termed a right Northern man, being a good way this side Trent, yet my love is as Southern as ever it was; I mean it continueth still in the same degree of heat, nor can this bleaker air or boreas' chilling blasts cool it a whit. I am the same to you this side Trent as I was the last time we crossed the Thames together to see Smug the smith, and so back to the still-yard; but I fear that your love to me doth not continue in so constant and intense a degree, and I have good grounds for this fear, because I never received one syllable from you since I left London. If you rid me not of this scruple, and send to me speedily, I shall think, though you live under a hotter clime in the South, that your former love is not only cooled, but frozen.

For this present condition of life, I thank God, I live well contented. I have a fee from the King, diet for myself and two servants, livery for a horse, and a part of the King's house for my lodging, and other privileges which I am told no secretary before me had; but I must tell you the perquisites

are nothing answerable to my expectation yet. I have built me a new study since I came, wherein I shall amongst others meditate sometimes on you and whence this present letter comes. So with a thousand thanks for the plentiful hospitality and jovial farewell you gave me at your house in Essex, I rest yours, yours, yours,

J. H.

York, 13 July 1627.

## II

*To Mr Richard Leat*

SIGNOR mio, it is now a great while methinks since any act of friendship, or other interchangeable offices of love hath passed between us, either by letters or other accustomed ways of correspondence ; and as I will not accuse, so I go not about to clear myself in this point, let this long silence be termed therefore a cessation rather than neglect on both sides. A bow that lies a while unbent, and a field that remains fallow for a time, grow never the worse, but afterwards the one sends forth an arrow more strongly, the other yields a better crop being recultivated. Let this be also verified in us, let our friendship grow more fruitful after this pause, let it be more active for the future. You see I begin and shoot the first shaft. I send you herewith a couple of red deer pies, the one Sir Arthur Ingram gave me, the other my Lord President's cook ; I could not tell where to bestow

them better. In your next let me know which is the best seasoned. I pray let the Sydonian merchant, J. Bruckhurst, be at the eating of them, and then I know they will be well soaked. If you please to send me a barrel or two of oysters, which we want here, I promise you they shall be well eaten with a cup of the best claret and the best sherry, to which wine this town is altogether addicted, shall not be wanting.

I understand the Lord Weston is Lord Treasurer, we may say now that we have treasurers of all tenses, for there are four living, to wit, the Lords Manchester, Middlesex, Marlborough, and the newly-chosen. I hear also that the good old man (the last) hath retired to his lodgings in Lincoln's Inn, and so reduced himself to his first principles, which makes me think that he cannot bear up long now that the staff is taken from him. I pray in your next send me the *Venitian Gazette*.— So with my kind respects to your father, I rest yours,

J. H.

York, 9 July 1627.

### III

*To Sir Ed. Sa., Knight*

SIR, it was no great matter to be a prophet, and to have foretold this rupture betwixt us and France upon the sudden renvoy of Her Majesty's servants, for many of them had sold their estates

in France, given money for their places, and so thought to live and die in England in the Queen's service, and so have pitifully complained to that king; thereupon he hath arrested above 100 of our merchantmen that went to the vintage at Bordeaux. We also take some stragglers of theirs, for there are letters of mart given on both sides.

There are writs issued out for a Parliament, and the town of Richmond in Richmondshire hath made choice of me for their burgess, though Master Christopher Wansford and other powerful men, and more deserving than I, stood for it. I pray God send fair weather in the House of Commons, for there is much murmuring about the restraint of those that would not conform to loan-moneys. There is a great fleet a-preparing and an army of landmen, but the design is uncertain whether it be against Spain or France, for we are now in enmity with both those crowns. The French Cardinal hath been lately to the other side the Alps, and settled the Duke of Nevers in the Dutchy of Mantua, notwithstanding the opposition of the King of Spain and the Emperor, who alleged that he was to receive his investiture from him, and that was the chief ground of the war; but the French arms have done the work, and come triumphantly back over the hills again.— No more now, but that I am as always your true friend,

J. H.

*March 2, 1627.*

## IV

*To the Worshipful Mr Alderman of the town of Richmond, and the rest of the worthy members of that ancient corporation.*

I RECEIVED a public instrument from you lately, subscribed by yourself, and divers others, wherein I find that you have made choice of me to be one of your burgesses for this now near-approaching Parliament. I could have wished that you had not put by Master Wandesford and other worthy gentlemen that stood so earnestly for it, who being your neighbours had better means and more abilities to serve you. Yet since you have cast these high respects upon me, I will endeavour to acquit myself of the trust, and to answer your expectation accordingly; and as I account this election an honour unto me, so I esteem it a great advantage that so worthy and well-experienced a knight as Sir Talbot Bows is to be my colleague and fellow-burgess. I shall steer by his compass and follow his directions in anything that may concern the welfare of your town and of the precincts thereof, either for redress of any grievance or by proposing some new thing that may conduce to the further benefit and advantage thereof, and this I take to be the true duty of a Parliamentary burgess, without roving at random to generals. I hope to learn of Sir Talbot what's fitting to be done,

and I shall apply myself accordingly to join with him to serve you with my best abilities. — So I rest, your most assured and ready friend to do you service,

J. H.

London, *March* 24, 1627.

V

*To the Right Honourable the Lord Clifford at  
Knaresborough*

MY LORD,

THE news that fills all mouths at present is the return of the Duke of Buckingham from the Isle of Ree, or, as some call it, the Isle of Rue, for the bitter success we had there; for we had but a tart entertainment in that salt island. Our first invasion was magnanimous and brave, whereat near upon 200 French gentlemen perished, and divers barons of quality. My Lord Newport had ill luck to disorder our cavalry with an unruly horse he had. His brother, Sir Charles Rich, was slain, and divers more upon the retreat. Amongst others great Colonel Gray fell into a salt pit, and being ready to be drowned, he cried out, *Cent mille escus pour ma rançon*, “A hundred thousand crowns for my ransom.” The Frenchmen, hearing that, preserved him, though he was not worth a hundred thousand pence. Another merry passage a captain told me, that when they were rifling the dead bodies of the French gentlemen after the first



invasion, they found that many of them had their mistress's favours tied about their genitories. The French do much glory to have repelled us thus, and they have reason, for the truth is they comported themselves gallantly, yet they confess our landing was a notable piece of courage, and if our retreat had been answerable to the invasion, we had lost no honour at all. A great number of gallant gentlemen fell on our side, as Sir John Heydon, Sir John Burrowes, Sir George Blundel, Sir Alex. Bret, with divers veteran commanders who came from the Netherlands to this service.

God send us better success the next time, for there is another fleet preparing to be sent under the command of the Lord Denbigh. — So I kiss your hand, and am your humble servitor,

J. H.

London, 24 of September 1627.

## VI

*To the Right Honourable the Lord Scroop, Earl of Sunderland, Lord President of the North*

MY LORD,

**M**Y Lord Denbigh is returned from attempting to relieve Rochelle, which is reduced to extreme exigent; and now the duke is preparing to go again, with as great power as was yet raised, notwithstanding that the Parliament hath flown higher at him than ever, which makes the people

here hardly wish any good success to the expedition, because he is general. The Spaniard stands at a gaze all this while, hoping that we may do the work, otherwise I think he would find some way to relieve the town, for there is nothing conduceth more to the uniting and strengthening of the French monarchy than the reduction of Rochelle. The King hath been there long in person with his cardinal, and the stupendous works they have raised by sea and land are beyond belief, as they say. The sea works and booms were traced out by Marquis Spinola, as he was passing that way for Spain from Flanders.

The Parliament is prorogued till Michaelmas term. There were five subsidies granted, the greatest gift that ever subjects gave their king at once ; and it was in requital that His Majesty passed the Petition of Right, whereby the liberty of the free-born subject is so strongly and clearly vindicated. So that there is a fair correspondence like to be betwixt His Majesty and the two Houses. The duke made a notable speech at the council table in joy hereof. Amongst other passages one was, "That hereafter His Majesty would please to make the Parliament his favourite, and he to have the honour to remain still his servant." No more now but that I continue your lordship's most dutiful servant,

J. H.

London, 25 *September* 1628.

## VII

*To the Right Honourable the Lady Scroop,  
Countess of Sunderland; from Stamford*

MADAM,

I LAY yesternight at the post-house at Stilton, and this morning betimes the postmaster came to my bed's head and told me the Duke of Buckingham was slain. My faith was not then strong enough to believe it, till an hour ago I met in the way with my Lord of Rutland (your brother) riding post towards London. It pleased him to alight and show me a letter, wherein there was an exact relation of all the circumstances of this sad tragedy.

Upon Saturday last, which was but next before yesterday being Bartholomew eve, the duke did rise up in a well-disposed humour out of his bed, and cut a caper or two; and being ready, and having been under the barber's hands (where the murderer had thought to have done the deed, for he was leaning upon the window all the while), he went to breakfast attended by a great company of commanders, where Monsieur Soubize came unto him, and whispered him in the ear that Rochelle was relieved; the duke seemed to slight the news, which made some think that Soubize went away discontented. After breakfast the duke going out, Colonel Fryer stepped before him, and stopping

him upon some business, one Lieutenant Felton being behind, made a thrust with a common ten-penny knife over Fryer's arm at the duke, which lighted so fatally, that he slit his heart in two, leaving the knife sticking in the body. The duke took out the knife and threw it away, and laying his hand on his sword, and drawing it half out, said, "The villain hath killed me" (meaning, as some think, Colonel Fryer), for there had been some difference betwixt them, so reeling against a chimney he fell down dead. The duchess being with child, hearing the noise below, came in her night-gears from her bedchamber, which was in an upper room, to a kind of rail, and thence beheld him weltering in his own blood. Felton had lost his hat in the crowd, wherein there was a paper sowed, wherein he declared that the reason which moved him to this act was no grudge of his own, though he had been far behind for his pay, and had been put by his captain's place twice, but in regard he thought the duke an enemy to the State, because he was branded in Parliament, therefore what he did was for the public good of his country. Yet he got clearly down, and so might have gone to his horse, which was tied to a hedge hard by; but he was so amazed that he missed his way, and so struck into the pastry, where though the cry went that some Frenchman had done it, he, thinking the word was Felton, he boldly confessed it was he that had done the deed, and so he was in their hands. Jack Stamford would have run at him, but

he was kept off by Mr Nicholas ; so being carried up to a tower, Captain Mince tore off his spurs, and asking how he durst attempt such an act, making him believe the duke was not dead, he answered boldly that he knew he was despatched, for it was not he but the hand of heaven that gave the stroke, and though his whole body had been covered over with armour of proof he could not have avoided it. Captain Charles Price went post presently to the King four miles off, who being at prayers on his knees when it was told him, yet he never stirred, nor was he disturbed a whit till all Divine service was done. This was the relation as far as my memory could bear, in my Lord of Rutland's letter, who willed me to remember him unto your ladyship, and tell you that he was going to comfort your niece (the duchess) as fast as he could. And so I have sent the truth of this sad story to your ladyship as fast as I could by this post, because I cannot make that speed myself, in regard of some business I have to despatch for my lord in the way. — So I humbly take my leave, and rest your ladyship's most dutiful servant,

J. H.

Stamford, *August 5, 1628.*

## VIII

*To the Right Honourable Sir Peter Wichts,  
His Majesty's Ambassador at Constantinople*

MY LORD,

**Y**OURS of the 2nd of July came to safe hand, and I did all those particulars *recandos* you enjoined me to do to some of your friends here.

The town of Rochelle hath been fatal and unfortunate to England, for this is the third time that we have attempted to relieve her, but our fleets and forces returned without doing anything. My Lord of Lindsey went thither with the same fleet the duke intended to go on, but he is returned without doing any good. He made some shots at the great boom and other barricades at sea, but at such a distance that they could do no hurt, insomuch that the town is now given for lost and to be past cure, and they cry out we have betrayed them. At the return of this fleet two of the whelps were cast away, and three ships more, and some five ships who had some of those great stones that were brought to build St Paul's, for ballast and for other uses, within them, which could promise no good success, for I never heard of anything that prospered which being once designed for the honour of God was alienated from that use. The Queen interposeth for the releasement of my Lord of Newport and others who are prisoners of war. I hear

that all the colours they took from us are hung up in the great church of Notre Dame as trophies in Paris. Since I began this letter there is news brought that Rochelle hath yielded, and that the King hath dismantled the town, and razed all the fortifications landward, but leaves those standing which are toward the sea. It is a mighty exploit the French King hath done, for Rochelle was the chiefest propugnation of the Protestants there, and now questionless all the rest of their cautionary towns which they kept for their own defence will yield, so that they must depend hereafter upon the King's mere mercy. I hear of an overture of peace betwixt us and Spain, and that my Lord Cottington is to go thither and Don Carlos Coloma to come to us. God grant it, for you know the saying in Spanish, "Nunca vi tan mala paz, que no fuera mejor, que la mejor guerra." It was a bold thing in England to fall out with the two greatest monarchs of Christendom, and to have them both her enemies at one time, and as glorious a thing it was to bear up against them. God turn all to the best, and dispose of things to His glory. — So I rest your lordship's ready servitor,

J. H.

London, 1 *September* 1628.

## IX

*To my Cousin, Mr St Geon, at Christ Church  
College in Oxford*

COUSIN,

**T**HOUGH you want no incitements to go on in that fair road of virtue where you are now running your course, yet being lately in your noble father's company, he did intimate unto me that anything which came from me would take with you very much. I hear so well of your proceedings that I should rather commend than encourage you. I know you were removed to Oxford in full maturity. You were a good orator, a good poet, and a good linguist for your time. I would not have that fate light upon you, which useth to befall some, who from golden students become silver bachelors and leaden masters. I am far from entertaining any such thought of you, that logic with her quiddities and *Quae la vel Hipps* can any way unpolish your humane studies. As logic is clubfisted and crabbed, so she is terrible at first sight. She is like a gorgon's head to a young student, but after a twelve months' constancy and patience this Gorgon's head will prove a mere bugbear. When you have devoured the *Organon* you will find philosophy far more delightful and pleasing to your palate. In feeding the soul with knowledge the understanding requireth the same consecutive acts



which nature useth in nourishing the body. To the nutrition of the body there are two essential conditions required, assumption and retention. Then there follows two more *πέψις* and *πρόστασις*, Concoction and Agglutination or adhesion. So in feeding your soul with science, you must first assume and suck in the matter into your apprehension, then must the memory retain and keep it in, afterwards by disputation, discourse and meditation. It must be well concocted, then must it be agglutinated and converted to nutriment. All this may be reduced to these two heads, *teneri fideliter*, & *uti faeliciter*, which are two of the happiest properties in a student. There is another act required to good concoction called the act of expulsion, which puts off all that is unsound and noxious, so in study there must be an expulsive virtue to shun all that is erroneous, and there is no science but is full of such stuff, which by direction of tutor and choice of good books must be excerned. Do not confound yourself with multiplicity of authors; two is enough upon any science, provided they be plenary and orthodox. Philosophy should be your substantial food, poetry your banqueting stuff. Philosophy hath more of reality in it than any knowledge. The philosopher can fathom the deep, measure mountains, reach the stars with a staff, and bless heaven with a girdle.

But amongst these studies you must not forget the *unicum necessarium*. On Sundays and holidays let divinity be the sole object of your speculation,

in comparison whereof all other knowledge is but cobweb learning, *prae quâ quisquiliae caetera.*

When you can make truce with study, I should be glad you would employ some superfluous hour or other to write unto me, for I much covet your good, because I am your affectionate cousin,

J. H.

London, 25 *October* 1627.

X

*To Sir Sackvil Trevor, Knight*

NOBLE UNCLE,

**I** SEND you my humble thanks for the curious sea-chest of glasses you pleased to bestow on me, which I shall be very chary to keep as a monument of your love. I congratulate also the great honour you have got lately by taking away the spirit of France; I mean by taking the third great vessel of her Sea-Trinity, her *Holy Spirit*, which had been built in the mouth of the Texel for the service of her King. Without complimenting with you, it was one of the best exploits that was performed since these wars began; and besides the renown you have purchased, I hope your reward will be accordingly from His Majesty, whom I remember you so happily preserved from drowning in all probability at St Anderas Road in Spain. Though princes' guerdons come slow, yet they come sure. And it is oftentimes the method of

God Almighty Himself to be long both in His rewards and punishments.

As you have bereft the French of their *Saint Esprit*, their *Holy Spirit*, so there is news that the Hollander have taken from Spain all her saints ; I mean *Todos los santos*, which is one of the chiefest staples of sugar in Brazil. No more but that I wish you all health, honour, and heart's desire. Your much obliged nephew and servitor,

J. H.

London, 26 of October 1625.

## XI

*To Captain Tho. B.; from York*

NOBLE CAPTAIN,

**Y**OURS of the first of March was delivered me by Sir Richard Scot, and I held it no profanation of this Sunday evening, considering the quality of my subject, and having (I thank God for it) performed all church duties, to employ some hours to meditate on you, and send you this friendly salute, though I confess in an unusual monitory way. My dear captain, I love you perfectly well, I love both your person and parts which are not vulgar. I am in love with your disposition, which is generous, and I verily think you were never guilty of any pusillanimous act in your life. Nor is this love of mine conferred upon you gratis, but you may challenge it as your due, and by way of correspondence, in regard to those thousand

convincing evidences you have given me of yours to me, which ascertain me that you take me for a true friend. Now I am of the number of those that had rather commend the virtue of an enemy than soothe the vices of a friend; for your own particular, if your parts of virtue and your infirmities were cast into a balance, I know the first would much out-poise the other; yet give me leave to tell you that there is one frailty, or rather ill-favoured custom, that reigns in you, which weighs much: it is a humour of swearing in all your discourses, and they are not slight, but deep, far-fetched oaths that you are wont to rap out, which you use as flowers of rhetoric to enforce a faith upon the hearers, who believe you never the more, and you use this in cold blood when you are not provoked, which makes the humour far more dangerous. I know many (and I cannot say I myself am free from it, God forgive me) that, being transported with choler, and as it were made drunk with passion by some sudden provoking accident, or extreme ill-fortune at play, will let fall oaths and deep protestations, but to belch out and send forth as it were whole volleys of oaths and curses in a calm humour, to verify every trivial discourse, is a thing of horror. I knew a king that being crossed in his game would amongst his oaths fall on the ground and bite the very earth in the rough of his passion. I heard of another king (Henry the Fourth of France) that in his highest distemper would swear but *ventre de Saint Gris*, by the

belly of Saint Gris. I heard of an Italian that, having been much accustomed to blaspheme, was weaned from it by a pretty wile ; for having been one night at play and lost all his money, after many execrable oaths, and having offered money to another to go out to face heaven and defy God, he threw himself upon a bed hard by, and there fell asleep. The other gamesters played on still, and finding that he was fast asleep, they put out the candles, and made semblance to play on still ; they fell a-wrangling and spoke so loud that he awoke ; he, hearing them play on still, fell a-rubbing his eyes, and his conscience presently prompted him that he was struck blind, and that God's judgment had deservedly fallen down upon him for his blasphemies, and so he fell to sigh and weep pitifully. A ghostly father was sent for, who undertook to do some acts of penance for him, if he would make a vow never to play again or blaspheme, which he did, and so the candles were lighted again, which he thought were burning all the while ; so he became a perfect convert. I could wish this letter might produce the same effect in you. There is a strong text that the curse of heaven hangs always over the dwelling of the swearer, and you have more fearful examples of miraculous judgments in this particular than of any other sin.

There is a little town in Languedoc in France that hath a multitude of the pictures of the Virgin Mary up and down, but she is made to carry Christ in her right hand, contrary to the ordinary custom ;

and the reason they told me was this, that two gamesters being at play, and one having lost all his money, and bolted out many blasphemies, he gave a deep oath that that whore upon the wall, meaning the picture of the Blessed Virgin, was the cause of his ill luck; hereupon the child removed imperceptibly from the left arm to the right, and the man fell stark dumb ever after it. Thus went the tradition there. This makes me think upon the Lady Southwel's news from Utopia, that he who sweareth when he playeth at dice may challenge his damnation by way of purchase. This infamous custom of swearing I observe reigns in England lately more than anywhere else, though a German in his highest puff of passion swears a hundred thousand Sacraments, the Italian by the whore of God, the French by his death, the Spaniard by his flesh, the Welshman by his sweat, the Irishman by his five wounds, though the Scot commonly bids the devil heal his soul, yet for variety of oaths the English roarers put down all. Consider well what a dangerous thing it is to tear in pieces that dreadful name which makes the vast fabric of the world to tremble, that holy name wherein the whole hierarchy of heaven doth triumph, that blissful name wherein consists the fulness of all felicity. I know this custom in you yet is but a light disposition; it is no habit I hope. Let me therefore conjure you by that power of friendship, by that holy league of love which is between us, that you would suppress it before it come to that, for I must

tell you that those who could find in their hearts to love you for many other things do disrespect you for this ; they hate your company, and give no credit to whatsoever you say, it being one of the punishments of a swearer as well as of a liar not to be believed when he speaks truth.

Excuse me that I am so free with you ; what I write proceeds from the clear current of a pure affection, and I shall heartily thank you, and take it for an argument of love, if you tell me of my weaknesses, which are (God wot) too too many ; for my body is but a cargazon of corrupt humours, and being not able to overcome them all at once, I do endeavour to do it by degrees, like Sertorius, his soldier, who when he could not cut off the horse tail with his sword at one blow, fell to pull out the hairs one by one. And touching this particular humour from which I dissuade you, it hath raged in me too often by contingent fits, but I thank God for it I find it much abated and purged. Now the only physic I used was a precedent fast, and recourse to the Holy Sacrament the next day, of purpose to implore pardon for what had passed, and power for the future to quell those exorbitant motions, those ravings and feverish fits of the soul, in regard there are no infirmities more dangerous, for at the same instant they have being they become impieties. And the greatest symptom of amendment I find in me is, because whensoever I hear the holy name of God blasphemed by any other, it makes my heart to tremble within my



breast. Now it is a penitential rule, that if sins present do not please thee, sins passed will not hurt thee. All other sins have for their object either pleasure or profit, or some aim and satisfaction to body or mind, but this hath none at all, therefore fie upon it, my dear captain, try whether you can make a conquest of yourself in subduing this execrable custom. Alexander subdued the world, Cæsar his enemies, Hercules monsters, but he that overcomes himself is the true valiant captain. I have herewith sent you a hymn consonant to this subject, because I know you are musical and a good poet.

*A gradual Hymn of a double cadence, tending to the Honour  
of the Holy Name of God*

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>1. Let the vast universe,<br/>And therein everything,<br/>The mighty acts rehearse<br/>Of their immortal King,<br/>His name extol<br/>What to Nadir<br/>From zenith stir<br/>'Twixt pole and pole.</p>      | <p>3. Earth which the centre art<br/>And only standest still,<br/>Yet move, and bear thy part;<br/>Resound with echoes shrill,<br/>Thy mines of gold,<br/>With precious stones,<br/>And unions,<br/>His fame uphold.</p>                 |
| <p>2. Ye elements that move,<br/>And alter every hour,<br/>Yet herein constant prove,<br/>And symbolise all four,<br/>His praise to tell,<br/>Mix all in one,<br/>For air and tone<br/>To sound this peal.</p> | <p>4. Let all thy fragrant flowers<br/>Grow sweeter by this air,<br/>Thy tallest trees and bowers<br/>Bud forth and blossom fair,<br/>Beasts, wild and tame,<br/>Whom lodgings yield<br/>House, dens or field,<br/>Collaud His name.</p> |



5. Ye seas with earth that make  
 One globe flow high and  
 swell,  
 Exalt your Maker's name,  
 In deep His wonders tell:  
 Leviathan,  
 And what doth swim,  
 Near bank or brim,  
 His glory scan.
6. Ye airy regions all  
 Join in a sweet consent,  
 Blow such a madrigal  
 May reach the firmament.  
 Winds, hail, ice, snow,  
 And pearly drops,  
 That hang on crops,  
 His wonders show.
7. Pure element of fire  
 With holy sparks inflame  
 This sublunary choir,  
 That all one concert frame,  
 Their spirits raise,  
 To trumpet forth  
 Their Maker's worth,  
 And sound His praise.
8. Ye glorious lamps that roll  
 In your celestial spheres  
 All under His control,  
 Who you on poles upbears,  
 Him magnify,  
 Ye planets bright,  
 And fixed lights  
 That deck the sky.
9. O Heaven, Crystalline,  
 Which by thy watery hue  
 Dost temper and refine  
 The rest in azured blue,  
 His glory sound  
 Thou first mobile  
 Which makest all wheel  
 In circle round.
10. Ye glorious souls who reign  
 In sempiternal joy,  
 Free from those cares and pain  
 Which here did you annoy,  
 And Him behold  
 In whom all bliss  
 Concentred is,  
 His laud unfold.
11. Blest maid which dost sur-  
 mount  
 All saints and seraphims,  
 And reignest as paramount  
 And chief of cherubims,  
 Chant out His praise  
 Who in thy womb  
 Nine months took room  
 Though crowned with  
 rays.
12. Oh let my soul and heart,  
 My mind and memory  
 Bear in this hymn a part,  
 And join with earth and sky.  
 Let every wight,  
 The whole world o'er  
 Laud and adore  
 The Lord of light.

All your friends here are well, Tom Young excepted, who I fear hath not long to live amongst us. — So I rest your true friend, J. H.

York, the 1 of August 1628.

## XII

*To Will. Austin, Esq.*

I HAVE many thanks to give you for that excellent poem you sent me upon the passion of Christ. Surely you were possessed with a very strong spirit when you penned it; you were become a true enthusiast. For, let me despair if I lie unto you, all the while I was perusing it it committed holy rapes upon my soul. Methought I felt my heart melting within my breast, and my thoughts transported to a true elysium all the while, there were such flexanimous strong ravishing strains throughout it. To deal plainly with you, it were an injury to the public good not to expose to open light such divine raptures, for they have an edifying power in them, and may be termed the very quintessence of devotion. You discover in them what rich talent you have, which should not be buried within the walls of a private study, or pass through a few particular hands, but appear in public view and to the sight of the world, to the enriching of others, as they did me in reading them. Therefore I shall long to see them pass from the Bankside to Paul's Churchyard, with other precious pieces of

yours which you have pleased to impart unto me.  
—Your most affectionate servitor, J. H.

Oxford, 20 *August* 1628.

## XIII

*To Sir I. S., Knight*

YOU wrote to me lately for a footman, and I think this bearer will suit you. I know he can run well, for he hath run away twice from me, but he knew the way back again; yet though he hath a running head as well as running heels (and who will expect a footman to be a staid man?) I would not part with him were I not to go post to the north. There be some things in him that answer for his waggeries. He will come when you call him, go when you bid him, and shut the door after him. He is faithful and stout, and a lover of his master. He is a great enemy to all dogs if they bark at him in his running, for I have seen him confront a huge mastiff and knock him down. When you go a country journey, or have him run with you a-hunting you must spirit him with liquor; you must allow him also something extraordinary for socks, else you must not have him to wait at your table; when his grease melts in running hard it is subject to fall into his toes. I send him you but for trial. If he be not for your turn, turn him over to me again when I come back.

The best news I can send you at this time is that

we are like to have peace both with France and Spain, so that Harwich men, your neighbours, shall not hereafter need to fear the name of Spinola, who struck such an apprehension into them lately that I understand they begin to fortify.

I pray present my most humble service to my good lady, and at my return from the North I will be bold to kiss her hands and yours.— So I am, your much obliged servitor,

J. H.

London, 25 of May 1628.

#### XIV

#### *To my Father*

OUR two younger brothers, which you sent hither, are disposed of. My brother doctor hath placed the elder of the two with Mr Hawes, a mercer in Cheapside, and he took much pains in it, and I had placed my brother Ned with Mr Barrington, a silk-man in the same street, but afterwards, for some inconveniences, I removed him to one Mr Smith, at the Flower-de-Luce, in Lombard Street, a mercer also. Their masters are both of them very well to pass, and of good repute. I think it will prove some advantage to them hereafter to be both of one trade, because when they are out of their time they may join stocks together. So that I hope, sir, they are as well placed as any two youths in London, but you must not use to send them such large tokens in money, for that

may corrupt them. When I went to bind my brother Ned apprentice in Drapers' Hall, casting my eyes upon the chimneypiece of the great room I spied a picture of an ancient gentleman, and underneath Thomas Howell. I asked the clerk about him, and he told me that he had been a Spanish merchant in Henry VIII's time, and coming home rich, and dying a bachelor, he gave that hall to the Company of Drapers, with other things, so that he is accounted one of their chiefest benefactors. I told the clerk that one of the sons of Thomas Howell came now hither to be bound. He answered that if he be a right Howell, he may have when he is free three hundred pounds to help to set up, and pay no interest for five years. It may be hereafter we may make use of this. He told me also that any maid that can prove her father to be a true Howell may come and demand fifty pounds towards her portion of the said hall. I am to go post towards York to-morrow to my charge, but hope, God willing, to be here again the next term. — So, with my love to my brother Howell, and my sister his wife, I rest your dutiful son,

J. H.

London, 30 *September* 1629.

## XV

*To my Brother, Dr Howell, at Jesus College,  
in Oxon*

**B**ROTHER, I have sent you here enclosed warrants for four brace of bucks and a stag, the last Sir Arthur Manwaring procured of the King for you towards the keeping of your act. I have sent you also a warrant for a brace of bucks out of Waddon chase; besides, you shall receive by this carrier a great wicker hamper with two geoules of sturgeon, six barrels of pickled oysters, three barrels of Bologna olives, with some other Spanish commodities.

My Lord President of the north hath lately made me patron of a living hard by Henley, called Hambledon. It is worth five hundred pounds a year *communibus annis*, and the now incumbent, Dr Pilkington, is very aged, valetudinary, and corpulent. My lord by legal instrument hath transmitted the next advowson to me for satisfaction of some arrearages. Dr Dommlaw and two or three more have been with me about it, but I always intended to make the first proffer to you; therefore, I pray, think of it. A sum of money must be had, but you shall be at no trouble for that if you only will secure it (and desire one more who I know will do it for you), and it shall appear unto you that you have it upon far better terms

than any other. It is as finely situated as any rectory can be, for it is about the midway betwixt Oxford and London. It lies upon the Thames, and the glebeland house is very large and fair, and not dilapidated, so that considering all things it is as good as some bishoprics. I know His Majesty is gracious unto you, and you may well expect some preferment that way, but such livings as these are not to be had everywhere. I thank you for inviting me to your act. I will be with you next week, God willing, and hope to find my father there. — So, with my kind love to Dr Mansel, Mr Watkins, Mr Madocks, and Mr Napier at All Souls',  
I rest your loving brother, J. H.

London, 20 *June* 1628.

## XVI

*To my Father, Mr Ben. Johnson*

FATHER BEN., *Nullum fit magnum ingenium sine mixtura dementiae*, there is no great wit without some mixture of madness, so saith the philosopher, nor was he a fool who answered, *nec parvum, sine mixtura stultitiae*, nor small wit without some allay of foolishness. Touching the first it is verified in you, for I find that you have been oftentimes mad. You were mad when you wrote your "Fox," and madder when you wrote your "Alchemist;" you were mad when you wrote "Catilin," and stark mad when you wrote

“Sejanus;” but when you wrote your “Epigrams” and the “Magnetic Lady” you were not so mad. Insomuch that I perceive there be degrees of madness in you. Excuse me that I am so free with you. The madness I mean is that divine fury, that heating and heightening spirit which Ovid speaks of.

*Est Deus in nobis agetante calescimus illo*: that true enthusiasm which transports and elevates the souls of poets above the middle region of vulgar conceptions, and makes them soar up to heaven to touch the stars with their laurelled heads, to walk in the Zodiac with Apollo himself, and command Mercury upon their errand.

I cannot yet light upon Doctor Davies’ Welsh grammar. Before Christmas I am promised one. So desiring you to look better hereafter to your charcoal fire and chimney, which I am glad to be one that preserved it from burning; this being the second time that Vulcan hath threatened you, it may be because you have spoken ill of his wife, and been too busy with his horns. — I rest your son, and contiguous neighbour,

J. H.

Westminster, 27 June 1629.



## XVII

*To Sir Arthur Ingram, at his house in York*

I HAVE sent you herewith a hamper of melons, the best I could find in any of Tothillfield gardens, and with them my very humble service and thanks for all favours, and lately for inviting me to your new noble house at Temple Newsam when I return to Yorkshire. To this I may answer you as my Lord Coke was answered by a Norfolk countryman who had a suit depending in the King's Bench against some neighbours touching a river that used to annoy him, and Sir Edward Coke asking how he called the river, he answered, "My Lord, I need not call her, for she is forward enough to come of herself." So I may say that you need not call me to any house of yours, for I am forward enough to come without calling.

My Lord President is still indisposed at Dr Nappier's, yet he wrote to me lately that he hopes to be at the next sitting in York. — So with a tender of my most humble service to my noble good lady, I rest your much obliged servant,

J. H.

London, 25 July 1629.

## XVIII

*To R. S., Esq.*

I AM one of them who value not a courtesy that hangs long betwixt the fingers. I love not those *viscosa beneficia*, those bird-limed kindnesses which Pliny speaks of; nor would I receive money in a dirty clout, if possibly I could be without it. Therefore I return you the courtesy by the same hand that brought it. It might have pleased me at first, but the expectation of it hath prejudiced me, and now perhaps you may have more need of it than your humble servitor,

J. H.

Westminster, 3 August 1629.

## XIX

*To the Countess of Sunderland at York*

MADAME,

MY lord continues still in a course of physic at Dr Nappier's. I wrote to him lately that his lordship would please to come to his own house here in St Martin's Lane, where there is a greater accommodation for the recovery of his health, Dr Mayern being on the one side, and the King's apothecary on the other; but I fear there be some mountebanks that carry him away, and I hear he intends to remove to Wickham to one Atkinson, a mere quack-salver, that was once D. Lopez's man.

The little knight that useth to draw up his breeches with a shoeing-horn, I mean Sir Posthumus Hobby, flew high at him this Parliament, and would have inserted his name in the scroll of recusants that is shortly to be presented to the King, but I produced a certificate from Linford under the minister's hand, that he received the communion at Easter last, and so got his name out. Besides, the deputy-lieutenants of Buckinghamshire would have charged Biggin Farm with a light horse, but Sir William Allford and others joined with me to get it off.

Sir Thomas Wentworth and Mr Wansford are grown great courtiers lately, and come from Westminster Hall to White Hall (Sir Jo. Saville, their countryman, having shown them the way with his white staff). The Lord Weston tampered with the one, and my Lord Cottington took pains with the other, to bring them about from their violence against the prerogative. And I am told the first of them is promised my lord's place at York in case his sickness continues.

We are like to have peace with Spain and France; and for Germany, they say the Swedes are like to strike into her, to try whether they may have better fortunes than the Danes.

My Lady Scroop (my lord's mother) hath lain sick a good while, and is very weak. — So I rest, madame, your humble and dutiful servitor,

J. H.

Westminster, 5 *August* 1629.

## XX

To Dr H. W.

IT is a rule in friendship, “when distrust enters in at the fore gate love goes out at the postern.” It is as true a rule that ἡ ἀπορία τῆς ἐπιστήμης ἀρχή dubitation is the beginning of all knowledge. I confess this is true in the first election and co-optation of a friend, to come to the true knowledge of him by queries and doubts; but when there is a perfect contract made, confirmed by experience and a long tract of time, distrust then is mere poison to friendship. Therefore, if it be as I am told, I am unfit to be your friend, but your servant,

J. H.

Westminster, 20 October 1629.

## XXI

To Dr H. W.

THEY say in Italy that deeds are men and words are but women. I have had your word often to give me a visit. I pray turn your female promises to masculine performances, else I shall think you have lost your being; for you know it is a rule in law, *idem est non esse, & non apparere*. Your faithful servitor,

J. H.

Westminster, 25 September 1629.

*To Mr B. Chaworth, on my valentine, Mistress Francis Metcalf (now Lady Robinson), at York*

## A SONNET

Could I charm the Queen of Love  
To lend a quill of her white dove,  
Or one of Cupid's pointed wings,  
Dipt in the fair Castalian springs,  
Then would I write the all divine  
Perfections of my Valentine.

As 'mongst all flowers the rose excels,  
As amber 'mongst the fragrantest smells,  
As 'mongst all minerals the gold,  
As marble 'mongst the finest mould,  
As diamonds 'mongst jewels bright,  
As Cynthia 'mongst the lesser lights,  
So 'mongst the northern beauties shine  
So far excels my Valentine.

In Rome and Naples I did view  
Faces of celestial hue ;  
Venetian dames I have seen many  
(I only saw them, touched not any) ;  
Of Spanish beauties, Dutch and French,  
I have beheld the quintessence :  
Yet saw I none that could outshine  
Or parallel my Valentine.

The Italians, they are coy and quaint,  
But they grossly daub and paint ;  
The Spanish, kind and apt to please,  
But savouring of the same disease ;  
Of Dutch and French, some few are comely,  
The French are light, the Dutch are homely ;  
Let Tagus, Po, the Loire and Rhine  
Then vail unto my Valentine.

Here may be seen pure white and red,  
 Not by feigned art but nature wed,  
 No simpering smiles, no mimic face,  
 Affected gesture, or forced grace,  
 A fair smooth front, free from least wrinkle,  
 Her eyes (on me) like stars do twinkle;  
 Thus all perfections do combine  
 To beautify my Valentine.

## XXII

*To Mr Tho. M.*

**N**OBLE TOM, you desired me lately to compose some lines upon your mistress's black eyes, her becoming frowns, and upon her mask. Though the least request of yours be a command unto me, the execution of it a contentment, yet I was hardly drawn to such task at this time, in regard that many businesses puzzle my pericranium — “*aliena negotia centum per caput & circa salient latus.*” Yet lest your Clorinda might expect such a thing, and that you might incur the hazard of her smiles (for you say her frowns are favours), and that she may take off her mask unto you the next time you go to court her, I send you the enclosed verses sonnetwise, which haply may please her better in regard I hear she hath some skill in music.

*Upon Black Eyes and Becoming Frowns*

## A SONNET

Black eyes, in your dark orbs doth lie  
My ill or happy destiny,  
If with clear looks you me behold,  
You give me mines and mounts of gold ;  
If you dart forth disdainful rays,  
To your own dye you turn my days.

Black eyes, in your dark orbs by changes dwell,  
My bane or bliss, my paradise or hell.

That lamp which all the stars doth blind,  
Yields to your lustre in some kind,  
Though you do wear to make you bright  
No other dress but that of night.  
He glitters only in the day,  
You in the dark your beams display.

Black eyes, in your two orbs by changes dwell,  
My bane or bliss, my paradise or hell.

The cunning thief that lurks for prize,  
At some dark corner watching lies,  
So that heart-robbing God doth stand  
In your black lobbies, shaft in hand,  
To rifle me of what I hold  
More precious far than Indian Gold.

Black eyes, in your dark orbs by changes dwell,  
My bane or bliss, my paradise or hell.

O powerful Negromantic eyes,  
Who in your circles strictly pries,  
Will find that Cupid with his dart  
In you doth practise the black art,  
And by the enchantment I'm possessed,  
Tries his conclusions in thy breast.

Black eyes, in your dark orbs by changes dwell,  
My bane or bliss, my paradise or hell.

Look on me, though in frowning wise,  
 Some kind of frowns become black eyes,  
 As pointed diamonds being set,  
 Cast greater lustre out of Jet,  
 Those pieces we esteem most rare,  
 Which in night shadows postur'd are :  
 Darkness in churches congregates the sight,  
 Devotion strays in glaring light.  
 Black eyes, in your dark orbs by changes dwell,  
 My bane or bliss, my paradise or hell.

Touching her mask I will not be long about it.

*Upon Clorinda's Mask*

So have I seen the sun in his full pride  
 O'ercast with sullen clouds, and lose his light  
 So have I seen the brightest stars denied  
 To show their lustre in some gloomy night,  
 So Angels' pictures have I seen veil'd o'er,  
 That more devoutly men should them adore;  
 So with a mask saw I Clorinda hide  
 Her face more bright than was the Lemnian Bride.

Whether I have hit upon your fancy, or fitted  
 your mistress I know not. I pray let me hear what  
 success they have ; so wishing you your heart's  
 desire, and if you have her, a happy confarreation,  
 I rest in verse and prose, yours,

J. H.

Westminster, 29 of March 1629.



## XXIII

*To the Right Honourable my Lady Scroop,  
Countess of Sunderland at Langar*

MADAM,

I AM newly returned from Hunsdon, from giving the rites of burial to my lord's mother. She made my lord sole executor of all. I have all her plate and household stuff in my custody, and unless I had gone as I did, much had been embezzled. I have sent herewith the copy of a letter the King wrote to my lord upon the resignation of his place, which is fitting to be preserved for posterity amongst the records of Bolton Castle. His Majesty expresseth therein that he was never better served nor with more exactness of fidelity and justice by any, therefore he intends to set a special mark of his favour upon him, when his health will serve him to come to Court. My Lord Carleton delivered it me, and told me he never remembered that the King wrote a more gracious letter. I have lately bought in fee-farm, Wanlesse Park, off the King's Commissioners for my lord. I got it for six hundred pounds, doubling the old rent, and the next day I was offered five hundred pounds for the bargain. There were divers that put in for it, and my Lord of Anglesey thought himself sure of it, but I found means to frustrate them all. I also compounded with Her Majesty's

Commissioners for respite of homage for Rabbi Castle. There was £120 demanded, but I came off for 40s. My Lord Wentworth is made Lord Deputy of Ireland, and carries a mighty stroke at Court. There have been some clashings betwixt him and my Lord of Pembroke lately, with others at Court, and divers in the north, and some, as Sir David Fowler, with others, have been crushed.

He pleased to give me the disposing of the next attorney's place in York, and John Lister being lately dead, I went to make use of the favour, and was offered three hundred pounds for it, but some got betwixt me and home, so that I was forced to go away contented with one hundred pieces Mr Ratcliff delivered me in his chamber at Gray's Inn, and so to part with the legal instrument I had, which I did rather than contest.

The duchess your niece is well. I did what your ladyship commanded me at York House. — So I rest, madam, your ladyship's ready and faithful servitor,

J. H.

Westminster, *this 1 of July 1629.*

#### XXIV

*To D. C., Esq., at his house in Essex*

MY D. D.,

**I** THANK you for your last society in London, but I am sorry to have found Jack T. in that pickle, and that he had so far transgressed

the Fannian law, which allows a chirping cup to satiate, not to surfeit, to mirth, not to madness, and upon some extraordinary occasion of some rencounters, to give nature a fillip but not a knock, as Jack did. I am afraid he hath taken such a habit of it that nothing but death will mend him, and I find that he is posting thither apace by this course. I have read of a King of Navarre (Charles le Mauvais) who perished in strong waters, and of a Duke of Clarence that was drowned in a butt of Malmesey, but Jack T., I fear, will die in a butt of Canary. Howsoever, commend me unto him, and desire him to have a care of the main chance. — So I rest yours,

J. H.

York, 5 July 1629.

## XXV

*To Sir Thomas Lake, Knight*

I HAVE shown Sir Kenelme Digby both our translations of Martiall's "Vitam quae faciunt beatiorem," etc., and to tell you true he adjudged yours the better, so I shall pay the wager in the place appointed, and try whether I can recover myself at *gioco d' amore*, which the Italian saith is a play to cosen the devil. If your pulse beat accordingly, I will wait upon you on the river towards the evening, for a floundering fit to get some fish for our supper. — So I rest, your true servitor,

3 July 1629.

J. H.

## XXVI

*To Mr Ben. Johnson*

FATHER BEN.,

YOU desired me lately to procure you Dr Davies' Welsh Grammar to add to those many you have. I have lighted upon one at last, and I am glad I have it in so seasonable a time that it may serve for a New Year's gift, in which quality I send it you ; and because it was not you, but your muse, that desired it of me, for your letter runs on feet, I thought it a good correspondence with you to accompany it with what follows :

UPON DR DAVIES' BRITISH GRAMMAR

'T was a tough task, believe it, thus to tame  
 A wild and wealthy language, and to frame  
 Grammatic toils to curb her, so that she  
 Now speaks by rules, and sings by prosody ;  
 Such is the strength of art rough things to shape,  
 And of rude commons rich enclosures make.  
 Doubtless much oil and labour went to couch  
 Into methodic rules the rugged Dutch ;  
 The Rabbies pass my reach, but judge I can  
 Something of Clenard and Quintilian ;  
*Italian.* And for those modern dames I find they three  
*Spanish.* Are only lops cut from the Latian tree,  
*French.* And easy 't was to square them into parts,  
 The tree itself so blossoming with arts.  
 I have been shown for Irish and Bascuence  
 Imperfect rules couched in an accidence :

But I find none of these can take the start  
Of Davies, or that prove more men of art,  
Who in exacter method and short way,  
The idioms of a language do display.

This is the tongue the bards sung in of old,  
And Druids their dark knowledge did unfold.  
Merlin in this his prophecies did vent  
Which through the world of fame bear such extent.

*Arthur.* This spoke that son of Mars, and Britain bold  
Who first amongst Christian worthies is enrolled.

This Brennus, who, to his desire and glut,  
The mistress of the world did prostitute.

This Arviragus and brave Catarac  
Sole free, when all the world was on Rome's rack,  
This Lucius who on angel's wings did soar  
To Rome, and would wear diadem no more ;  
And thousand heroes more which should I tell  
This new year scarce would serve me, so farewell.

— Your son and servitor,  
Cal., *April* 1629.

J. H.

## XXVII

*To the Right Honourable the Earl of Bristol at  
Sherburn Castle*

MY LORD,

I ATTENDED my Lord Cottington before he went on his journey towards Spain, and put him in mind of the old business against the Viceroy of Sardinia, to see whether any good can be done, and to learn whether the conde or his son be solvent. He is to land at Lisbon ; one of the King's

ships attends him, and some merchantmen take the advantage of this convoy.

The news that keeps greatest noise now is that the Emperor hath made a favourable peace with the Dane, for Tilly had crossed the Elbe and entered deep into Holstein Land, and in all probability might have carried all before him, yet that king had honourable terms given him and a peace is concluded (though without the privity of England). But I believe the King of Denmark fared the better, because he is grandchild to Charles the Emperor's sister. Now it seems another spirit is like to fall upon the Emperor, for they write that Gustavus, King of Swethland, is struck into Germany and hath taken Mecklenburg. The ground of his quarrel, as I hear, is that the Emperor would not acknowledge, much less give audience to, his ambassadors. He also gives out to come for the assistance of his allies the dukes of Pomerland and Mecklenburg, nor do I hear that he speaks anything yet of the Prince Palsgrave's business.

Don Carlos Caloma is expected here from Flanders about the same time that my Lord Cottington shall be arrived at the Court of Spain. God send us an honourable peace, for as the Spaniard says, *Nunca vi tan mala paz, que ne fuesse mejor, que la mejor guerra.* — Your lordship's most humble and ready servant,

J. H.

London, 20 May 1629.

## XXVIII

*To my Cousin I. P., at Mr Conradus*

COUSIN,

A LETTER of yours was lately delivered me. I made a shift to read the superscription, but within I wondered what language it might be in which it was written. At first I thought it was Hebrew or some of her dialects, and so went from the liver to the heart, from the right hand to the left to read it, but could make nothing of it. Then I thought it might be the Chinese language, and went to read the words perpendicular; and the lines were so crooked and distorted that no coherence could be made. Greek I perceived it was not, nor Latin or English. So I gave it for mere gibberish and your characters to be rather hieroglyphics than letters. The best is you keep your lines at a good distance, like those in Chancery bills, who, as a clerk said, were made so wide of purpose, because the clients should have room enough to walk between them without jostling one another; yet this wideness had been excusable if your lines had been straight, but they were full of odd kind of undulations and windings. If you can write no otherwise one may read your thoughts as soon as your characters. It is some excuse for you that you are but a young beginner. I pray let it appear in your next what a proficient you are, otherwise some blame may light on me that placed

you there. Let me receive no more gibberish or hieroglyphics from you, but legible letters, that I may acquaint your friends accordingly of your good proceedings. — So I rest your very loving cousin,

J. H.

Westminster, 20 *September* 1629.

## XXIX

*To the Lord Viscount Wentworth, Lord President of York*

MY LORD,

MY last was of the first current, since which I received one from your lordship, and your commands therein, which I shall ever entertain with a great deal of cheerfulness. The greatest news from abroad is that the French King with his cardinal are come again on this side the hills, having done his business in Italy and Savoy, and reserved still Pignerol in his hands, which will serve him as a key to enter Italy at pleasure. Upon the highest mountain amongst the Alps he left this ostentatious inscription upon a great marble pillar —

A la mémoire éternelle de Louis treiziesme,  
 Roy de France et de Navarre,  
 Très-Auguste, très-victorieux, très-heureux,  
 Conqué rant, très-juste ;  
 Lequel après avoir vaincu toutes les Nations  
 de l'Europe,



Il a encore triomphè les Eléments  
 Du ciel et de la terre,  
 Ayant passé deux fois ces Monts au mois  
 de Mars avec son Armée,  
 Victorieuse, pour remmettre les Princes  
 d'Italie en leurs estats,  
 Défendre et protéger ses Alliez.

To the eternal memory of Lewis the Thirteenth, King of France and Navarre, most gracious, most victorious, most happy, most just, a conqueror ; who having overcome all nations of Europe, he hath also triumphed over the elements of heaven and earth, having twice passed over these hills in the month of March with his victorious army, to restore the princes of Italy to their estates, and to defend and protect his allies. — So I take my leave for the present, and rest your lordship's most humble and ready servitor,

J. H.

Westminster, 5 August 1629.

### XXX

*To Sir Kenelme Digby, Knight*

GIVE me leave to congratulate your happy return from the Levant, and the great honour you have acquired by your gallant comportment in Algiers in re-escating so many English slaves ; by bearing up so bravely against the Venetian fleet in the bay of Scanderoon ; and making the Pantaloni to know themselves and you better. I do not remember to have read or heard that

those huge galleasses of Saint Mark were beaten before. I give you the joy also that you have borne up against the Venetian ambassador here, and vindicated yourself of those foul scandals he had cast upon you in your absence. Whereas you desire me to join with my Lord Cottingham and others to make affidavit touching Bartholomew Spinola, whether he be Vezino de Madrid, viz. free denison of Spain, I am ready to serve you herein, or to do any other office that may right you, and tend to the making of your prize good. Yet I am very sorry that our Aleppo merchants suffered so much.

I shall be shortly in London, and I will make the greater speed, because I may serve you. So I humbly kiss my noble lady's hand, and rest your thrice assured servitor,

J. H.

Westminster, 25 November 1629.

### XXXI

*To the Right Honourable Sir Peter Wicht,  
Ambassador at Constantinople*

MASTER SIMON DIGBY delivered me one from your lordship of the first of June; and I was extremely glad to have it, for I had received nothing from your lordship a twelve-month before. Mr Comptroller Sir Tho. Edmonds is lately returned from France, having renewed the peace which was made up to his hands before by

the Venetian ambassadors, who had much laboured in it, and had concluded all things beyond the Alps when the King of France was at Susa to relieve Casal. The monsieur that was to fetch him from Saint Denis to Paris put a kind of jeering compliment upon him, viz. that his excellency should not think it strange that he had so few French gentlemen to attend in this service, to accompany him to the court, in regard there were so many killed at the Isle of Rhee. The Marquis of Chasteau Neuf is here from France, and it was an odd speech also from him reflecting upon Mr Comptroller, that the King of Great Britain used to send for his ambassadors from abroad to pluck capons at home.

Mr Burlimach is to go shortly to Paris to recover the other moiety of Her Majesty's portion; whereof they say my Lord of Holland is to have a good share. The Lord Treasurer Weston is he who hath the greatest vogue now at court, but many great ones have clashed with him. He is so potent that I hear his eldest son is to marry one of the blood royal of Scotland, the Duke of Lennox's sister, and that with His Majesty's consent.

Bishop Laud of London is also powerful in his way, for he sits at the helm of the church, and doth more than any of the two archbishops, or all the rest of his two-and-twenty brethren besides.

In your next I should be glad your lordship would do me the favour as to write how the grand

signior is like to speed before Bagdad in this his Persian expedition.

No more now, but that I always rest your lordship's ready and most faithful servitor,

J. H.

Westminster, 1 *January* 1629.

### XXXII

*To my Father*

SIR THOMAS WENTWORTH hath been a good while Lord-President of York, and since is sworn Privy Councillor, and made baron and viscount; the Duke of Buckingham himself flew not so high in so short a revolution of time. He was made viscount with a great deal of high ceremony upon a Sunday in the afternoon at Whitehall. My Lord Powis (who affects him not much) being told that the heralds had fetched his pedigree from the blood royal, viz., from John of Gaunt, said, "Damme, if ever he come to be King of England, I will turn rebel." When I went first to give him joy he pleased to give me the disposing of the next attorney's place that falls void in York, which is valued at three hundred pounds. I have no reason to leave my Lord of Sunderland, for I hope he will be noble unto me; the perquisites of my place, taking the King's fee away, came far short of what he promised me at my first coming to him, in regard of his non-

residence at York, therefore I hope he will consider it some other way. This languishing sickness still hangs on him, and I fear will make an end of him. There's none can tell what to make of it, but he voided lately a strange worm at Wickham? But I fear there's an imposthume growing in him, for he told me a passage, how many years ago my Lord Willoughby and he, with so many of their servants (*de gayété de cœur*) played a match at football against such a number of countrymen, where my Lord of Sunderland, being busy about the ball, got a bruise in the breast which put him in a swoon for the present, but did not trouble him till three months after, when being at Bever Castle (his brother-in-law's house) a qualm took him on a sudden, which made him retire to his bedchamber. My Lord of Rutland following him, put a pipe full of tobacco in his mouth, and he, being not accustomed to tobacco, taking the smoke downwards, fell a-casting and vomiting up divers little imposthumated bladders of congealed blood which saved his life then, and brought him to have a better conceit of tobacco ever after, and I fear there is some of that clotted blood still in his body.

Because Mr Hawes of Cheapside is lately dead I have removed my brother Griffith to the Hen and Chickens in Paternoster Row to Mr Taylor's, as genteel a shop as any in the city, but I gave a piece of plate of twenty nobles price to his wife. I wish the Yorkshire horse may be fit for your

turn. He was accounted the best saddle gelding about York when I bought him of Captain Philips the muster-master. And when he carried me first to London there was twenty pounds offered for him by my Lady Carlisle. No more now, but desiring a continuance of your blessing and prayers I rest, your dutiful son,

J. H.

London, 3 *December* 1630.

### XXXIII

*To the Lord Cottington, Ambassador-Extraordinary for His Majesty of Great Britain in the Court of Spain*

MY LORD,

I RECEIVED your lordship's lately by Harry Davies the *Correo Santo*, and I return my humble thanks, that you were pleased to be mindful (amongst so many high negotiations) of the old business touching the Viceroy of Sardinia. I have acquainted my Lord of Bristol accordingly. Our eyes here look very greedily after your lordship and the success of your embassy, and we are glad to hear the business is brought to so good a pass, and that the capitulations are so honourable (the high effects of your wisdom).

For news, the Swedes do notable feats in Germany, and we hope their cutting the Emperor and Bavarian so much work to do, and the good offices

we are to expect from Spain upon this redintegration of peace will be an advantage to the Prince Palatin, and facilitate matters for restoring him to his country.

There is little news at our court, but that there fell an ill-favoured quarrel 'twixt Sir Kenelme Digby and Mr Goring, Mr Jermin and others at St James' lately about Mrs Baker the maid of honour, and duels were like to grow of it, but that the business was taken up by the lord treasurer, my Lord of Dorset, and others appointed by the King. My Lord of Sunderland is still ill disposed; he willed me to remember his hearty service to your lordship, and so did Sir Arthur Ingram, and my lady; they all wish you a happy and honourable return, as doth your lordship's most humble and ready servitor,

J. H.

London, 1 *March* 1630.

### XXXIV

*To my Lord Viscount Rocksavage*

MY LORD,

SOME say, the Italian loves no favour, but what's future; though I have conversed much with that nation, yet I am nothing infected with their humour in this point: for I love favours passed as well, the remembrance of them joys my very heart, and makes it melt within me; when my thoughts reflect upon your lordship I have

many of these fits of joy within me, by the pleasing speculation of so many most noble favours and respects which I shall daily study to improve and merit. My lord, your lordship's most humble and ready servitor,

J. H.

Westminster, 22 *March* 1630.

XXXV

*To the Earl of Bristol*

MY LORD,

I DOUBT not but your lordship hath had intelligence from time to time what firm invasions the King of Swedes hath made into Germany, and by what degrees he hath mounted to this height, having but six thousand foot and five hundred horse when he entered first to Mecklenburg, and taken that town while commissioners stood treating on both sides in his tent; how thereby his army much increased, and so rushed further into the heart of the country, but passing near Magdenburg, being diffident of his own strength, he suffered Tilly to take that great town with so much effusion of blood, because they would receive no quarter; your lordship hath also heard of the battle of Leipzig, where Tilly, notwithstanding the victory he had got over the Duke of Saxony a few days before, received an utter discomfiture, upon which victory the King sent Sir Thomas Roe



a present of two thousand pounds and in his letter calls him his *strenuum consultorem*, he being one of the first who had advised him to this German war after he had made peace betwixt him and the Polander. I presume also your lordship heard how he met Tilly again near Ausburg, and made him go upon a wooden leg whereof he died, and after soundly plundered the Bavarian, and made him flee from his own house at Munchen, and rifled his very closets.

Now your lordship shall understand, that the said king is at Mentz, and keeps a court there like an emperor, there being above twelve ambassadors with him. The King of France sent a great marquis for his ambassador to put him in mind of his articles, and to tell him that His Christian Majesty wondered he would cross the Rhine without his privity, and wondered more that he would invade the Churchlands, meaning the Archbishop of Mentz, who had put himself under the protection of France. The Swede answered that he had not broke the least tittle of the articles agreed on, and touching the said archbishop he had not stood neutral as was promised, therefore he had justly set on his skirts. The ambassador replied, in case of breach of articles, his master hau eighty thousand men to pierce Germany when he pleased. The King answered, that he had but twenty thousand, and those should be sooner at the walls of Paris than his fourscore thousand should be on the frontiers of Germany. If this new conqueror goes

on with this violence, I believe it will cast the policy of all Christendom into another mould, and beget new maxims of State, for none can foretell where his monstrous progress will terminate. Sir Henry Vane is still in Germany observing his motions, and they write that they do not agree well, as I heard the King should tell him that he spoke nothing but Spanish to him. Sir Robert Anstruther is also at Vienna, being gone thither from the diet at Ratisbon.

I hear the infant cardinal is designed to become Governor of the Netherlands, and passeth by way of Italy, and so through Germany: his brother Don Carlos is lately dead. — So I humbly take my leave and rest, my lord, your lordship's most humble and ready servitor,

J. H.

Westminster, 23 April 1630.

### XXXVI

*To my noble lady, the Lady Cor.*

MADAME,

YOU spoke to me for a cook who had seen the world abroad, and I think the bearer hereof will fit your ladyship's turn. He can marinate fish, make jellies, he is excellent for a piquant sauce, and the haugou. Besides, madam, he is passing good for an olla. He will tell your ladyship that the reverend matron the olla-podrida hath intellectuals and senses. Mutton, beef, and bacon

are to her as the will, understanding, and memory are to the soul. Cabbage, turnips, artichokes, potatoes and dates are her five senses, and pepper the common sense. She must have marrow to keep life in her, and some birds to make her light. By all means she must go adorned with chains of sausages. He is also good at larding of meat after the mode of France. Madame, you may make proof of him, and if your ladyship find him too saucy or wasteful you may return him whence you had him. — So I rest, madam, your ladyship's most humble servitor,

J. H.

Westminster, 2 *June* 1630.

### XXXVII

*To Mr E. D.*

**Y**OU write to me that T. B. intends to give money for such a place. If he doth, I fear it will be verified in him that a fool and his money is soon parted, for I know he will be never able to execute it. I heard of a late Secretary of State that could not read the next morning his own handwriting, and I have read of Caligula's horse that was made consul, therefore I pray tell him from me (for I wish him well) that if he thinks he is fit for that office he looks upon himself through a false glass. A trotting horse is fit for a coach but not for a lady's saddle, and an ambler is proper for a lady's saddle but not for a coach. If Tom under-

takes this place he will be as an ambler in a coach, or a trotter under a lady's saddle. When I come to town I will put him upon a far fitter and more feasible business for him, and so commend me to him, for I am his and your true friend,

J. H.

Westminster, 5 *June* 1630.

### XXXVIII

#### *To my Father*

**T**HERE are two ambassadors-extraordinary to go abroad shortly, the Earl of Leicester and the Lord Weston. This latter goes to France, Savoy, Venice, and so returns by Florence, a pleasant journey, for he carries presents with him from King and Queen. The Earl of Leicester is to go to the King of Denmark and other princes of Germany. The main of the embassy is to condole the late death of the Lady Sophia Queen Dowager of Denmark, our King's grandmother. She was the Duke of Mecklenburg's daughter, and her husband, Christian the Third, dying young, her portion, which was forty thousand pounds, was restored her, and living a widow forty-four years after, she grew to be so great a housewife, setting three or four hundred people at work, that she died worth near two millions of dollars, so that she was reputed the richest queen of Christendom. By the consti-

tutions of Denmark this estate is divisible amongst her children, whereof she had five, the King of Denmark, the Duchess of Saxony, the Duchess of Brunswick, Queen Anne, and the Duchess of Holstein. The King being male is to have two shares, our King and the Lady Elizabeth are to have that which should have belonged to Queen Anne ; so he is to return by the Hague. It pleased my Lord of Leicester to send for me to Baynard's Castle, and proffer me to go secretary in this embassy, assuring me that the journey shall tend to my profit and credit. So I have accepted of it, for I hear very nobly of my lord, so that I hope to make a boon voyage of it. I desire, as hitherto, your prayers and blessing may accompany me. So, with my love to my brothers and sisters, I rest, your dutiful son,

J. H.

London, 5 May 1632.

XXXIX

*To Mr Alderman Moulson, Governor of the  
Merchant Adventurers*

THE Earl of Leicester is to go shortly ambassador-extraordinary to the King of Denmark, and he is to pass by Hamburg. I understand by Mr Skinner that the staple hath some grievances to be redressed. If this embassy may be an advan-

tage to the company I will solicit my lord that he may do you all the favour that may stand with his honour. So I shall expect your instructions accordingly, and rest, yours ready to serve you,

J. H.

Westminster, 1 *June* 1632.

XL

*To Mr Alderman Clethro, Governor of the  
Eastland Company*

I AM informed of some complaints that your Company hath against the King of Denmark's officers in the Sound. The Earl of Leicester is nominated by His Majesty to go ambassador extraordinary to that king and other princes of Germany. If this embassy may be advantageous unto you, you may send me your directions and I will attend my lord accordingly, to do you any favour that may stand with his honour and conduce to your benefit and redress of grievances. So I take my leave, and rest, yours ready to do you service,

J. H.

Westminster, 1 *of June* 1632.

## XLI

*To the Right Honourable the Earl of Leicester  
at Pettworth*

MY LORD,

SIR JOHN PENNINGTON is appointed to carry your lordship and your company to Germany, and he intends to take you up at Margate. I have been with Mr Burlamach, and received a bill of exchange from him for 10,000 dollars, payable in Hamburg. I have also received £2000 of Sir Paul Pinder for your lordship's use ; and he did me the favour to pay it me all in old gold. Your allowance hath begun since the 25th of July last at £8 per diem, and is to continue so till your lordship return to His Majesty. I understand by some merchants to-day upon the exchange that the King of Denmark is at Luckstadt, and stays there all this summer ; if it be so, it will save half the voyage of going to Copenhagen, for in lieu of the Sound, we need go no further than the river of Elbe. — So I rest your lordship's most humble and faithful servitor,

J. H.

Westminster, 13 August 1632.

## XLII

*To the Right Honourable the Lord Mobun*

MY LORD,

**T**HOUGH any command from your lordship be welcome to me at all times, yet that which you lately enjoined me in yours of the 12th of August, that I should inform your lordship of what I know touching the Inquisition is now a little unseasonable, because I have much to do to prepare myself for this employment to Germany, therefore I cannot satisfy you in that fulness as I could do otherwise. The very name of the Inquisition is terrible all Christendom over, and the King of Spain himself with the chiefest of his grandees tremble at it. It was founded first by the Catholic King, Ferdinand (our Henry the Eighth's father-in-law), for he having got Granada and subdued all the Moors, who had had firm footing in that kingdom about 700 years, yet he suffered them to live peaceably a while in point of conscience; but afterwards he sent a solemn mandamus to the Jacobin friars to endeavour the conversion of them by preaching and all other means. They finding that their pains did little good (and that those whom they had converted turned apostates), obtained power to make a research, which afterwards was called Inquisition; and it was ratified by Pope Sixtus that if they



would not conform themselves by fair means, they should be forced to it. The Jacobins being found too severe herein, and for other abuses besides, this Inquisition was taken from them and put into the hands of the most sufficient ecclesiastics. So a council was established and officers appointed accordingly. Whosoever was found pendulous and brangling in his religion was brought by a sergeant called Familiar before the said Council of Inquisition. His accuser or delator stands behind a piece of tapestry to see whether he be the party, and if he be, then they put divers subtile and entrapping interrogatories unto him, and whether he confesses anything or no, he is sent to prison. When the said Familiar goes to any house, though it be in the dead of the night (and that's the time commonly they use to come, or in the dawn of the day), all doors and trunks and chests fly open to him, and the first thing he doth he seizeth the party's breeches, searcheth his pockets, and takes his keys, and so rummagemeth all his closets and trunks; and a public notary whom he carrieth with him takes an inventory of everything, which is sequestrated and deposited in the hands of some of his next neighbours. The party being hurried away in a close coach and clapped in prison, he is there eight days before he makes his appearance, and then they present unto him the cross and the missal-book to swear upon; if he refuseth to swear, he convicteth himself, and though he swear, yet he is remanded to

prison. This oath commonly is presented before any accusation be produced. His gaoler is strictly commanded to pry into his actions, his deportment, words, and countenance, and to set spies upon him, and whosoever of his fellow prisoners or others can produce anything against him, he hath a reward for it. At last, after divers appearances, examinations, and scrutinies, the information against him is read, but the witnesses' names are concealed, then is he appointed a proctor and an advocate, but he must not confer or advise with them privately, but in the face of the court. The King's attorney is a party in it, and the accusers commonly the sole witnesses. Being to name his own lawyers oftentimes others are discovered and fall into trouble; while he is thus in prison, he is so abhorred and abandoned of all the world that none will, at least none dare, visit him. Though one clear himself, yet he cannot be freed till an Act of Faith pass, which is done seldom, but very solemnly. There are few who, having fallen into the gripes of the Inquisition, do escape the rack; or the sanbenito, which is a straight yellow coat without sleeves, having the portrait of the devil painted up and down in black, and upon their heads they carry a mitre of paper, with a man frying in the flames of hell upon it, they gag their mouths, and tie a great cord about their necks. The judges meet in some uncouth dark dungeon, and the executioner stands by, clad in a close dark garment, his head and face covered with a chaperon,

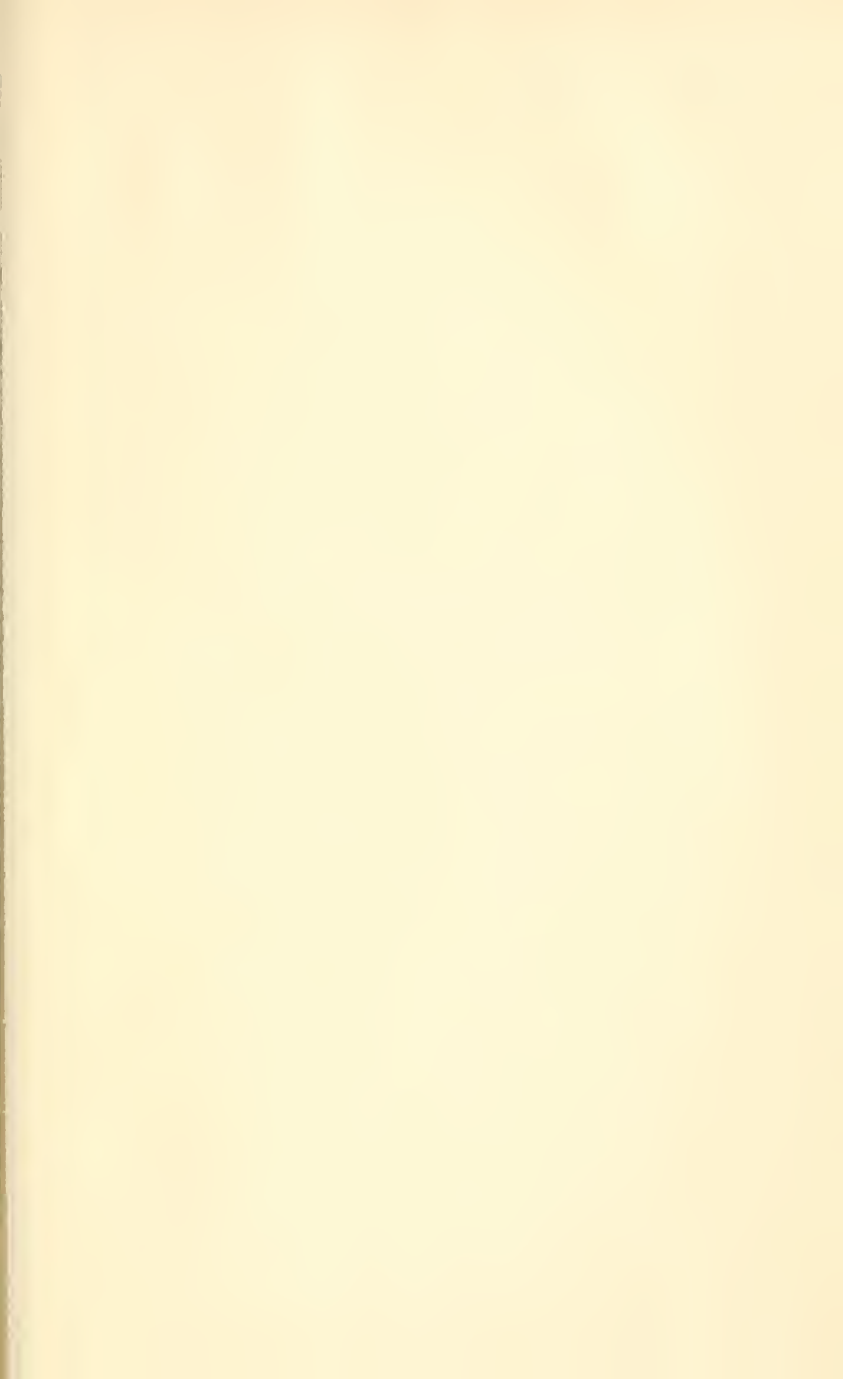
out of which there are but two holes to look through, and a huge link burning in his hand. When the ecclesiastic inquisitors have pronounced the anathema against him, they transmit him to the secular judges to receive the sentence of death, for churchmen must not have their hands imbrued in blood; the King can mitigate any punishment under death, nor is a nobleman subject to the rack.

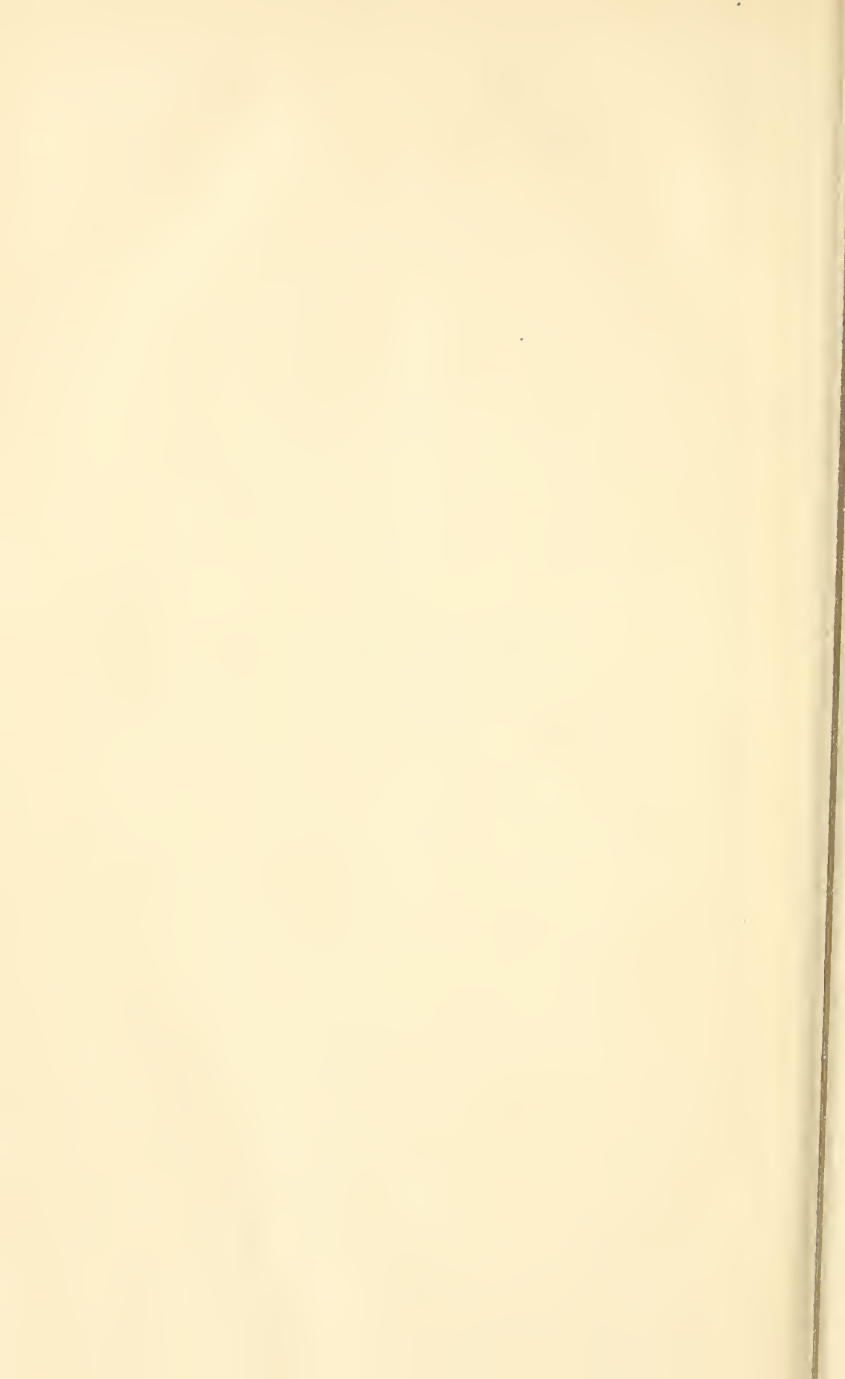
I pray be pleased to pardon this rambling imperfect relation, and take in good part my conformity to your commands, for I am your lordship's most ready and faithful servitor,

J. H.

Westminster, 30 *August* 1632.

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